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National Service for the Unemployed

By the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

The Prime Minister, broadcasting from Llossiemouth on December 19, asked for the combined efforts of the nation to turn the wastage of unemployment into a constructive effort towards national unity and well-being

WE have been going through times of horror, with hardship prolonged far further than anyone thought was possible a year or two ago, and this may very naturally engender despair and make thousands feel that they are cast out and forgotten. We must remember that never before has the mass of the poverty-stricken contained so large a proportion of the really deserving, of the honestly striving, of those who are heartbroken because they have been baffled in their search for work. Governments and local authorities will do what they can, but they find themselves hampered, just as the private employer is, by the slackening in world trade which has produced this widespread distress and has rendered national as well as individual incomes much lower than before.

There is still a source of wealth in personal service, however, to which the condition of so many of our people makes a moving appeal. The proof that, though the doors of factories are closed to them for the moment, those of helpful sympathy are wide open, is of great account to the man to whom the world is hard and forbidding. I know it. The more sensitive a person is against charity the more is his heart warmed by the help of a friend. This movement towards the discovery of the community of friendship is very far removed from charity. It is the human hand supplementing the State machine, the citizen becoming a neighbour. It is a sharing of life, not merely a contribution

from possessions, and in that spirit I hope you will all do what you can to help, especially in the local efforts which are being made all over the country to find work and recreation for the unemployed so that they may retain a good spirit while this condition lasts.

Pioneers in Personal Service

For years now public-spirited men have been labouring with, and on behalf of, the unemployed in those areas where the heavy hand of industrial depression first fell, in a strenuous effort to alleviate the lot of those victims and to keep them from losing their morale. The Society of Friends, whose work on allotments is so well known, the Christian Social Council, the Workers' Education movements, university settlements, the boys' clubs, the British Legion, Toc H, individual ministers of religion and social workers have devoted themselves to providing occupation and recreation for communities where industry had almost or entirely ceased to move. The Brynmawr scheme, which turned waste land into a recreation ground and created a small handicraft industry in a town which had almost become derelict, has achieved fame as a model. We are grateful to those pioneers.

They have perhaps taught us more than they, or we, yet know. With the object of telling what can be done to those willing to help, the B.B.C. proposes on Friday evenings to give descriptions of the history and progress of the most successful voluntary schemes which have been set up in various districts so that these may be copied or modified to suit other localities. The Prince of Wales has consented to introduce the series on January 6.

Co-ordinating Voluntary Efforts

With the approach of winter it became clear that the time had come for further co-operation and activity in voluntary service for the unemployed. A month ago, therefore, the Government decided to invite the National Council of Social Service to strengthen and widen their organisation for the purpose of co-ordinating the work of all voluntary bodies engaged in this field. Definitely, as a national part of the national effort to deal with unemployment, personal service has been invited to organise itself and play a part distinctive to itself.

I should make it clear that the Council is a widely representative body whose work is essentially voluntary and unofficial, and the Council will not be in any sense an agent of the Government. The Government recognise to the full that there are many other organisations doing admirable work to the same end, and the help of all of them is needed and called for. They should get into touch with the centre. There has been general appreciation on the part of them all of the need for a central body for this purpose. The National Council has now formed a special committee composed of prominent industrialists and social workers, and on behalf of the Government I gladly acknowledge their help.

It will be the business of this committee and the Council to stimulate, particularly in the most hard-hit areas, the promotion of whatever type of occupational scheme is most suited to the requirements of the area. I am sure that the Council will take the greatest care to see that nothing is done or attempted which will in any way interfere with normal employment or standards of remuneration, and I hope it will co-operate with those whose care is to preserve the standards of normal employment.

Practical Help Required

Some of you may want to know what you can do. To begin with, you will realise that a good deal of money is wanted. Although what the Council is mainly concerned with is personal co-operation in service, there are some districts too exhausted after their long struggle with industrial depression to provide even the limited funds necessary to start a club or purchase wood or leather or materials for an occupational centre. I count on the churches and chapels and the British Legion and all other bodies with halls or accommodation suitable for such classes to lend them as often as possible and free of charge to bodies working for the unemployed.

Landowners could in many cases give waste land to be turned into allotments and playing fields. Let not the question of ownership or the remote hope of future gain stand in the way, for instance, of putting to public use and reclamation by voluntary labour some of those unsightly slag heaps which in mining districts seem to form a forbidding screen behind which the miseries of enforced idleness hide themselves.

Let each one who is able to do so contribute in cash or in kind to the funds which are now being raised nationally, or will shortly be raised, in his own or neighbouring districts by the organisations which are working for the National Council. Nor must it be forgotten that in too many of our industrial districts prolonged poverty has exhausted all the resources of many families, so that necessary clothing cannot now be arranged from family resources. That must be provided, and provided at once. Therefore, the Personal Service League has been formed, with Her Majesty the Queen as patroness, keenly interested in its work, helping it practically, and following its activities very closely. The League needs gifts of clothing and money—much money, every halfpenny of which will be spent in providing warmth and comfort in these cold wintry days to needy families. It has headquarters at 38 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, and it should receive your support at once if it is to be able to stretch its hand of helpfulness all over the country this winter.

Take a Hand in Nation-Building

But the call for personal service is the chief note of my appeal. The unemployed themselves have most nobly responded to that call. All honour to those men who from their own unpaid labour turned a waste spot in their native town into a paddling pool for children and to those men in the Pennines who restored a Roman bridge which an enthusiastic local antiquary had found in ruin and decay. Even more striking has been the help given by instructors for imparting their skill to their fellow-men. I know of a university settlement in a northern town which runs a most useful club and occupational centre for unemployed men. Those who use it pay a penny or two a week for unavoidable expenses of upkeep—lighting and heating and so on. Most of the instructors are either retired craftsmen or are themselves unemployed skilled men. An out-of-work skipper of the Merchant Marine is teaching men how they can furnish their homes, to make mats out of bits of old rope purchased for a few pence. A physical training class has been set up with improvised apparatus, some manufactured on the premises by the men in the woodwork shop, and the instructor is a splendid enthusiast who cannot find any employment, but is keeping himself and his class fit in this way. This organisation to teach new interests and new employment all over the country, under the pressure of present need, is full of the greatest possibilities.

Report yourself. Join up. Contribute your knowledge. That is what we want you to do. Listen to the series of talks on Friday evenings. Then ask yourself 'What is being done for the unemployed in my district? Can I do something or suggest some better plan?' If you do not know what to do, write to the National Council of Social Service at 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1, or inquire of your local employment exchange manager what organisation has been set up in your district to work with and for the unemployed.

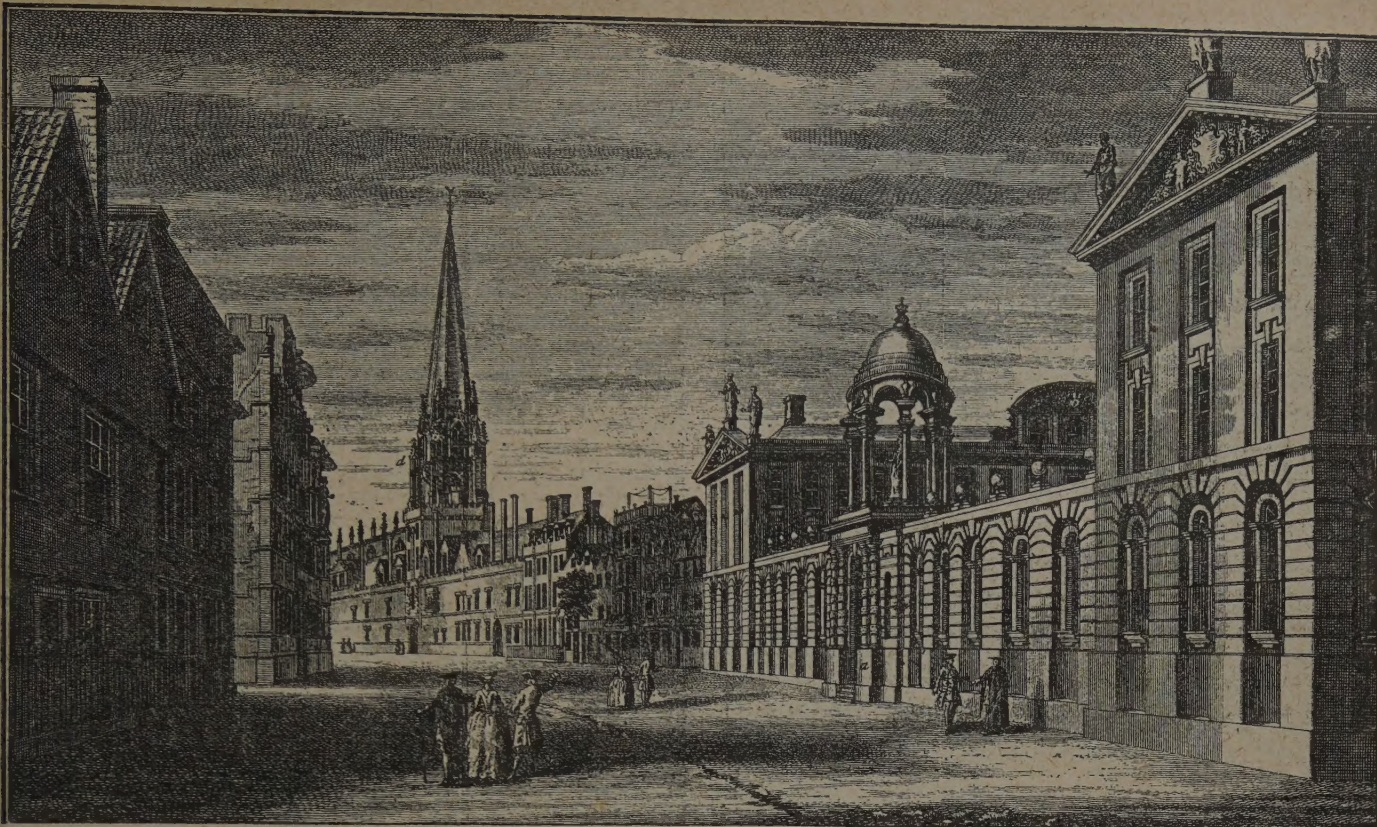
Do not expect them to do all the planning. Make your own usefulness and pursue it. This is no ordinary Christmas appeal for your interest for a few weeks and an occasional subscription thereafter. You are asked to take a hand in a promising piece of national building.

The problem of the better use of enforced leisure is one that with world changes has become of supreme importance. I hope that the time will not now be long delayed when the wheels of industry will begin to move more quickly. That is a matter in which many of you can do something to help. To those of you who have money which you might save or might spend and feel some uncertainty as to how you can best employ it in the national interest, I would say, 'Don't hoard it, don't let it pile up in a sterile form; put it to some active use either by investing it or spending it to some purpose which will contribute to the activity of industry and the employment of labour'.

A Way to Unity and Well-Being

But however quickly trade may improve there will still remain in some districts for a long time a residue of men and women who cannot hope to resume work for wages. Cannot we do some national building upon this? We cannot afford to have class divisions and conflicts ruling our social and industrial life. We cannot afford great masses of unemployed people; we cannot afford to throw out into the community every year thousands of untrained youths without skill in their hands and habits of co-operative work in their characters.

Separate all these things, I beg of you, from the idea of giving something in charity to somebody in distress. It belongs to a different class of idea altogether. It is an attempt on a national scale to find new ways of employment, to put a new spirit of co-operation and independence into our people, so that through distress and failure we may find a way to national unity and the well-being of the commonwealth.



'A Perspective View of Queen's, University and All Soul's Colleges in Oxford'
The High, as depicted in an early history of Oxford

Anthony Wood, the Oxford Antiquary

By I. DEANE JONES

An account of Anthony Wood, antiquarian, historian of Oxford and Scholar of Merton, whose tercentenary was lately celebrated in his college, as broadcast by a present Fellow of Merton who lives in Wood's old house

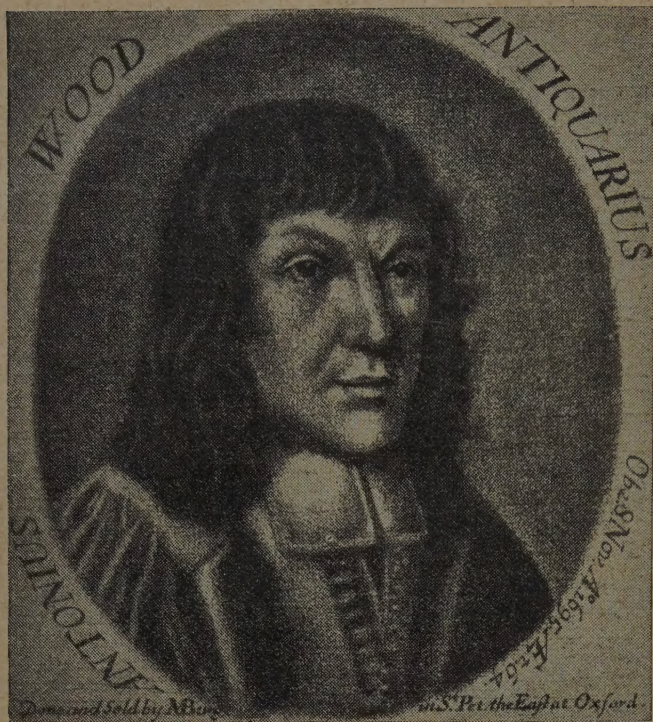
I DO not think I am insulting anyone's intelligence if I assume that few people have ever heard of Anthony Wood. After all, he was that rare bird, an antiquary. Even in his own time he was out of date. His life was buried in the past; he rarely left Oxford, and all his learned volumes deal with the history of Oxford. Now most of us are far too concerned with the present and the future to bother about the past; and, rightly so, for if we all looked backwards, the world would not know where it was going. So I will spare you any account of Wood's antiquarian studies—but I should like you to remember that he was entirely wrapped up in his work, and he had a wonderful devotion to his University. However, antiquities are a special taste, and in any case I cannot expect the world at large to be interested in the history of a University that has lost the boat race for years and years and years.

I have a particular interest in Anthony Wood, for I have the privilege of living in his house. It is a sturdy old Elizabethan house, not much altered since he lived in it; and it has a rich history of its own. Anthony Wood was very fond of Postmasters' Hall—that is its odd name, because it was used in the Middle Ages to house the Merton Postmasters, or Scholars. He was born there, and he died there; he did most of his work in its cold little attics. He had to go into the attics because he had a frightful quarrel with his sister-in-law, whom he called a 'rude, barbarous and brutish woman'. Not very polite, perhaps, but there was plenty of free speech in the seventeenth century. He said that her evil temper upset his digestion and drove him to drink. I suspect that the fault was not all hers, for he must have been a difficult lodger, and she, poor woman, had a shiftless husband and a large young family to cope with as well. Though Anthony's life was so closely bound up with the old house, I cannot say that I have seen his ghost. Perhaps the reason is that he gave instructions in his will to be buried 'deeper than ordinary' in Merton Chapel. You see, he was an antiquarian, and he knew the queer things that happen to graves. I hope he was present in spirit the other day, when the dignitaries of the University did belated honour

to his memory. And I hope he noticed that we ate his favourite dish—'stued pruan's'. I feel bound to confess that there were alternatives.

'Stued pruan's' is not a bad clue to Anthony's character. It proves he was an ascetic, who ate only to live; for nobody who loves the fleshpots would ever touch the things. There is another point about Anthony's 'stued pruan's'. The learned scholar could not spell for nuts—that ought to make us feel kindly towards him, because he shares our human weakness. But we must not, of course, deduce that inability to spell is an infallible sign of genius. But the most important thing about 'stued pruan's' is that we know that Anthony liked them. Now I wonder if you realise how rare it is to have really detailed information about the lives of historical persons. Usually we have scraps which are dug out painfully, and treasured like precious stones; but Anthony gave us a whole avalanche of facts about his daily life and the life of his neighbours. We know what he ate and drank, what clothes he wore, and what he paid for them, how often he had a new hat or wig, how often he sent to the laundry, when he had clean sheets—I am afraid he would not pass for too clean by modern standards, although he thought himself very fastidious by comparison with the courtiers of Charles II. We know even the tips he gave on his country house visits. He kept an exact account of his daily expenses; here is a typical entry for March, 1668:

3rd, for a book of old elegies, 2s. 6d.—5th, at Webb's for oysters, 10d.—7th, for a new hat, 14s.—9th, at widow Eustace's, 4d.—10th, coffee, 4d.—12th, oysters at the fleur de lis, 6d.—14th, pair of gloves, 1s.—15th, Sunday, I put on my perwig, which cost 32s. 6d.—17th, given to Edmund Maund for my sister's sake, 1s., yet not a good look—19th, my head shaved—21st, a block for my perwig, 1s. 6d.—at the Crown Tavern, 1s. on strong waters—29th, to Bess Gale for mending my stockings, 4d. He also jotted down any piece of scandal or sensation that he heard of, and as a result his autobiography reads like a combination of Rousseau's *Confessions*, the *News of the World*, a petty cashbook and the B.B.C. weather reports.



Perhaps some of you may be thinking—this is all quite interesting, but does it really matter? Do these trivialities seriously help to explain the workings of history? I think they do. In order to answer the question fully, I should have to give you my whole philosophy of history, and I will spare you that. But I want to suggest to you that great events often spring from petty causes, and so there is no such thing as a trivial fact in history; you never know what spark will cause a blaze. You remember the old tale of the kingdom that was lost for a horseshoe nail; you remember, quite recently, that M. Briand's ministry fell because he tried to play golf. I wonder how many conferences have been upset because somebody had indigestion. History, after all, is not an impersonal affair of movements and tendencies. It is the tale of man; and wherever man is, there is the unexpected. And so the more we know of the intimate and domestic details of history, the nearer we are to understanding the spirit of the past. Besides, they add life and colour to the pageant of mankind. So much of the history we learn at school seems academic and unreal, because the figures are shadowy outlines, and not flesh and blood. That is why we are grateful for Disraeli's waistcoats, for the warts on Cromwell's nose, for Mr. Churchill's hats and Mr. Baldwin's pipe. It is like a close-up in a film. They give us a sense of common humanity, and they link the past to the present.

We cannot complain that Anthony Wood is shadowy. We know his daily acts and we can read his inmost thoughts. And through his sharp eyes we can see how ordinary people lived in the seventeenth-century England. His vision, it is true, was sometimes distorted by prejudice—and whose is not?—but his bias is frank and open. Bias, I am inclined to think, is the spice of history; it is only dangerous when it is hidden under a pretence of impartiality. Everyone took sides in the seventeenth century; only some people changed them rather frequently. Anthony was a life-long Royalist, and a good hater; above all he hated 'presbyterians and fanatics', and the time-servers, who, as he said, 'ran with the times and took all the oaths'. Many of these found his long memory highly inconvenient. So you must look out for his anti-Puritan bias; though, to be fair to him, he could recognise—somewhat reluctantly—merit in his enemies, and he was not slow to point out the failings of his own side. He once said: 'After the King came in I never heard of any that were troubled in conscience or that hung himself, as in Oliver's time when nothing but praying and preaching was used'.

He was born in 1632, in days of peace, but as a schoolboy he was plunged into the midst of the Civil War. His mother sent him away from Oxford, which was King Charles I's G.H.Q., overflowing with courtiers and soldiers. He went to the old Grammar School of Thame, a few miles away. He

was very happy there, and kept a lifelong affection for his school, though he was shocked to find it a nest of Puritans; only the usher, he says, 'a proper stout Welshman', was a good loyalist. He did not escape the war there, for Thame was always being raided by Prince Rupert's horse, riding out from Oxford across Magdalen Bridge. 'The juvenile muses'—that is what he calls himself and his fellow boarders—saw some fierce skirmishes from their windows; men riding past desperate in flight and hot in pursuit: prisoners taken, men shot before their eyes; they were spared none of war's horrors and alarms.

After the war Anthony came back to Oxford none the worse, and a confirmed Cavalier. He found the University topsyturvy—the old dons sulking, Cromwell's soldiers to keep them in order, and a Parliamentary Commission to root out malignants and determined to make the University safe for Puritanism. However, he managed to get a scholarship at Merton at the ripe age of 15; he nearly lost it through cheeking the Commission—at least, he says he defied them; I am a bit suspicious of this self-portrait of the boy martyr.

The best thing he has to tell us of his undergraduate days is his story of the initiation ceremonies for freshmen. Even as a grave scholar, he was very proud of having passed the tests with flying colours. 'At that time Christmas appearing', he says, 'there were fires of charcole made in the common hall on the holy days, their nights and eves. . . and the seniors would make the freshmen stand on a form in the middle of the hall and speak some eloquent nonsense to make the company laugh. But if any came off dull, some of the forward or pragmaticall seniors would tuck them, that is, set the nail of their thumb to their chin and give him a mark, which sometimes would produce blood. If well done, he was given some cawdle; but if dull, nothing but salted beer'.

Anthony did not love the Puritans, but he appears to have had quite a good time under their care. The real Puritans were far from being indiscriminate kill-joys; Wood admits that the Independents, who were in power under Cromwell, were 'free, gay and with a reserve frolicsome'. He was even shocked by their foppery in dress—Vice-Chancellor Owen, Cromwell's chaplain with his 'hair powdered, cambric band, velvet jacket, his breeches set round at knee with ribbons pointed'. And he notes with approval their love of music: the great Oliver 'loved a good voice and instrumental music well'. It is amusing to think that musical comedy, of all things, dates from the Puritan age. Wood, too, was fond of music; he says, without false modesty, that he was no mean performer on the violin. He and his friends used to go to country fairs, disguised as strolling players. He once fell off his horse going to a wake—not coming back, you must note for his reputation's sake—and he had to have his arm set by a locksmith. He never forgot the pain the locksmith inflicted; it was 'so great and unexpected', he says, that 'he fell into a great swoon, and could see nothing but green before his eyes'. Soon after this he caught an ague while fishing, and he tried some queer remedies. He retired to the country to 'follow the plough', and his landlord advised him to 'drink his ague away'. 'Thereupon they sat hand to fist and drank desparatly'—but the usual disaster happened—and 'he was forced, after he had spent three shillings, to lead his landlord home'. It must sound like a golden age, to drink desperately on three shillings.

However, when he was twenty-four, his whole life was changed. The idle student and boon companion became a scholar and recluse. For forty years he lived mainly for his work. It was something like a religious conversion, and he undoubtedly regarded his work on the history of Oxford as a high mission. He developed all the virtues and also the irritability of the fanatic. So he drew apart from his fellows, and incurred their growing dislike. They did not understand him, and they resented his habit of making unfavourable comparisons between them and their predecessors. He was quite right, of course; Oxford sank pretty low after the Puritans were expelled.

For a time he was perfectly happy; 'what with music', he says, 'and rare books that he found in the public library, his life was a perfect Elysium'. His first work was well received, and he was publicly complimented by the Chancellor of the University. But after 1670 everything went wrong. He became very deaf; he had this violent quarrel with his sister-in-law;

he quarrelled with his patrons and his College; and twice he got into very serious trouble.

The first time was in 1678, when the infamous Titus Oates ruled the land, and the country was in panic fear of a bogus Popish plot to kill the King. The joke was that the King was a Catholic, but it was no joke for wretched Catholics, who were haled to death on the flimsiest of evidence or none at all. Now Wood had some good friends who were Roman Catholics—they found him rather trying at times, for he would come and stay for months and never realise that his welcome had worn thin; they would invent excuses to get rid of him, but he always saw through them. He was one of those unhappy people who never miss a slight and invent quite a few of them. However, he was loyal to his friends, and he suffered for it. The Vice-Chancellor and his 'bedells' came one day and searched his rooms and turned over his precious papers; 'and sorry he seemed to be', says Wood, 'because he could find nothing . . . he would have hanged me'.

He was thoroughly frightened, and with good reason, for the pack was in full cry. And though he escaped, he was a marked man and something of an outcast. It left him embittered and isolated, and he would allow nobody in his rooms; even in his last illness his family dared not go near him.

The next time he did not escape. After years of work he published a great series of biographies of Oxfordworthies down to his own day. Unfortunately he could not keep out his

personal beliefs and hates, and his work was full of severe criticism and wild indiscretions. It aroused a storm in Oxford, for everyone felt they would be next on the list, and when they died all their past would be exposed, not without some tart comments. It also aroused a storm in higher places, for Wood made the fatal mistake of repeating the old gossip about the Clarendon's weakness for money. The great Chancellor, who had restored Charles II to his throne and then been exiled by his grateful master for the offence of being a bore, was long since dead. But in 1692 his granddaughter sat on the throne, Queen Mary, the wife of Dutch William. So down came the second Earl of Clarendon to Oxford to avenge his father's memory, and poor Wood was dragged into the University Court for libel. It was a long and tedious trial, for Anthony fought and wriggled hard. But the result was a foregone conclusion, and Wood was condemned to be expelled from the University to whose service he had given his whole life, while the offending volume was publicly burned.

It was a tragic and ironic fate. You would naturally expect the old man to be crushed; dramatically, he ought to have died of a broken heart. Not a bit of it. Anthony Wood was made of tougher stuff. Listen to his mock recantation:

Whereas I, Anthony Wood, Master of Arts, have from my youth laboured for the honour of the most famous University of Oxford without any prospect of reward or preferment, I am sorry and much grieved at heart, that I have fallen into the hands of the most barbarous and rude people of our owne body, who have endeavoured to ruin me and my name. . . and afterwards to banish me from the said university to the great abhorrence of the generality thereof, to please the supercilious and tyrannical humour of a certain lord, for 3 or 4 lines concerning a person . . . who hath been banished . . . for refusing to answer to divers articles of treason and misdemeanours . . . I say I am heartily sorry for these things. witness my hand.

I cannot help admiring the pluck of the old man; there is something vital and undefeated about him. He died in 1695, impenitent, full of fight and hard at work. Perhaps if he had escaped some of his ill-luck, and if he had been recognised as he deserved, his temper would not have been so sour nor his tongue so sharp. But I do not think I want him changed into something mild and tame—though perhaps I should alter my mind if we were living together in his house. I like a man from a safe distance who is not easy to please, for it means he has some standards. And every age needs a lashing critic, though it rarely likes him, to sting it out of complacency.

Anthony Wood may not be pleasant to meet, but he does ring true. He died well. He was lonely and unhappy, but it was not a gloomy end. He made peace with his enemies, even his sister-in-law; then comes the typical flash. His executor reported, somewhat shocked, 'he spends his spirits more in setting his papers in order than in providing for another world'. The old antiquary lived and died incorrigible; there is something immortal in that defiant spirit. The old rhyme runs:

Merton Wood
and his Anti-
quity
Will live to all
eternity.

And surely he deserves to live in our memory, not only for his work, but for what he was—a man of courage and independence, of steady loyalty and high ideals, a man who loved his work better than himself.

You will find all about him in Dr. Andrew Clark's edition of *Wood's Life and Times*—five fat volumes. If you want some-

thing less formidable, there is an abridgement skilfully made by Mr. Llewelyn Powys. Mr. Powys has selected the material of general interest, and has brought out well the rich personality of the man. It is well worth dipping into, for it gives a fascinating peep at the life and manners of a great and vivid period; just think of a few names—the great Oliver and the brilliant Charles II, Hobbes and Locke (both of whom he knew), Wren and Purcell, Dryden and Congreve. There is plenty of scandal, too. He tells us of drunken Vice-Chancellors, debauched fellows, and chaplains amorous of apple women.

He was a trusted old Tory, and he did not like new-fangled things. He disapproved of wigs—though he got one himself—coffee-houses, and all the plays and frivolities of the Restoration. The only thing he welcomed was the new flying coach, which did the journey from Oxford to London in one day instead of two. I think he might have liked the Cheltenham Flier. It is obvious that, much as he hated the Puritans, he was something of a Puritan himself. At times he waxed quite hysterical over the vices of the age; 'whores and harlots', he cries, 'lechery and treachery, atheists and papists, rogues and rascals, reason and treason . . . aggravated and promoted by presbytery'.

It is a little hard to blame the Puritans for everything, and things were not quite as bad as all this. It was an age of extremes, but it had its heroes and saints as well as its villains. Perhaps they were both better and worse than we are; in any case, they were never dull, for they lived abundantly and on a grand scale. Anthony Wood is one of its lesser figures, but he deserves our gratitude for keeping alive for us a precious fragment of England's past. Oxford owes him the greatest debt; but we are all his debtors until the time comes when we cease to draw inspiration from our past—and I hope that time will never come.



A seventeenth-century engraving of Merton College, where Anthony Wood won a scholarship at the age of 15

Weekly Notes on Art

English Comic Art—I

By IOLO A. WILLIAMS

THERE has probably always been comic art—using that phrase to mean drawings or paintings intended to produce amusement in the beholder—in England, since first men began to scratch pictures in the sand with their fingers, or with a burnt stick upon a rock. Cer-

art, and at one time or another this or that tendency has prevailed, though it has seldom had the field entirely to itself.

Another general—and curious—point is the gap in time which one notices, especially in the eighteenth century, in passing from English writers to English painters. It would be quite as true as are most generalisations to say that the typical English eighteenth century poem was written in 1730, whereas the typical English eighteenth century painting was painted in 1770, that Dyer's landscape poem, 'Grongar Hill', 1726, corresponds to a painting by Richard Wilson done forty years later. Certainly Gillray up to 1811, and Rowlandson for more than ten years after that, went on producing in their coarser work caricatures that corresponded more with the rudely boisterous verse satires of Charles Churchill (who died in 1764), of Christopher Anstey ('The New Bath Guide', 1766, or 'An Election Ball', 1776), or of 'Peter Pindar' (writing chiefly in the 'eighties and 'nineties), than with the 'Rejected Addresses' (1812) of the brothers Smith, or even with the satirical poems of Byron. Indeed, one may say that whereas in literature the eighteenth century ended in about 1790, in comic art it went on till almost 1825; and somewhere between the latter date and the foundation of *Punch* in 1841 can be put the line which divides the subject matter of these articles fairly naturally into two periods.

The first important name in the list of English comic artists is that of William Hogarth (1697-1764), one of the greatest figures in English painting, but only incidentally a humorist. Primarily he was a portrait-painter, a draughtsman of very fine quality, and a moralist in paint. But though his humour was only incidental, it was an important part of his character, and was constantly peeping out in his work. His 'Marriage à la Mode' or his series of the 'Industrious



The Execrable Concert, by Marcellus Laroon

In the collection of L. G. Duke, Esq.

tainly there were English comic drawings in the Middle Ages—though it is not always easy to make up one's mind how deliberate the comic effect may have been. How far, for example, is the wonderfully preserved twelfth-century wall-painting in the church at Chaldon, Surrey, intentionally funny in its presentation of the torments of the damned, and how far is it merely funny (to us) because it is crude? In other instances, however, the comic intention is unmistakable, as in the delicious and fanciful drawings—the rabbit's funeral and the rest—that decorate the Gorleston Psalter, a famous manuscript of the early fourteenth century. There are, also, comic or satirical wood-cuts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But for the purposes of the present articles it will be sufficiently near the truth to take English comic art as beginning early in the eighteenth century, and to endeavour to trace, in very rough outline, its development from then almost down to the present day.

One of the earliest comic drawings which I happen to know is by Marcellus Laroon, the younger (1679-1772), an artist whose work usually takes the form of very charming conversation pieces. In this particular drawing Laroon has drawn what he calls 'The Execrable Concert', a band of street musicians, one of whom is contributing his share to the performance by pulling the tails of a number of cats, who are imprisoned in a specially constructed instrument. No doubt, this sketch shows us the ex-service man's band as it existed after the Duke of Marlborough's wars.

Yet Laroon is perhaps rather an isolated figure, and before we consider individually some of the chief personalities in the main body of English comic artists, from Hogarth onwards, it may be wise to discuss a few general considerations. In the first place, what do we mean by comic art? The intention, we have already decided, must be to create amusement, and we may go further and say that our amusement must arise in some degree from the picture itself and not merely from the legend beneath it. But amusement is of many kinds, and is aroused in different people and at different times by many different things—by political or social satire, by caricature of well-known features, by full-blooded joviality or by witty cynicism, by gentle stressing of the absurd or by savage exaggeration, by the obviously grotesque or by the slyly fanciful. Drawings and paintings in all these moods come under the heading of comic



False Perspective, by William Hogarth (1753)

'Whoever makes a Design without the Knowledge of Perspective will be liable to such Absurdities as are shewn in this Frontispiece'

British Museum

and Idle Apprentices' are not comic in intention; they are not even satirical; they are just moral stories. Yet the comic touches keep popping in—as they do in life—here and there. Notice,

for instance, the fat gluttons at the feast given when the Industrious Apprentice becomes Sheriff—and notice them specially in the original drawing, which is in the British Museum, for in the engraving they have become sadly stiff



A Committee of Gorowinkcums, by George W. Nathaniel Dance
In the collection of the Author

and have lost most of their pleasant unctuousness. Possibly 'Calais Gate', where the fat monk and the thin soldier are the most prominent features of the composition, comes as near as any of Hogarth's better-known pictures to an essentially comic work of art, though there are others (*e.g.*, 'Wrong Perspective') which are more exclusively comic in intention.

The eighteenth century produced many artists of merit who drew personal caricatures or social satires. Patch, Dighton, Woodward and the amateur H. W. Bunbury all had recognisable styles and methods. I confess, moreover, to a special fondness for the humorous drawings which two R.A.'s, Sir Nathaniel Dance-Holland (1734-1811), the portrait painter, and his brother, the architect George Dance (1741-1825), did for their private amusement. Their work (it seems to be mutually indistinguishable when unsigned) is often notable for showing a quaint fancy that forecasts Dicky Doyle (as seen on the cover of *Punch*) and the Tenniel of the illustrations to *Alice*. Some of these Dance sketches, of human heads and bodies fading away into mere decorative scrolls, or of beings half mouse and half man, show a gentle whimsicality distinctly comparable to that of the mid-nineteenth century.

But these, after all, were minor men, and their work is overshadowed by that of two artists of much greater importance, James Gillray (1757-1815) and Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827). Rowlandson was by far the greater man of the two, and he never descended to quite the depths of vulgarity that Gillray did in the hosts of coarse and hideous political and anti-Napoleonic cartoons which he poured out through the print-shops in the early eighteen hundreds. Ugliness, it is true, was the curse of much of Rowlandson's work—as in his 'close-ups' of pimply and toothless faces—but there was

nearly always *some* feeling of fun about Rowlandson even at his worst, whereas one would be tempted to think that Gillray had no real sense of fun, were it not for such occasional things as his famous caricature of the short fat Lord Derby and the tall thin Miss Farren at a picture-show. Original drawings by Gillray are rare, but such as I have seen are (though by no means contemptible) laboriously done and lack entirely the certain and fluent line that marks Rowlandson's least scrap.

Rowlandson, indeed, was one of the most remarkable artists England has produced, and one wishes his ugliest work could be forgotten. He drew with the reed-pen as no one else has drawn in this country, and his tinted landscapes were often of extreme purity and beauty. He could crowd a drawing with incidents and figures, and give every figure individuality, without spoiling the design and unity of his picture: His comic invention was amazing, and I am sometimes tempted to think that Rowlandson's omnipresent cheeky mongrel dog, all curves and nobbly bits, such



A Peep at Christie's, by Gillray
British Museum



The Green at Richmond, by Thomas Rowlandson
Victoria and Albert Museum

a dog as never was elsewhere in the world, is the greatest comic property ever invented by a draughtsman. His thin scarecrow of a horse, moreover, shows many of the qualities of those bony steeds of which John Leech was later to make so much.

One final reflection must be made before leaving this group of comic artists. They show what a changing and diverse England it was that they lived in. In their coarser work they were obviously appealing to one public (and that not an illiterate one), while the men of letters—Scott or Wordsworth—were writing for quite another. There was a vast, old-fashioned, half-savage public for Gillray's satires. There was a vast, new-fashioned, genteel public for 'The Lady of the Lake'. Sixty years later there was in England only one public that mattered, and Tennyson's audience was that of du Maurier and Tenniel.



The Listener

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The Future of Books

MR. E. M. FORSTER, in the last of his present series of book talks, which we print elsewhere in these pages, assumes for a moment the role of one of those 'Professors of Foresight' for whom Mr. H. G. Wells was recently calling. Mr. Forster allows himself to anticipate the effects of broadcasting and the film on literature and the reading of books. Remembering that 'the human race did without books for thousands of years and may decide to do without them again', he asks whether it may not be possible that the microphone and cinema between them will turn us from readers into listeners and lookers, causing us to depend less and less on books. Mr. Forster feels that this tendency is inevitable and uncontrollable, but none the less regrettable, 'for books', he says, 'have an educational value which nothing yet invented will supply. No one is educated who cannot concentrate, and it is easier to acquire concentration through a book than through a talk or a film'. Is Mr. Forster sure, we wonder, that this last generalisation does not betray some of that bias which a man of literary culture must feel in favour of the methods which have armed him with the mental tools which he uses so skilfully?

For some four hundred years past—that is, since printing was invented—our standards of taste and knowledge have been governed by a small minority of persons schooled in the technique of the use of the book. Through their influence the term 'education' has been largely confined to the process of assimilating knowledge through reading, and those who are physiologically or psychologically unsuited to reach culture and knowledge through such literary channels have not been considered as 'educated' in the true sense. Now the excessive emphasis placed on the book as the prime instrument of learning has produced certain unfortunate phenomena which we recognise in practice while denying in theory. The book-learned are only too often deficient in powers of natural observation; they lose the capacity to concentrate *directly* through their sense of sight and hearing, and are dull in the observation of nature, the skilful use of the hands, the subtle appreciation and recognition of sounds. On the other hand, there has always been alongside the myopic bookworm the practical but illiterate craftsman who seems as well educated for life in the broader sense as his more learned fellow-student. When Mr. Forster says that it is easier to acquire concentration from a book than through a talk or a film he means in effect little more than that those who are accustomed to concentrate

through book reading find it difficult to use their eyes and ears as well as many an illiterate countryman. The methods of the scientist, too, it is interesting to note, are not so exclusively dependent upon the printed book: experiment and observation are the vital factors here; the printed word is only for diffusion and mutual exchange of hypotheses and conclusions.

Another even greater objection to the book is to be found in the fact that it is killing itself through its own proliferation. Books beget books and still more books, and as the parents do not die out in the lifetime of their children the world becomes more and more congested with their kind—with books which are partially obsolete—and less and less able to discriminate between those which are useful or useless. With fifteen or twenty thousand new books appearing each year in this country alone, we shall, some day (and that fairly soon), reach a point when no individual can hope to acquire more than a limited and specialised knowledge of a few subjects through book reading. For synthesis, for generalisation, even for imaginative stimulus, he will have to turn either to cheap text-books or popular summaries from which, according to Mr. Forster, the essential virtue of reading—that is concentration—has largely vanished. May it not be better that this popularising function should come to be done through the more ephemeral medium of the film and the microphone? May there not be a gain through the death and oblivion of fact and idea as well as from their repetition and perpetuation? Much of what we learn is too forcibly embedded in our minds through the painful concentration of the literary process. To become wise and efficient we have to unlearn a large proportion of what we learned through books; hence arises the practical man's scorn of mere book knowledge, a genuine and enduring trait of human nature which experience and history have over and again justified. It is not likely that books will ever die out, but it is possible that instead of the microphone and the screen being subsidiary to the printed book, the printed book may, some day, have to play a subsidiary part to knowledge spoken or seen through the medium of the new giant inventions of science, whose versatility and adaptability to human needs grow greater every year that passes.

Week by Week

THE news that Sir Edward Elgar is in course of completing a new symphony, which is to be dedicated to the B.B.C., has naturally roused intense curiosity throughout the world of music. It was at the Worcester Festival last September that it first became known to several musicians that Sir Edward had a symphony 'in the making', in the form of notes; and since then Sir Landon Ronald has played the part of intermediary in bringing about what he has described as 'one of the most interesting events that have occurred in musical history since the Royal Philharmonic Society commissioned Beethoven to write a symphony for them in 1827, which resulted in his composing the immortal Ninth Symphony.' Now it is more than twenty years since Sir Edward's second symphony, dedicated to the memory of King Edward VII, was produced in 1911; and Sir Edward is now seventy-five years of age. But the finest work of some of our greatest composers has been forthcoming when they were advanced in years—witness the production of 'Falstaff' by Verdi at the age of eighty. The last big orchestral work which Sir Edward has given us was his 'cello concerto; and there was noticeable in this a certain change of style from the grandeur of his earlier work to a closer intimacy of feeling. Critics and listeners will wait with eager interest to know whether Sir Edward in his third symphony will revert to the earlier or develop still further this newer style.

* * *

In the talk broadcast by Mrs. J. A. Mollison in London after her remarkable return flight from the Cape, she characteristic-

ally made many references to the kindness she had met with at the various stopping-places on her flight, and dwelt very little on the actual difficulties she had encountered—though it was obvious from the bare facts she gave that the dangers were very real. The route she took was along the west coast of Africa, and, Mrs. Mollison said, 'From Capetown I was rather surprised to find that I had an enormous stretch of desert to cross. I had been thinking to myself that the Sahara was about the only stretch of desert, but from Capetown to Mossamedes, in Portuguese West Africa, there are hundreds of miles of the Kalahari Desert. . . . I took off from Mossamedes by night, and again tried to follow the coastline to my next stop, which was Duala'. Here more difficulties arose, for the mountain which should have provided a guide to the whereabouts of Duala was covered with mist, and during the next stage of the flight Mrs. Mollison lost sight of the River Niger which was her only landmark. 'In about five minutes', she said, 'I decided the only thing to do was to turn back and look for it. I had passed over it when I was not noticing, and I found a tributary of the river, came down very low to see which way the water was flowing, and followed it downstream, knowing it must flow into the Niger'. Then, of course, came the crossing of the Sahara, where, though a landing would be easy, one would have little chance, if stranded, of being found. Mrs. Mollison was, in fact, forced to descend by a sandstorm, the strength of which almost overturned her machine when she had landed. 'It would be impossible now', concluded Mrs. Mollison, 'to go into any details about the advantages of the west coast route as against the east coast, but I do think that one thing is of the utmost importance, and that is to bring our Dominions as close together as possible. . . . It is only in this way that we shall get personal contact and keep together in friendship and good fellowship all the scattered parts of our Empire'.

* * *

This same idea was expressed by the Director-General of the B.B.C. last week, when he described the sending out of the first Empire programme from Daventry as 'an occasion as significant as any in the ten years of British broadcasting'. 'If we succeed in dispelling some of the isolation and loneliness which is the lot of so many of our kindred overseas', he said, 'if we bring to them and to others some share of the amenities of the home country and of metropolitan interests and culture which, for one reason or another, may not be fully available, if we can induce among the constituent parts of the Empire a greater understanding and a greater sympathy, if we can broadcast at home some programmes from overseas, if, in general, as is our hope, the several far-scattered units of the family may be drawn closer together, then our efforts . . . are amply rewarded'. He went on to explain the system of transmission and the timing for the five different zones into which, for this purpose, the Empire is divided: and to emphasise the point which we made last week, that the service largely depends for its success on the efforts of those for whom it is intended. 'The rate of progress and the satisfaction to be derived from the service will be determined by the volume of suggestive and constructive criticism both of a technical and general nature received from you', said the Director-General to his Empire listeners. If Empire broadcasting is to fulfil its high function, it must, indeed, be a two-way service.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: The Scottish National Theatre Society's annual New Year holiday production begins a ten nights' run in the Glasgow Lyric this week, and its choice of play has added an odd spice of irony to the event. Just at the moment, Scotland is actively enthusiastic about drama, and particularly about a new 'national' drama with which many keen amateur societies are experimenting. People are most interested in this last, because so far it appears to be neither morbidly gloomy nor blatantly 'kailyairdy'. Just at the moment, too, Scotland has, apart from Sir James Barrie, two or three dramatists whose plays have tickled the palates of theatre managers and audiences not specifically Scottish. And they have gained their success with something more substantial than craft in using the sentimental touch. Yet, funnily enough, it is just now, when dramatic excitement is quite real in Scotland, that the Scottish National Players have had to put on John Brandane's 'The Glen Is Mine', thereby leaving the way open for the charge that their Society lacks courage, or vision, or perhaps both. The trouble is not that there is anything wrong with Mr.

Brandane's three-act comedy, as a comedy. In fact, the Players owe to it probably a good deal of their early successes. But it is thought in some quarters that since it dates a little it is scarcely in line with current efforts and ideas in Scottish drama, and that in any case National Theatre audiences are exceedingly familiar with it already. The play is undoubtedly something of a veteran, and since its first performance by the Players nine years ago it has been played again and again up and down the country. The comical contrast which some on-lookers have found in this revival of it has probably been heightened by the fact that its 'curtain-raiser' is Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation of Tchekov's 'The Proposal', done into very pithy Scots by Mr. James Bridie, and in this form a first performance on any stage. Choice of 'The Glen' by the Society was no doubt due largely to its deliberate preference for a reasonably sure box-office 'draw' for its annual winter production, and from this point of view the play's past triumphs were an obvious recommendation. But there is a feeling that the Society might also have managed to keep more in touch with the interests of the moment, and along with this feeling goes increasing conviction that the real centre of things dramatic in Scotland just now is the Scottish Community Drama Association. At the moment of writing, the Association's returns for the forthcoming festivals are not completely available. But the entries, in spite of a somewhat mysterious decrease in the number from the Women's Rural Institutes, exceed three hundred, and show another successive, steady advance on the figures for previous years. A further point of interest is that approximately eighty-three per cent. of these entries are for the Scottish festivals only. This does seem to mean that in seeking independence of the British Drama League, the Scottish Association was not overestimating its own strength, and indeed knew very well what it was doing. The fact is that the Association is extremely healthy and vigorous, and it has the very stimulating ambition of travelling beyond one-acters, to full-length plays and a big festival, perhaps international but at least equivalent to the Malvern event, to be held at a Scottish summer resort. If it keeps its energy, and its head, it might very well go just as far as that.

* * *

As some of our readers may like to possess proofs signed by the artist of the original woodcut for the cover design of last week's LISTENER, we have arranged with Miss Clare Leighton that she should print off a limited number of proofs from the original wood block. These can be had for thirty-one shillings and sixpence each (unmounted) on application to us.

New Year's Eve

Is there a song for the New Year
With its great load of months? A slow song
Dragging its way through notes low and long
A hard song with a thump of fear and a little trill
Of hope quavering weakly, uncertain, shrill.
Call it a dirge. There will be death,
Want, much to lose, doubt: but the weak breath
Of wonder will grow strong, and there is hope also
Who knows what birth? No dirge but a glow
Of music with a silver streak of trumpets breaking
through.

And the Old Year? Sing loudly:
A dribble of hours and nothing more but release
And an end of striving. Come spend the last coins
gaily
Throw these farthing minutes to buy peace,
For we are rid of a great burden of months weeks
days,
Of sadness, pleasure turned dry in the mouth, pride
undone. . . .
But there was joy and a finding of new ways
On old hills and warm rain veiling the sun.
Sing not so loudly, gladly.
I have lived darker years and I know not. . . .

Good night, good morrow.
The bells are ringing in a sky of stars.

LL. WYN GRIFFITH



Budapest, Queen of the Danube.

Mondiale

The World and Ourselves

Hungary and her Frontier Problems

By VERNON BARTLETT

THIS talk from Budapest has, I think, been the most difficult to prepare of any that I have ever given. For one thing, Hungary so resents the Treaty of Trianon that it is almost impossible to refer to political questions in terms that will not offend either the Hungarians or their neighbours, and there is nothing to be gained by broadcasts which increase bad feeling in Europe instead of doing their little bit towards decreasing it. And in the second place, I cannot even pretend to understand Hungarian. It is hard enough after a few days in a country to feel that you are giving a fairly honest picture of its people, even when you know their language, but here in Hungary I burnt my hand badly by turning on the *meleg* tap at the hotel when it should have been the *hideg*, and like most other English visitors I have been faced by much more difficult problems about which I had better say nothing, for Hungarian does not bear the slightest resemblance to any other European language, except, apparently, Finnish. Certainly in both languages they put two dots over as many vowels as possible, but even that does not help me, because I know even less Finnish than Hungarian.

So that I looked forward to coming to Budapest as a bit of an adventure. The Customs examination at the frontier helped to emphasise that feeling, because, in the hope of preventing smuggling of currency, officials everywhere have become unpleasantly strict. I have crossed the frontier from Austria twice in the last ten days. On one occasion we were all turned out of the carriage while it was put through the sort of search they make in detective stories, except that the cushioned seats were not actually slit open. The other time the presence of four Roumanians on their way home with a few presents for their friends caused a lot of trouble. I have never seen such a mess as there was in the carriage by the time the Hungarian Customs Officials had finished going through their things. Finally the train went on, leaving the luggage and its Roumanian owners on the platform. Now it is possible that the Hungarian officials were inspired solely by a strict sense of duty, but it so happened that the morning papers were filled with accounts of a Roumanian attack on the Hungarian Consulate in that city which the Hungarians call Kolozsvár and the Roumanians call Cluj, the capital of Transylvania, which was transferred to Roumanian sovereignty by this Treaty of Trianon. And the word 'Kolozsvár' certainly cropped up several times in the discussion. So that I do not think I am unfair in concluding that the frontier officials were trying to get a bit of their own back.

It may seem to you either that this little incident is absurd, since you are able to hear me across a thousand miles and

several national frontiers, or that it is unimportant. But, after all, the relations between one country and another are built up on a series of little incidents unimportant in themselves, and once you come to those countries that are directly affected by the Treaty of Trianon—that is to say, to Hungary or to the countries which gained territory at Hungary's expense—you find the atmosphere poisoned by distrust and hatred, so poisoned that the slightest criticism of one Government is quite likely to lead to the suspicion that you are paid by another. Now this is, naturally enough, particularly the case in Hungary; since her policy is active, to try to get back what she lost, while the policy of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Roumania is passive, to try to keep what they have got.

Hungary is the first country I have visited where people talk politics before they talk economics. Few Hungarians imagine that their economic situation would very greatly improve if all the territory inhabited by people of their race were suddenly placed inside the frontiers of Hungary again, for this territory is mainly farm land, and they have already more agricultural produce than they want. But the economic argument hardly enters into the thoughts of a people whose economic situation is, nevertheless, pathetically bad. From the Prime Minister to the taxi chauffeur, almost every Hungarian I have spoken to has taken it for granted that the frontiers have to be revised, and that any sacrifice is worth making to achieve that end. And, that being so, it is absurd to pretend that the Hungarian problem does not exist and that it does not do at least as much to poison the European atmosphere as the problem of the Polish Corridor. Therefore I hope you will forgive me if the whole of this talk deals with that problem alone.

Before the War the growth of the feeling of nationalism placed the Austro-Hungarian Empire in much the same sort of difficulties as have faced the British Empire at different times, and still have to be settled—for example, in India, Hungary had within her territories millions of people of other races, who made themselves a considerable nuisance by their increasing desire to govern themselves or to join up with people of the same race living outside the frontiers of Hungary. No Government likes to see the empire it is supposed to control dissolve in this way, and it has to choose between an attempt to suppress this nationalist feeling and an attempt to make it harmless by timely concessions to it. We have tried both methods in the British Empire, and it must always remain a matter of opinion which has been the more successful. The Hungarians, having no particular genius for compromise, made few concessions, with the result that when the Empire was broken up by the War they were

treated with a harshness which goes a long way to explain their present bitterness. There are plenty of maps in the shop windows here to remind them that they lost over 70 per cent. of their former territory and nearly 60 per cent. of their former population.

Now, if every method has been adopted to remind the people that between three and four million Hungarians are now living outside Hungary as a result of the Treaty of Trianon, there is nothing like the same unanimity of feeling about what sort of

put all his cards on the table before there was any serious suggestion of discussion over Treaty revision. Between one hundred per cent. of the Hungarian demands and nothing at all, he said, there were very many degrees, but if ever it did come to negotiation he would be found much more moderate than people in general expected, and the settlement to which he agreed would be one which Hungary as a whole would accept. Then he said good-bye to me, and I walked down the hill from the palace to the Danube wondering whether the humorous twinkle in his eye was due to his success in avoiding too definite an answer to my questions.

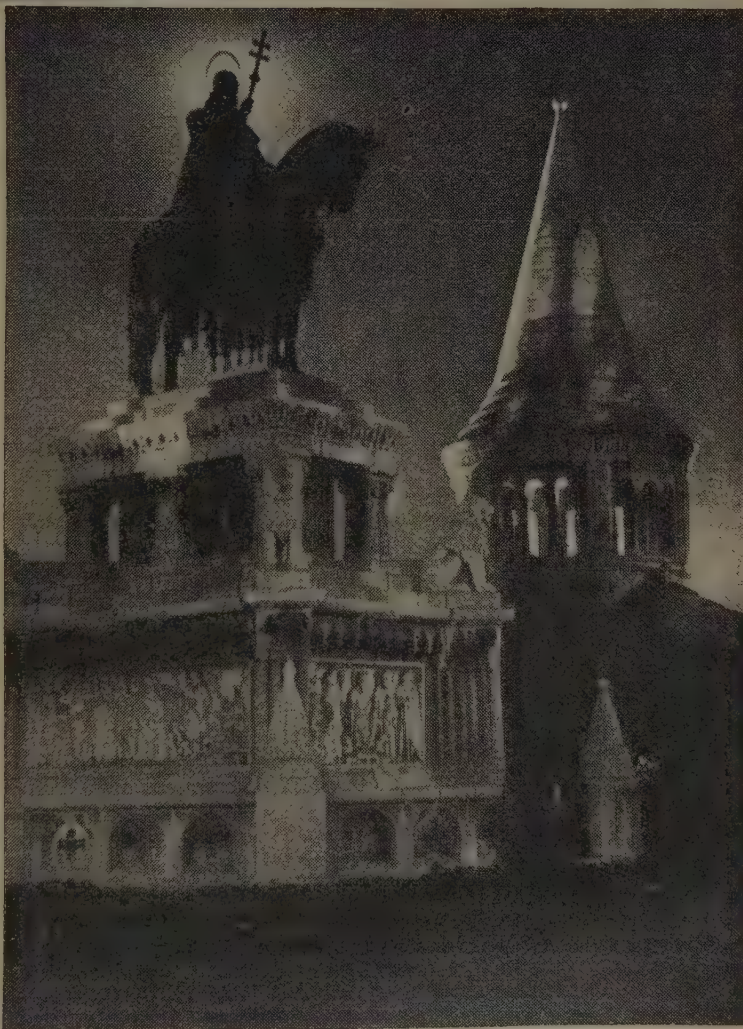
I do not think it is waste of time to talk about this business of Treaty revision. If everybody were reasonable in a reasonable world the Hungarian frontiers would doubtless be changed, and many countries which claimed all the territory they could in the first flush of victory have long since realised that national minorities are often more of a nuisance than the land they live on is worth. Also ethnographical maps prepared before the War suggest that the great majority of Hungarians now cut off from Hungary live very close to the present frontiers, which would not therefore have to be extended very much to include them. In some cases these new frontiers were chosen for their strategic importance, but, as General Gömbös suggested, strategic frontiers do not matter as much as they used to, and even Hannibal crossed the Alps. So that in a thoroughly reasonable world some Treaty modification might be carried through, to the benefit of everybody concerned. But this is certainly not a thoroughly reasonable world.



Preparing for the festival of Tokay, Hungary's national wine: last year's barrels are emptied and used again for the new vintage in October, the time of wine harvest

treaty revision ought to take place. A few years ago there were very many Hungarians who seriously demanded the return of their former frontiers, although, judging by their own propaganda figures, very nearly half the population within those frontiers would be non-Hungarian. That is to say, well over twice as many foreigners would again become Hungarian subjects as Hungarian subjects have become foreign subjects as a result of the Peace Treaty. Czechoslovakia, for example, could hardly be expected to vote herself out of existence again in order to allow this to be achieved, and other countries would be almost as bitterly opposed to a revision on anything like that scale, since it could not possibly come about except from another European war.

And that is where the inquisitive foreigner comes up against difficulties. If ever there is to be a revision of the Treaty of Trianon it must be the result either of a war or of an agreement between Hungary and her neighbours. The war solution must be ruled out. For one thing, Budapest could be shelled by long-range guns in Czechoslovakia, and for another, the Hungarian regular army is limited by Treaty to thirty-five thousand men, while the armies of her four neighbours come to a total over ten times as great. The Hungarian troops are, it is true, the smartest I have seen since I left England, and there is a sort of compulsory military training, something like the military sports that President Hindenberg has been trying to introduce into Germany, but I cannot imagine that, despite some of the comments Hungarians make about their neighbours, anybody really considers it possible to bring about a change by war. So that there remains the possibility of a Treaty revision as a result of agreement. How much revision would there have to be to prevent politics in this part of the world from further hampering what little remains of international trade? That is the problem to which it is so difficult to get a definite reply. I went with it a couple of days ago to the Prime Minister himself, for I had been told that General Gömbös was a man to whom I could speak perfectly frankly. He is young—forty-six; which, after all, is young for a Prime Minister—burly, energetic, and with a great reputation for action, since he had to organise the overthrow of the Bolshevik regime in Hungary in 1919, when he led a force of students against the ex-Emperor Carl when he tried to regain the throne despite the certainty that by doing so he was putting the country in danger of an invasion by one or more of the Little Entente Powers. What else shall I say about him? He talks perfect German, fair English, and he divides his admiration between Cromwell and Mussolini. And he did talk frankly, although, as he pointed out, he could not be expected to



Monument of St. Stephen, first King of Hungary, who was crowned in A.D. 1000
Mondiale

The Czechs, Roumanians, and so on, do not know whether such a relatively simple alteration of the frontiers, even if they were willing to agree to it, would satisfy the Hungarians, or would merely encourage them to ask for more. The Hungarians, on the other hand, do not know whether their desire for Treaty revision would be pushed out of the limelight on the European stage if they were to modify their political campaign in order to look after their economic interests.

And, of course, it is easy enough for us in Great Britain to decide that we cannot be bothered about it all, until we remember that the last War, and other wars before it in which we have been involved, started in this part of the world. But I believe that both here and in the neighbouring States more and more people feel that the present rivalry is suicidal, and that is why I wonder whether something cannot be done to diminish it while General Gömbös, who is looked upon as a realist, is in power in Hungary. He has produced a national plan containing no fewer than ninety-five points, and if some of them are vague, and even a little contradictory, he does lay great emphasis on the importance of all measures to improve international trade. And certainly they are needed, for Hungary is in a terribly difficult financial position. One thing which is certain is that, at any rate for some time to come, she will find it almost impossible to pay the interest on her foreign debts, for she has been advised and enabled to borrow so much in the past—not always on particularly good security—and her exports have fallen so much during the last two years that this year the interest which ought to be paid on those foreign debts will amount to over four-fifths of the total value of her exports—which means, of course, that to pay her debts she would have to export more than four times as much as she imports, and since she is almost entirely an agricultural country the standard of living would become intolerably low. If you get a feeling here of a conflict between politics and commerce, since obviously the commercial situation would be more favourable if the political issue had not made relations with the neighbouring States so difficult, you also get the feeling of a conflict between commerce and finance. Here, as in Austria, trade has been cut down by exchange restrictions in the gallant but vain struggle to keep enough foreign exchange in the country to meet the interest on foreign debt, and one doubts whether all these loans have been quite the blessing to Eastern Europe that we in Western Europe like to believe. In many cases they merely postpone political problems that will have to be tackled one day, and they have not encouraged the borrowing countries to take the drastic steps that they will have to take if ever they are to set their financial houses in order. In Hungary these steps will be particularly difficult, because there is hardly any middle class to bear the brunt of the financial burden. I believe that about one-third of the arable land of the country is still in the hands of two or three thousand families, and of these a great many are now bankrupt, since their agricultural produce fetches so little, even if they can sell it.

The millions of peasants hardly know the feel of money; they have always been paid mainly in kind—a little cottage, so much grain, so many chickens, and so on. Perhaps in better days the peasant made £15 or £20 a year by selling from his little stock, but now that a pig or a cow only fetches a few shillings he cannot hope to buy more than the simplest manufactured products; so that industry, from which a middle class is generally built up, suffers as well.

General Gömbös is said to be considering the possibility of the State taking over part of the properties of those huge owners in place of the taxes they cannot manage to pay, and distributing the land to the peasants. But the land alone is not of much value. A lot of money would be needed to supply the peasants with the proper sort of agricultural implements. The political effects of such a land reform, however, ought to be tremendous, for Hungary is at present in almost a feudal state, in which, I think, only 46 of the 245 Deputies who sit in what is generally considered to be the finest Parliament building in the world are chosen by secret ballot; a country in which the contrast between wealth and poverty must be more striking than in almost any other country in Europe. I myself went to a place hardly more than two miles from the very centre of Budapest where about a thousand people live in the most pitiable conditions I have ever seen—large families are crowded into the tiniest hovels that in many cases they have built for themselves. I was told that if I went a little further on I should find people living in mere holes in the ground, but I am not very good at that sort of thing, and I gave it up. Instead I climbed the great rocky hill which stands above the Danube, almost in the centre of the city, from which you get a view which certainly has no equal in Europe. All around me were the lights of Buda, with the different Government Departments in which General Gömbös and his colleagues have such depressing home and foreign problems to solve. Then came the wide black ribbon of the Danube, picked out for miles by the hundreds of lights along its banks, and beyond the Danube stretched the modern city of Pest, with its thousands and thousands of inhabitants to whom this question of frontier revision has become almost a religion, so that prayers in favour of it are even displayed in the carriages of the Underground Railway—the first Underground Railway, by the way, ever to be constructed on the Continent. For how long, I wondered, would the waters of the Danube sweep under the bridges that link Buda to Pest before the countries along its shores would at last be at peace? And that, unfortunately, is a question to which nobody yet knows the answer.

What America Thinks of the War Debt Settlement

By SIR ARTHUR SALTER

IT is quite likely that, in the course of these next few months, things will be done and said which will cause a good deal of irritation both in Europe and in America. It is, in my view, of the utmost importance that all men of goodwill on both sides of the Atlantic should make the greatest possible efforts to understand the point of view of the other side. Every good cause in the world depends upon good relations between America and Europe and particularly America and this country, and it would be a fatal and disastrous thing if passions were allowed to develop which would endanger this good relationship. With this in mind I want to say a few words to explain the present American attitude about War debts.

We must remember that Congress reflects the views and desires of the population of a vast continent, most of whom have had no close or conscious contact with world trade and all that affects it. Let us consider for a moment, for example, the psychology of a farmer of the Middle West of America. His farm is mortgaged: the prices of what he has to sell—wheat and so on—have fallen to less than half, so that the real burden of the payments he has to make on his mortgage has been more than doubled. He says rather bitterly: 'I do not see any proposal to scale down my obligations'. Then he sees a deficit in the national Budget of unprecedented size, which he anticipates may mean extra taxation. He also sees a great volume of unemployment, greater even proportionately than our own. He knows that no adequate provision has yet been made for it and contemplates that this also may mean further expense and possibly extra taxation. And when he hears people talk of cancellation or drastic reduction of War debts he says: 'You do not mean that the bondholder who subscribed the money should lose his interest. You mean that I—the American taxpayer—should pay his interest instead of the European taxpayer. Now, if some taxpayer has to pay, why should it be the American taxpayer, who, after all, did not get the goods on which the loans were spent, and not the European taxpayer, who did?' That, of course, is only one aspect of the problem, but it is one which we must make a real effort to bear in mind on this side of the Atlantic, if we want to understand the attitude of the ordinary American citizen or of Congress. We may, of course, regret the conclusion he draws from this reasoning, but we must at least try to understand what his reasoning is.

Now it is true that, as regards the other great section of international indebtedness—reparations—the European creditors at last, after thirteen years, really faced and dealt with the situation in the settlement at Lausanne. In this case, as in that of War debts, the real burden of payment had been immensely increased by the fall in prices. The difficulty of payment had been further increased by a restriction in the volume, as well as the value, of external trade, and the liability to payment was impeding recovery. All these three factors, of course, apply to War debts as well as reparations, and that they do so is recognised in the recent American Note. We, the European creditors of reparation, have at Lausanne given them recognition not only in words, but in action. You will remember what we did there. We commuted Germany's remaining liabilities for a final fixed capital sum. We provided that these should be discharged in a way which should never involve an annual payment by Germany of more than about one-tenth of what was imposed by the Young Plan of only three years ago. This was not altruism, it was enlightened self-interest—and I am sure that, if America acted similarly, it would also on balance prove immensely to the advantage, not only of the world as a whole, but of America herself. But, if we will look at the situation coolly and sympathetically, we shall at least understand, though we may regret, her reluctance to do so, and it is very important that we should, for the problems of peace and economic progress in every sphere depend upon the public temper and psychology of the peoples in the two continents.

Now, it would be unwise of me at this moment to say much as to the future. We have difficult negotiations ahead of us. It is clearly our duty to do everything we can to increase the chances of securing a satisfactory revision of the War debt settlement, as Germany has succeeded in securing a satisfactory revision of the reparation settlement, and, if we should unhappily be unable to secure such a settlement and be compelled by sheer necessity to fail in part of our legal obligations, we should be careful to have so acted and so conducted our negotiations that it is clear to intelligent men throughout the world, both in America and elsewhere, that it has been a case of *force majeure*. At the worst, our record must be such that the world recognises us at least to have been the most generous of creditor countries and the most honourable of debtor countries.

Science Notes

Science in 1932

SCIENCE, on the whole, has had a good year; by contrast with most activities of the spirit it has done proudly in the past twelve months. It has not yet brought us to the millennium, but it has moved us a few steps farther away from the other place. There are still simple things it cannot do. The one thing which the politician wants on this side of the Atlantic, gold, it cannot make: it cannot even infect gold with the instability of some of the heavier elements so that those who hold it in bond might be encouraged to pass it on. It has not yet found the oft-sought cure for cancer, although in gentler diseases, from pneumonia to distemper, real progress has been made. It found out, however, only the other day, the particular constituent of coal-tar, a compound called 1:2-benzpyrene, which is one of the producers of cancer. There is no doubt that in time the cure will be forthcoming; the limitless persistency of application which characterises those who are working on this very difficult but extraordinarily important subject will have its reward.

Physics has had a bumper year, nuclear physics especially. The discovery of the neutron by Dr. Chadwick by bombarding the element beryllium with alpha-particles has given a great impetus not only to the experimentalists but also to those theoretical physicists who make it their pleasure to understand the structure of the nucleus of the atom. In the same laboratory Dr. Cockcroft and Dr. Walton succeeded in disrupting the element lithium into the gaseous element helium by bombarding it with a stream of protons of exceedingly high energy, ingeniously produced. These transmutations, this release of atomic energy, have attracted wide notice, and, although they occur to an exceedingly small degree only, the important point is that, in one case, a beginning has been made and, in the other, that something already definitely begun has moved a step farther forward towards a highly important goal. Early this month there came news from Freiburg near the Black Forest that Professor von Hevesy and a colleague had discovered that one of the lighter elements, samarium, was radioactive, although only in a very mild degree. This is important, because hitherto it has been supposed that the peculiar instability of atoms which manifests itself as radioactivity was a property of the very heaviest atoms only. Above a limit represented by lead or bismuth everything is radioactive, below everything is inactive. It is true that nearly twenty-five years ago the common and light elements, potassium and rubidium, were found to be radioactive in a small way, but the particle expelled, the electron, was not considered as having the importance of the alpha-particle or charged atom of helium. But it is this particle—this more important and fundamental particle—which is found to be expelled by the light element samarium. This is something quite new, something that will require careful confirmation. The preliminary observations strongly suggest that the radioactivity is really due to samarium and not to a small quantity of impurity of known radioactivity.

In chemistry one of the most important researches of the year has been done by Professor Robinson and his colleagues at Oxford on the colouring-matters of flowers, fruits and berries. Not only are their chemical structures now known, but many of them have been made in the laboratory. In biochemistry vitamins and enzymes are still yielding up interesting results. There will soon be no excuse but poverty for the 'deficiency' diseases due to lack of vitamins. There is, further, the possibility that extended study of vitamins may have a real bearing on the cancer problem, although the possibility is little more than a suggestion at the moment. Enzymes are accelerators and directors of chemical reactions, the presence of which in the living cell converts a system which without them is 'static' into an organism which is characteristically 'dynamic'. It is at the level of the enzymes that chemistry and biology meet. Everything that is now being found out about them is going to be of importance in both these sciences.

In astronomy the expanding universe has been the most discussed subject both in the scientific journals and in the newspapers. Theorists like Einstein, Freidmann, Lemaître and others have postulated a universe which expands with

ever-increasing speed, although the initial impulse which set the show going is not known. The theory has been strikingly confirmed by observations on the rate of recession of distant nebulae. Every so many thousand of millions of years the universe appears to be doubling its radius, and this datum, obtained from observation, has actually been calculated from a very daring theory in atomic physics by Sir Arthur Eddington. The rate of expansion, however, seems to be much too fast; the time since the expansion began comes out far too small. Astronomers on their evolutionary theory of the universe require a minimum time for it to come into the position it is now in, and this time is from a hundred to a thousand times greater than the time since expansion began. It follows that either there is something up with at least one of these theories or that the date at which the universe began to expand was not the beginning of all things. There have been several ingenious attempts put forward of late to resolve this difficulty. The least unlikely possibility is that the universe is undergoing a series of expansions and contractions. At the moment it is expanding; some day in the future it may begin to contract; still later it may again expand. On this view, it is obvious, the discrepancy between the relatively small time for an expansion and the large time which, it is believed, has already elapsed since the universe was set up, is explained. It is understandable that the layman who likes his science plain and in full accord with commonsense has expressed his disagreement in letters to editors, both with the main ideas about the expanding universe and with the technical terms and analogies in which they have been expressed.

There have been some interesting controversies. There was a rather uninformed discussion in the Press on the merits and demerits from the therapeutic side of a 'four-gramme radium bomb' which had been entrusted to Westminster Hospital for combating cancer. Eventually, wisely I think, the bomb was split into smaller units of irradiation. One question on this subject, however, has never been satisfactorily answered: the reason for the savage price at which pure radium is sold. (The best authorities aver it has no relation to its cost of production; in the old days, before the boom, the cost was only one-sixtieth of the present price.) The hydrogenation of coal to produce a high-grade petrol is a subject the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has been toying with for some time, and a commercial firm has made some interesting large-scale experiments. In a recent lecture the Secretary of the Department made out a strong case for the advisability of hydrogenating coal, but a few days later he was flatly contradicted by his predecessor in office, the present Rector of the Imperial College of Science. So long as petrol remains, as it is at present, dirt cheap, there is no answer to the Rector's contention that hydrogenation is 'demonstrably uneconomic'; there are so many far better things one can do with coal than that. The time-honoured discussion between biologists on vitalism and mechanism has been quieter than usual this year, but there have been spirited exchanges on that other topic, the inheritance of acquired characters. Biologists also have been more active than ever in demanding a larger place for their study in the curricula of schools.

Books on science, outside of the technical treatises, were similar in character and quality to those of last year. In physics the peculiarities that occur at the level of the proton and the electron—the absence of a strict causal principle, the interesting discovery that within a certain small margin there is no real independence of observer and thing observed—have attracted the expositor. There have also been good popular expositions of the mechanism of heredity. One writer, who can only be described as a hero, has produced a work* of Falstaffian dimensions in which most of the present-day achievements in chemistry, physics, astronomy, and biology are not only accurately set forth but welded together so as to be interpreted in terms of spiritual beliefs and human destiny. Finally the lighter side of science has been well maintained by a slashing book by Bertrand Russell on the scientific outlook, and a more recent book of essays from Professor J. B. S. Haldane.

A. S. RUSSELL

*The Anatomy of Science. By Bernhard Bavhink. Bell. 21s.

Reason and Emotion

A Discussion between the President of the International Psycho-Analytical Association and
Professor Cyril Burt

PRESIDENT: You know, Professor Burt, I think the university psychologist is apt to treat human beings as if they were all born to be little philosophers, or at any rate little scholars, whose souls contained nothing but intellects to be trained, and whose skulls contained nothing but gaps into which you could pour knowledge. Take your own description of the mind. You have been telling us that it contains sensations and mental images, associations between ideas, and finally reason. But that is merely the surface of the mind. You don't look into the depths. You described intelligence as the most important human gift; I wonder whether some of your listeners didn't ask why you never mentioned character?

BURT: A good many of them did. I had quite a string of letters asking whether character, will-power, or even imagination, were not as important as intelligence or reason. 'Where would Newton or Napoleon have been', writes one of them, 'without imagination as well as brains?'

PRESIDENT: Quite! And what line did you take?

BURT: I appreciate their point. But life is short and psychology is long. In two half-hour talks one could only pick out certain aspects of the problem; so I concentrated first on the intellectual side. But that does not mean for one moment that I dismiss emotion and character as of no importance.

PRESIDENT: But why separate the two? Don't you think it is a little misleading?

BURT: I don't wish to separate them, except for purposes of description. The mind, of course, cannot be split down the middle. Intelligence and character—the rational side and the emotional side—these, I fully agree, are two inseparable aspects. We see reason easily and know most about it. So it seemed convenient to describe the intellectual aspect first of all, before turning the mind over, as it were, and seeing what lay underneath. Reason stands highest: it's our ruling quality. A cat or a mouse can feel emotion; but only human beings can reason. You must admit that reason comes first.

PRESIDENT: I hardly agree with you that we know more about human reason than we do about human character. But a more important point, Professor, seems to me to be this. In your description you rather implied that reason is a faculty that can operate by itself, whereas I take the view that it is at every moment being influenced by emotional factors. Nor do I agree that reason is the ruling faculty. Take, for example, a few of the important decisions in life where it is to a man's interest to use his best judgment. He has to choose a partner for life; if he is in a position of authority, he may have to decide vital national issues, such as peace or war; or he may simply want to place a bet. Now in which of these cases do you think he really uses his pure reason?

BURT: Well, I don't very often bet; and love, of course, is proverbially blind! As to national issues, like debt or disarmament, surely 'pure reason' has brought the theorist and the thinker very near to true solutions: the difficulty for the practical statesman is to persuade the short-sighted voter in each country to sacrifice his interests at the moment for the sake of ultimate trade recovery and a stable, universal peace. That's where the statesman has to weigh the pros and cons.

PRESIDENT: Yes, the odd thing is that it is always easier to see how unreasonable other people are.

BURT: You mean that reason is generally *our* reasons: the other man's reasons are usually unreasonable to us.

PRESIDENT: Precisely. Could anything be easier at the present moment than for us to see how unreasonable other countries are in discussing the most urgent international problem we have at the moment—payment of war debts—compared with our own obvious sound common sense? But we have only to cast our minds back a dozen years to remember what fantastically unreasonable decisions we came to at a peace conference when we insisted on the transfer of enormous sums of money from one country to another, which any cool reflection would show to be either impossible or else calamitous.

BURT: But some of us surely have learnt wisdom meanwhile.

PRESIDENT: Yes; but have we done so by studying textbooks of logic? You seem to think, like the old Greek philosophers, that if you could teach every man to reason accurately, all would be well.

BURT: I do, Mr. President. Teach the man in the street to think. And the teaching must begin at school. The neglect of reasoning—the neglect, I mean, to teach the child *how* to reason—is the gravest gap in modern education. How much of our social and international trouble springs simply from the fact that the majority of us either can't reason or won't reason! A chorus of newspapers have only to come along with a patriotic battle-cry, and a dozen nations may be plunged into a devastating

war. A firm has only to print a highly coloured picture of its goods, a vendor of patent medicines to describe a horrible disease and assure you that his pills will cure us, and we rush to buy without stopping for one moment to think whether the goods are really worth the purchase. Instead of cramming the school-child with a smattering of science or of French, a little grammar, a little geometry, and the dates of history, we should, I contend, teach him to reason logically about everyday questions—shopping, household management, problems of citizenship, all the daily tasks of ordinary life.

PRESIDENT: Yes; but where we perhaps differ is that, whereas you appear to hold that man needs more training in reasoning logically, I take the view that it is rather a question of dealing with the emotions which interfere with his reasoning. I have known of several pathetic cases where people believed they could conduct their life and come to right decisions if only they worked hard enough at text-books of logic. It seems to me, on the contrary, that logical reasoning is an extremely simple thing of which every child is capable, and that the faults people commit when they try to reason are due, not at all to their inability to reason, but solely to this simple faculty being interfered with by their emotional prejudices.

BURT: Yet surely intellect and reason control the machinery of the mind. How are you to master your emotions if you do not bring reason to bear upon your crude impulses?

PRESIDENT: Well, to begin with, those who act purely under the sway of their emotions don't even know that their emotions are swaying them. What is the good of arguing with a man who is hopelessly prejudiced when he can't even admit the existence of his prejudice? How are you to master an emotion when you don't even know that it exists, much less in which direction it is rushing? You see my point, Professor Burt. The difficulty is not so much that these mental forces are emotional rather than rational, but that they are often quite unconscious. In fact, I think the real contrast is not between reason and emotion, but between the conscious and unconscious factors that influence our everyday life. There, I think, is where I should be inclined to criticise your talks. You treated the mind as if it were identical with consciousness. Sensations, images, thoughts and their associations—they are all things of which we are clearly aware, and that is about as far as your introspective psychology will carry you. It is hard to persuade a man that his motives are irrational: it is harder still to persuade him that what he takes to be his motives are not his true motives at all.

BURT: Oh, I quite agree my talks only gave the first half of the story. You see, I knew you were to follow me. However, let us take a concrete instance. I had a letter from one of our listeners. I think it should have been addressed to you rather than to me. It is from a young fellow of 23, who complains he is losing all interest in his job, and all keenness in his games and hobbies. In fact, he has decided that life for him is scarcely worth the effort it costs to live; he seems just drifting towards despair and suicide. He says he does not know what makes him feel so miserable, but please would the psychologist tell him.

PRESIDENT: And of course the psychologist can't tell him; and if he could it would do him no good. For one thing he wouldn't believe you.

BURT: Then if he doesn't know and we don't know, and even if he were told he wouldn't believe it, what would you suggest?

PRESIDENT: You might help him to find out what had kept him from knowing the source of his trouble. The trouble might have been a buried hatred for some member of his family.

BURT: You mean he hates his father or his brother? Of course you can't expect him to admit a thing like that.

PRESIDENT: No, of course he won't, because he doesn't want to believe it. That I think is a point we have not yet made clear. The man is not aware of the trouble, because there is something in his mind which prevents him from facing it. There is what we call a resistance, a repressive force, which is keeping his deepest motives well below the surface. Before we can attack his motives we must first attack the forces repressing them.

BURT: The poor man seems to be becoming more and more helpless. He lies a victim on the rack, held down by ruthless hands on every side, unable to lift a finger of his own free will. Thank heaven that you and I and the rest of us who are normal are free from these repressive forces.

PRESIDENT: But you have missed the whole point of my argument. We have not taken this poor fellow as an exceptional case. We have taken him as a representative example. My point is that every human being is guided in his actions by forces of which he is more or less unconscious.

BURT: Then we are all of us merely mechanical puppets—wooden figures jigging just as the strings are pulled! Reasoning

and will-power count for nothing! Human behaviour is the inevitable outcome of blind causes!

PRESIDENT: It does sound bewildering, I agree, at first. But when you think of it, these unknown forces, although they are not recognised by us, are, after all, not outside influences, but an essential part of our very own selves. When we first hear about them, we are apt to shrink as if we were told that our lives were being ruled without our knowledge by external agencies—as astrologers used to think we were governed by the stars. If we realised that it is a matter of our own inner nature, we should be more willing to assume greater responsibility for ourselves.

BURT: Ah, my dear President, then you admit that we should hold *ourselves* responsible. But what about the responsibility of *other* people—the thief, the murderer, the blackmailer, the young delinquents I have to examine every day of my life? Are we to hold them more strictly to account than we do at present?

PRESIDENT: On the contrary. Our increased knowledge would also make us realise that the very power of assuming responsibility is definitely limited, unless the lucky person has the opportunity also of acquiring the increased knowledge we are speaking of.

BURT: Well, take an actual case. A magistrate asks me to examine a lad who goes about setting fire to one hayrick or barn after another without even knowing who the owner is. I find his intelligence is perfectly normal. Are we or are we not to hold him to account?

PRESIDENT: We certainly have to take his actions into account; but that is not quite the same thing.

BURT: What would you do?

PRESIDENT: I should certainly begin by recognising that punishment alone does not meet the case. All our experience, both in watching the careers of criminals and in making detailed analytic studies of individuals, goes strongly to show that punishment often makes people worse instead of better.

BURT: I quite agree—at any rate in nine cases out of ten. But what are you going to do? Let him go scot free?

PRESIDENT: You mean as the recent change in the law does under the First Offenders Act? It does not seem to have proved very successful. So I agree we must do something more active than that, though undoubtedly there are cases where less harm would be done to the community by letting certain offenders go free than by turning them into regular criminals. No! I should want to help the man to get rid of his obviously useless tendency, which very often he regrets as much as anyone.

BURT: Splendid, if it could be done. But can it?

PRESIDENT: Yes, I am sure it can in a great many cases by the use of modern methods, such as the psycho-analyst has worked out; and it would be much cheaper for the community than our present wasteful system.

BURT: Well, that might settle his account with society. But what would the clergy say about settling his account hereafter?

PRESIDENT: I'm sure of one thing—they would not appeal to reason to deal with the problem.

BURT: Nor would they listen to your long and complicated explanations! Surely the theologian would maintain that in the final test of all no excuses are taken.

PRESIDENT: I suppose so. But just think what excuses are taken at present. A man has only to say 'I'm sorry, I forgot', and he regards himself as absolved from all responsibility. Only one person will regard him as being responsible for his memory, and that is his sweetheart. He'd better not tell her that he didn't turn up at 9 o'clock because he forgot!

BURT: But memory is an *intellectual* gift. I take it you hold that the will and the emotions have a great deal to do with what is remembered or forgotten?

PRESIDENT: In our analytic work of unravelling a patient's memories and observing whether or not he can recollect various events, names, dates, and so on, we find it depends very much on the memory in question being associated with some repressed emotion. Something in him wants to remember or doesn't want to remember, and that something is, of course, not at all the same as his conscious purpose.

BURT: Then what's the good of a conscious purpose? We strive and struggle—all to no use! Don't you think you have taken much too low an estimate of our power to guide and control our actions?

PRESIDENT: Not exactly, my dear Professor. I do not put a high estimate, it is true, on the power of conscious control, but man has within him an enormously powerful controlling agency. What matters is how far his conscious self is in harmony with this controlling agency.

BURT: But, after all, most people think that their conscious will has some independent power and can control their thoughts to some extent. Or is that a complete illusion? If I bang my hand on the table so, I have the clearest conviction that I banged it because I *willed* to do so; and most of us feel sure that we can, by sheer effort of will, think of any idea or name or date without being influenced in the least by any personal or emotional factor.

PRESIDENT: Let us put it to the test. Take the old childish game. Think of a number, and if you can, let it be a number that

is determined entirely by accident, just as if you had tossed up half a dozen dice on the table and added up the total.

BURT: Good. The first number I think of—6 5 4—Oh no! that is my own telephone number. Let me try again. 3 0 2 5.

PRESIDENT: Now fix your attention on the number you have thought of, and tell me what comes into your mind.

BURT: As a matter of fact, I see the first two numbers written or printed. They might be the numbers over a door.

PRESIDENT: Don't stop. What does the door suggest?

BURT: It is the door of the house I was living in this time last year.

PRESIDENT: And the twenty-five. Does that suggest anything?

BURT: Oh, certainly! The twenty-fifth of December—Christmas Day. But you're not going to suggest that this is a wish-fulfilment: that I was wishing I was back at the former house, because . . .

PRESIDENT: Oh, it is for you to suggest the underlying wish, if there is one. As a matter of fact, you have already indicated something—the idea of being back where you were this time last year. And the first number of all, the one you dismissed, was your own telephone number at home. But you broke off too soon. You got as far as Christmas.

BURT: Christmas; Christmas Day; birthdays; the old house in the country where I used to spend them as a child; milestones; old age. Well, I suppose we all wish we were young again!

PRESIDENT: Anyhow, you must admit that those two numbers are associated with some very deep-seated personal interests. In fact, you were already getting back to your early childhood pleasures when you broke off.

BURT: I agree that in certain cases things come into our minds because of some strong feeling behind them. But a single example does not prove a general rule. My question is rather this: is there *never* any such thing as sheer chance or accident? Do you mean to say that whatever a person says or does—*everything*—is fatally determined?

PRESIDENT: May I counter your question by another? How would you explain the curious fact that people are extremely insistent on the absolute independence of their free will in things that don't matter, like banging a table or choosing a number, whereas they seldom make such a claim in respect of the really important decisions of their life? A man who can observe at all carefully the way his mind works will not say he fell in love with someone as an act of deliberate free choice; he will say that something in her appealed to him so strongly that he was irresistibly moved in her direction. If he has a harmonious nature his conscious will became one with this impulse, and so it felt to him to be entirely free. That is what freedom of the will means psychologically. Or take again a man making a vital decision about his career; he thinks hard about it, but what finally decides him is what he calls his instinct or feeling that such and such a course is the best one for him to take. The clergy put the same thing in another way when they speak of receiving a call.

BURT: I think I see your main point. You mean the mind acts according to certain laws; and what is true of the big things must be true of the little things, even of the trivial instances we were speaking of just now: all our actions are determined by definite causes or laws.

PRESIDENT: Yes, the instance may be trivial, but I think the principle at stake is supremely important. I maintain that all social institutions, and, indeed, all theory of society—laws, politics, economics, as well as the study of the individual—should be based on the assumption that human action is determined by definite causes, even if they are unconscious ones. The current theories of the lawyer, the politician, and the economist have gone desperately astray. They assume that every man is a reasonable being who is guided in his actions by a careful calculation of the balance of pleasure over pain. You and I, and, indeed, every psychologist, know that that is a most mistaken and harmful doctrine. Only a philosopher who sheds his emotions when he takes off his shoes and goes into his study could have worked out such a theory. It is amazing that the practical man should accept it.

BURT: There, of course, I agree with you, my dear President. One has only to watch one's fellow human beings, and, indeed, one's own conduct day by day, to discover that 90 per cent. of the things we do and say are more or less irrational. How far it is due to emotion, and how far simply to an untrained reason and an ill-controlled mind, is perhaps a matter of degree.

PRESIDENT: Well, if that is your final view, my dear Burt, I shall claim you as a convert. If you say that 90 per cent. of our actions are not due to reason, but to something which you may call emotion or I should call unconscious motives, then I think I am content with our discussion. Whether it is 90 per cent. or 100 per cent. is a point over which we need not quarrel. The great thing is to realise that, after all, most of our actions are really prompted by feeling, or rather by unconscious impulse, and that more often than not we invent our reasons afterwards to justify them. And for my part I am willing to confess myself a believer in the supreme value of reason whenever it can be given a chance. The pity is that this does not often happen.

*The Doctor and the Public—XII**Surgery Tomorrow*

By A SURGEON

YOU can hardly pick up any paper today without reading that cancer is on the increase. But that bald statement is likely to cause you groundless alarm, and it is my business to tell you the truth so that you may avoid false fears on the one hand and false hopes on the other. It is true that the number of deaths certified as due to cancer is larger than it was. But even this statement needs qualifying. Until quite recently many deaths which were actually due to cancer were not certified as such, because with modern methods cancer is diagnosed more frequently than it used to be. Moreover, the expectation of life has been greatly increased by modern hygiene and sanitation, so that more people live to be fifty or over (which is what we call the cancer age) than even half a century ago. As recently as the time of Henry VIII a man of fifty was an old man. Let me allay your anxiety by giving you some figures. In the last ten years the average number of deaths in the United Kingdom in each year has been in the neighbourhood of 470,000. Of these roughly 50,000 are due to cancer. So you see that the chances against anyone dying of cancer are still nearly 10 to 1 against.

Cancer is a class name which we give to certain kinds of growths or ulcers which are characterised by malignancy. By this we mean a tendency to spread, at first locally and later all over the body. We call it cancer because its spread is supposed to resemble the arrangement of the legs of a crab; cancer, you will remember, is the Crab in the signs of the Zodiac.

We ourselves divide cancers into two main groups: one, which we call sarcoma, which attacks bones and similar structures in young adults, and the other carcinoma, which attacks the mucous membranes—the lining membranes of the hollow organs. This type of cancer appears as a rule after the age of fifty; it is far more common than the other, and it is to this class that I am referring when I use the word 'cancer'. It most often starts as an ulcer in a mucous membrane where there has been some chronic inflammation. This ulcer is not at first malignant; it is then in what we call the pre-cancerous stage. But if it is allowed to persist, it becomes a cancer. Its edges become hard, and it refuses to heal, and under the microscope the changes in the cells which we associate with cancer can be seen. But at first it is quite localised, and this stage may last for several months.

In the next stage the cells break through the protective layer at the base of the mucous membrane and are carried by the vessels which drain lymph from all parts of the body to the nearest glands, where they divide and grow to form a new tumour similar to the original one. And lastly we get the stage where the cells have made their way to distant parts of the body and formed separate tumours there. And when this has happened we can do little or nothing; we call such cases inoperable, and the patient eventually dies, either from toxæmia or from interference with the function of some essential organ as, for instance, obstruction of the bowels.

Cancer that can be 'Cured'

We know very little about the cause of cancer. The only thing that seems certain is that it is provoked by a continued irritation. But this is only what we call a predisposing condition. It does not cause cancer of itself. It would appear that there must be added some exciting cause, like the percussion cap to a cartridge. This may be a micro-organism, so small that we cannot see it with the microscope, or it may be a chemical poison. Some surgeons hold one view and some the other. I think I may say that we have discarded as untenable some of the suggestions which have been put forward from time to time, such as the idea that certain houses or districts are capable of giving people cancer. And there is no evidence that it runs in a family.

How, then, are we to deal with this plague? In the present state of our knowledge the only safe way lies in the enlightenment of the public and their early co-operation with their doctors. As yet we know of no cure other than operation, with the exception of radium, which I will refer to later. If the operation is done early the outlook is much more hopeful than I think you imagine. The dismal view which is commonly taken is based on the results of operation undertaken in the later stages. In cancer of the breast, for example, in its early stage before the glands are affected, something like 80 per cent. of patients can be 'cured'. When the glands are involved the outlook is of necessity much more serious and the percentage of 'cures' falls considerably, whereas in the later stages—which are the ones in which unfortunately we so often see the patient for the first time—we can only do what we call a palliative operation, for the relief of pain and suffering. In some of the other organs similar results can be obtained; but in others again (for example, important organs within the chest and abdomen) the results are not quite so good.

The only methods of treatment other than operation are X-rays and radium. The action of both of them is essentially the same. They can destroy living tissue, and our aim is to expose the growth to a dose that will kill the cancer cells without damaging the normal ones. Unfortunately this is not as easy as it sounds because the rays have a comparatively low power of penetration and so it is difficult to get at deeper growths, though it is easier with radium needles than it is with X-rays. In certain cases of superficial growths radium has been shown to give good results. But, with this exception, in my opinion we have not yet reached the stage where it ought to be used in preference to operation.

We call the original ulcer the primary focus. If it is in an exposed situation, that is, in a place where it can be seen, like the lip or the tongue, it will give you a warning as obvious as the red lights in Oxford Street. But even if it is not visible, it will, sooner or later, give rise to symptoms referable to the organ in which it started. You will become conscious of possessing that organ and then you may know that something is wrong with it. It is Nature's first danger signal. You are not constantly aware that you possess an eye until you get a piece of grit in it. I have therefore this earnest message to give you. If the possession of an organ—say the stomach or the bladder or the bowel—is being obtruded on your notice, do not search the advertisement columns of the daily papers until you read of a patent medicine which is said to have effected a dramatic cure in a case that sounds like yours. But go at once to your doctor and get him to examine you thoroughly while there is yet time.

When all the World will be Young

With regard to the future of cancer, I am one of those who believe that one day, sooner or later, some second Lister will come along and find out for us the essential cause. The immediate future of surgery will probably be in the direction of earlier diagnosis and more thorough examination of the deeper parts of the body by means of new optical devices. Even now we have electrical instruments with which we can investigate the interior passages, and their use will I think become more extensive. The actual technique of operation as far as the removal of growths goes would appear to have reached its extreme degree. The vast operations which are now performed for the elimination of cancer go as far in this direction as it is possible to foresee.

Personally I look forward to the surgery of the immediate future as being the surgery of the conservation of organs or their replacement rather than the surgery of removal. To take a single example: we are only now beginning to appreciate fully the effect on the individual of those glands which we call the endocrine glands. It is possible that the surgeons of the future will be able to graft the healthy endocrine glands of animals to take the place of diseased ones. This is actually being tried now, but the technical difficulty of keeping the graft alive until it gets an adequate blood supply from its new surroundings has not yet been overcome. But if we do succeed I can visualise such operations as opening up an entirely new chapter in the history of surgery.

And if we look further ahead, what is the future of the surgeon to be? In this generation he stands in the limelight. The great romantics of our time are the film star and the flying man and the surgeon—the first two because they take their lives in their hands, the surgeon because he takes your life into his. But he will not always occupy that pedestal. Marvellous though his craft may be, he deals mainly with the end products of disease, and as we get more enlightened, when we treat disease, so to speak, at its source, when we really act upon the principle that prevention is better than cure, the need for him will disappear, and your sons and your sons' sons will know him only as a man who can repair for them such mechanical accidents as a rupture or a broken bone. Looking still further ahead, is it too much to hope with the author of *Quo Vadimus* that the day will come when all the world will be young? The advances of medicine and surgery will have eliminated most of the ailments and limitations of old age. Life will be prolonged at its maximum of efficiency until death comes like the sunset and is met without pain and without reluctance.

A short lectionary, compiled by the Rev. J. S. Bezzant, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and sanctioned for the Thursday Broadcast Evensong at Westminster Abbey, has been printed at the end of *The Oxford Calendar and Lectionary* (Oxford University Press, 1s.), which is compiled by Mr. Percy Dearmer.

FROM THE BROADCAST PULPIT

A Selection from Religious Addresses recently given at the Microphone

The Prince of Peace

By His Grace THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will'. These words represent the first Christmas greeting ever uttered, the salutation which the angels brought from heaven on the night when Christ was born, and they call up a vision of a scene which is at once simple and majestic. The shepherds were tending their sheep on the lonely hillside, it would seem on the historic spot called in the Old Testament the Tower of Eder, where Jacob of old had dwelt with his flocks, where Royal David had been shepherd boy, when suddenly there appeared to them an angel of the Lord in shining splendour — according to the Fathers, the great spirit Gabriel who had been entrusted previously with the exalted mission of the Annunciation.

And the brightness of God shone round about the lowly shepherds, a divine irradiance enveloped them even as it did Peter, James and John on Mount Tabor; and just as on that occasion the Apostles could only fall flat upon their faces and shield their eyes from the dazzling light, so now the shepherds were startled and seized with terror. But the angel dispelled their fears, saying unto them: 'Behold I bring you good tidings. For this day is born to you a Saviour'. And suddenly the amazed shepherds saw a multitude of the heavenly army, a vast array of angels, as it were a cloud of witnesses to the momentous message of Gabriel. It would seem that on this august occasion the whole heavenly court assembled to adore the Incarnate God on His manger-throne, fulfilling the words of the Psalmist, 'Adore Him, all ye His angels'. And now the thronging angelic choir broke into song and chanted aloud those exulting Christmas words 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will'. Such an astounding happening had occurred only once before, and that on the birthday of the world, when, as the Scripture tells us, 'The morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy' because the Lord had laid the foundations of the earth, and the measures thereof; because He had commanded the morning and shown the dawning of the day its place.

If the work of the Creation was an occasion for the angels in the highest heavens to proclaim the glory of God, much more so was the stupendous fact of the Incarnation. For centuries these ministering spirits had watched over the gradual work of preparation. They had rejoiced at the first promise of a Redeemer for mankind, and their joy had deepened as, in the course of the ages of the patriarchs and prophets, the promise

had grown ever clearer, and now when the fulness of time had come they muster in their legions: the nine choirs of angels, the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and those mighty sons of God, the Thrones, Dominations, and Powers; all swell the mighty chorus and break into a glorious psalm of praise for that a Saviour is given to men. The angels sang a new canticle of joy for that the wisdom and the power and the mercy of God were so manifestly revealed in the Incarnation and birth of

His Son.

The Eternal Son of God did not, says St. Paul, take the form of an angel. Yet in taking to Himself the nature of a creature He brought special joy to the angels in their created nature, and consequently the moment of the birth of Christ was one of glory to God in the highest ranks of the heavenly hierarchy. But in greater measure and with deeper reason did it bring joy to men. For unto us, men not angels, is born a Saviour. He is *Our* Divine Redeemer. Consubstantial in nature with the Father, He took the form of man, made of a woman. He did not, as some have supposed, become an honorary member of the human race. True Son of true God, He assumed a real human nature, the identical human nature of the sinner only without the sin. Himself a man of sorrows, He understood well the troubled heart of man, and His birth brought us the glad message, peace on earth to men of good will.

Peace! How the whole world longs for peace, how every human soul desires it, craves it, and how it seems to elude our ceaseless seeking. The history of the world consists mostly of chronicles of warfare with the blood-trail

winding across the fairest lands of the earth. Jehovah was the God of battles, but the Prince of Peace is the climax of the Messianic titles applied to Christ by the prophet Isaiah. The Messiah is to be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God, the Mighty, Father of the world to come; but above all and beyond all, He is to be the Prince of Peace. And so we find that word 'peace' continually on the lips of Christ. He instructs His disciples that when they enter a house, their greeting shall be one of peace. When he parts from them to enter on His sacred passion, He says, 'My peace I leave to you, My peace I give to you'. After the resurrection, His salutation to His apostles is 'Peace be unto you'. And yet this same Christ, the Messiah, the Prince of Peace, says, 'Think you that I am come to give peace? I tell you no, but separation'. What is the explanation of this apparent paradox? The explanation is to be found in the words of the angel Gabriel, 'and on earth peace to men of good will' as the Vulgate Version has it. The Hebrew word for



Christmas in Cologne Cathedral

From 'Photograms of the Year 1932' (Iliffe and Sons)

peace includes all blessings, and the birth of Christ brought peace in its widest sense to the shepherds, to the Magi, and later to the apostles and the Magdalen; that is to say, to men and women of good will; but it brought no peace to Herod who had malice in his soul, nor to the Scribes and Pharisees who were whitened sepulchres, nor to the many who hardened their hearts against the Gospel-tidings. And so it has been throughout the ages: peace, but only to men of good will.

There are many who seem to think that because universal peace in the religious and political worlds did not immediately follow the advent of Christ, and continue uninterruptedly for nineteen centuries, Christianity is therefore to be written down a failure. May we remind these critics of Christianity that the peace of Christ arises from the practical acceptance of His teaching, and not from its open and flagrant violation? It is obvious from Our Blessed Saviour's words that the coming of universal peace must be a slow process; whilst the Gospel is making its way there must needs be division, dissension, contention, strife; and finally when Christianity has permeated all society, then, and only then, the Messianic reign of peace. Unfortunately the antagonisms continue until now, and are likely to continue till the nations at large accept and act upon the principles of charity laid down by Christ. The peace of Christ can obtain only in the kingdom of Christ. We must first establish the reign of Christ throughout the world before we have a right to look for that abundance of peace which is to mark His sovereign rule.

We can help forward the advent of the reign of Christ by propagating the gospel that they who use the sword shall perish by the sword, by realising in our own lives that Christ, as Prince of Peace, came to break down the middle wall of partition, to remove the barriers between nation and nation, and even

between man and man. He has made us all nigh, all neighbours, in His blood, and hence St. Paul declares that in the Church 'there is neither Gentile nor Jew . . . Barbarian or Scythian, bond or free, but Christ in all'.

The Apostle, of course, does not mean that natural ties are to be abolished or ignored; far from it. He means that those natural ties which bind men together into families, into civic communities, into nations and empires are to be broadened and strengthened so as to bind men still closer in a universal brotherhood with Christ. But what, you will ask, can be done to bring about the universal brotherhood or international peace by the ordinary man or woman in his or her small sphere of influence? I answer that they can do a great deal. Ultimately the affairs of the world are governed by public opinion, and public opinion is nothing more than the least common denominator of individual opinions. Each of us by thinking rightly and fearlessly making known his or her views can see to it that public opinion is correctly informed and properly moulded. It is no use preaching peace abroad if we are guilty of class-hatred and class-warfare at home. The campaign for world-peace must begin in our individual souls. It is there, in the privacy of that inner sanctuary, that the reign of the Prince of Peace must first be firmly established. The soul must be at peace with itself before it can be at peace with others, and it attains to peace with itself only when, in its thoughts and words and deeds, it wins the approval of the still small voice of conscience. The Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger is the symbol of innocence, of purity, of sinlessness. If we are to enter into His company we must do so in a childlike spirit, with that simplicity which is so characteristic of little children, and which can be regained in later years only when rancour and anger and all bitter feelings towards others have been expelled from our hearts.

The Light of the World

By the Rev. LIONEL B. FLETCHER, of the World Evangelisation Movement

JESUS said: 'I am the light of the world'. There had been religious teachers and prophets and psalmists before Him, but when He came the world was transfigured by His glory, and He is *the* light of the world. The feast of Tabernacles was being celebrated when Jesus made this statement. Every evening great lamps were lit outside the Temple to commemorate the Pillar of Fire which went before the Israelites in their journey through the wilderness. They had travelled wherever the light led them, knowing that God was in that light, and He was guiding them. That guiding pillar ever spoke to them of Jehovah, but they knew that one day the Messiah would come, and He would be to them what that pillar of fire had been to their fathers. So Jesus made the startling announcement: 'I am the light of the world'. He did not say that he was bringing them light, but He said definitely 'I am that light'. In that moment as they celebrated a past event, He proclaimed Himself as the fulfilment for which they were looking and longing. Christ, the light of the world, has arisen and is awakening human souls to the real beauty of life. No teaching alone can do that; no set of principles no matter how fine; no ethic by itself can hope to achieve what Christ alone can do for men and women. All through the Bible we see the prophets rearing their magnificent heads like rugged mountains, and like peaks catching the first rays of the coming glory of day, they show us something of the beauty of the light of God. But no prophet ever claimed to be the light of the world, for they simply bore witness to the light. But Jesus said: 'I am the light of the world', and He has been showing those whom He has awakened the beauty of God in a way in which no one had ever seen it before.

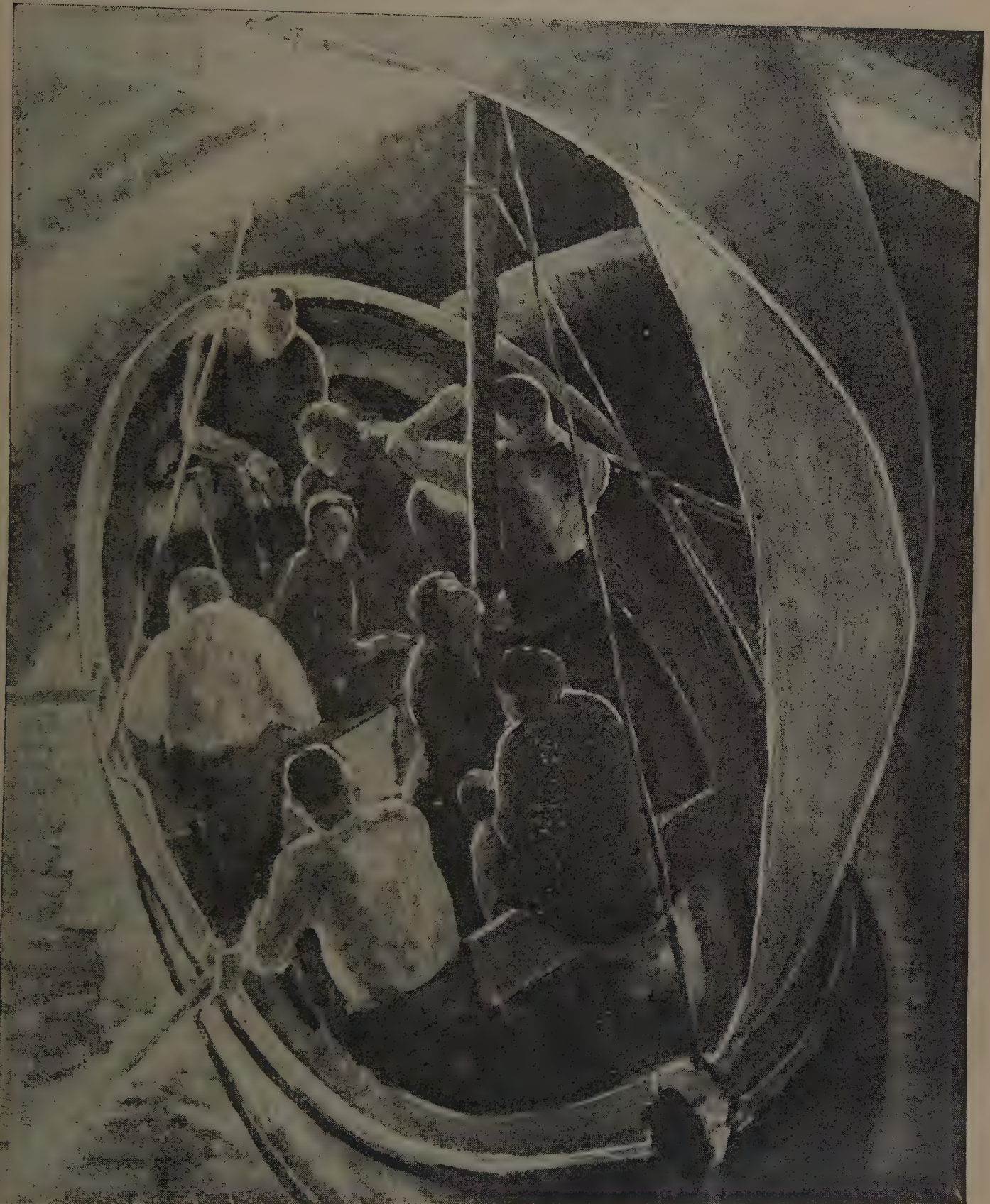
See that seed lying in yonder dry pod? Look at that old, dry, shrivelled bulb. Can you see any life there? Put them away in the dark and they will eventually die. But place them in the moist soil where the sunbeams fall with a loving caress, and presently they will awaken and push up a green shoot through the earth. That shoot does not go down into the dark, but it comes up into the light, and the sunbeams do not rest until the development is complete, for the green shoot gives off other shoots, buds form, flowers burst into glory, and fragrance fills the garden, and the world is a lovely place. Do you see that old dry tree? All its leaves have gone and it has been standing there all the winter, naked and dead looking. But wait. The sunbeams of spring are playing upon it, and if you could lay your ear on its heart you would hear it beating stronger, and stronger, for the sap is rising richer and fuller. Look at the branches—the buds are unfolding one by one, blossoms and beauty are not far off, and fruit will come in its season. What an awakening! What a development! But if it were not for the light, that tree would never awaken at all; it would die.

Jesus said, 'I am the light of the world', and herein is the true religion of Christ. Jesus, the light, will illumine your soul. It perhaps has lain dormant, asleep, well-nigh dead; and it will die without the light, but He came that you might have light, and life, and if you will turn to that light and welcome its incoming, as you do on a beautiful morning when you throw aside the curtains and open the windows that the beauty of the sun may flood your house, then as the seed, and the bulb, and the leafless old tree awakened to new beauty and glory, so will you. Your sin shall be cleansed, your character shall be enriched, and the disfiguring places in your soul will be banished, and you shall be made strong and beautiful in life. That is what Christ came to accomplish in you and in me, and without Him it can never be done.

Light not only awakens life, but it is essential to life. This is true both physically and spiritually. There is that within us which is akin to God, and without light it cannot awaken or develop. If you remain unawakened, you are a pagan, you never know God, you never develop in the beauty of the divine life, your soul languishes, sickens and dies. Your body may be big and lusty, but it is a coffin for a dead soul. That is why so many people become gross and sensual, unlovely and animal. They need light. This is real religion, that we open the windows of our souls and let our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ come in and take possession of us. Concerning His coming, it says in John's Gospel (reading the literal rendering of the Greek), 'The true light which lighteth every man was coming into the world'. And Jesus said of Himself: 'I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness'.

Think of the beauty of God's intention for each of us, that our spiritual lives should be flooded with divine light, so that everything that is beautiful might develop within us. Sin would thus be banished, for the low and unlovely and harmful things cannot live in the glory of the light of the indwelling Christ. But in their place everything that God delights in will spring into being, and the New Testament says, 'We shall be like Him'. There can be no real religion without that inward beauty of life, and that inward beauty is impossible without divine light, and Jesus said, 'I am the light of the world'.

In the First Epistle to St. John we are told, 'If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin'. The wondrous Gospel of the Son of God is thus brought to us—cleansing from sin, companionship and fellowship with our fellow-men, and companionship with God, as a result of walking in that light which comes to us in Christ. No matter what complex problems may baffle our thinking, this is clear enough, and simple enough, and we may all begin there with confidence, and know that we have all that is essential for our spiritual health and development.



'Roll, Jordan, Roll'

A painting by M. Gray Johnson, an American negro artist

By courtesy of Dr. Alain Locke

Christ's Second Coming

By the Very Rev. THE DEAN OF NORWICH

THERE can be no doubt that in the early days of the Church there was confident expectation that the second coming of Christ, usually called the end of the world, would take place very soon. Nowhere was this expectation more definite than in the Thessalonian church, building as it did very naturally on St. Paul's first Epistle. The second Epistle was written partly to correct the idea that the day of the Lord was now present. The second Epistle of St. Peter is even more striking. It was not at first accepted as part of the Canon of Scripture, but gradually its authority was recognised, even if it was not certain that the Prince of the Apostles was the author. The Epistle introduces what has been called 'God's time-table'—'One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day'. From this point of view the Epistle was written less than three hours after the Ascension, and by 1932 less than two days have passed. When then will the end of the world come? The twenty-fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew and similar passages seem to imply that it would take place in the lifetime of the disciples then on the earth. It has been a trial of faith to very many that the predictions, in their obvious meaning, have not been fulfilled. On the other hand, the very same chapter of St. Matthew states that the 'gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations: and then shall the end come'. By now it may be said that such preaching has taken place in all parts of the world, but there are millions still who have never heard the name of Christ, in China, in India, in Africa, and in the South Sea Islands.

Is there then no way of finding out when the end will come? In all ages there has been in the minds of earnest men confident expectation that the hour was at hand. The Montanists, late in the second century, were filled with the idea, and there were often such hopes and fears century after century. As the year A.D. 1000 drew near a large part of the Christian world was expecting the end of the Age, and when the dreaded year had passed there was, only a few years later, a revival of the same thought. Other special periods of expectation have been the Reformation, and the French Revolution. So often in times of crisis it has seemed to hard-pressed and humble disciples that no terror could be greater than what they were suffering, and that supernatural deliverance must therefore come soon. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the air was full of millennial ideas. There are pathetic stories of devoted men and women climbing mountains and expecting miraculous ascensions to heaven. For many years one of the chief leaders of such ideas was the Rev. Michael Paget Baxter, a deacon in the Church of England, and proprietor of *The Christian Herald*. As far back as 1860 he began publishing predictions of the approaching end of the Age. The fact that one date after another was shown to be wrong did not discourage him, and he finally settled down to the confident prediction that the Lord would come on March 5, 1896, to translate to heaven 144,000 living Christians, and that He would descend at the battle of Armageddon on April 11, 1901. On the fifth day, month after month, in one of the chief London papers an advertisement stated that only so many years and months remained till the end. An examination of Mr. Baxter's writings certainly indicates superficially that the years he pitched upon would be a time of crisis. What he calls the 'convergency of the prophetic periods', calculating such things from the Creation, the fall of the Western Empire, the advent of Mahomet, all indicated, he thought, by the Prophet Daniel and the Book of Revelation, would find its fulfilment in Passover week 1901. It was hard to take Mr. Baxter seriously, even if one knew him personally, and it is harder now in reading the detailed prophecies many years afterwards. One cannot help being reminded of the eloquent minister in a popular novel who prophesied the immediate end of the world, but at the earnest solicitation of his congregation put it off for two years. It was no joking matter, however, with Mr. Baxter, who was a conscientious and consistent man. He actually went to the funeral of Napoleon III in 1873 firmly convinced that, as the ex-Emperor was the anti-Christ, he would rise alive from his coffin. Mr. Baxter relied entirely, or almost entirely, on Scripture, but as early as 1864 Charles Piazzi Smyth maintained that the great Pyramid was also important. It has been called 'God's book in stone', foretelling by its exact number of feet and inches when the end of the Age will come.

Can we be surprised that, dwelling on the absurdities and ingenuities that all this study has produced, many people have given up thinking of prophecy altogether? Even if they cannot be called scoffers, in the sense of the Epistle, they do, in fact, maintain that as things have always gone on so they will in future; in other words, that there will be no end of the world. Let us face this question more closely. Our religion is one of fact and also of experience. Both are necessary if any satisfaction is

to be derived from it. Take a crucial case—the atonement wrought out on Calvary. No one can doubt that the experience of Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, his burden falling off at the foot of the Cross, has been shared by millions of others, but behind it is the historical fact of the Crucifixion and the belief that the fact and the experience form a harmonious whole. Such must be the case with regard to the Second Coming. If there is no reality in it, we are the victims of a pathetic delusion, whatever joy the thought may have given us.

The reaction from crude literalism has led many Christian people to suppose that the coming is a purely spiritual one, renewed again and again in the action of the Holy Spirit when religious revivals take place. The 'Coming of Christ' must certainly include such revivals, but the evidence is overwhelming, from Gospel and Epistle, that, with all allowances made for error of transmission, our Lord foreshadowed a real, corporeal coming as definite in time and place as the first coming. The language used may be poetic and suitable mainly to the understanding of the first disciples, but the meaning is none the less clear.

I am well aware that many may say that we have left all this sort of thing behind, that we are under the reign of science, and that such things as revelation are too uncertain and too impractical to count. Are we sure, then, from science that the world will always go on as it is, and that there can be no catastrophic end? Partial catastrophes are almost a commonplace, whether coming from the sky in the form of a meteorite, from the winds of heaven in the form of hurricanes and floods, from the bowels of the earth in the form of volcanic eruptions. What an end of the world it must have seemed in A.D. 79 to the people of Pompeii and Herculaneum, to the natives of Martinique thirty years ago, or more recently to the people of Messina! We have been brought up to believe that the most far-reaching catastrophe of all was the great Flood, and the excavations at Ur of the Chaldees have shown that such a flood really took place, unique probably in its widespread destruction. Dwelling on recent discoveries—devilish ingenuities one is tempted to call them—in aerial bombing, poison gas, death-dealing rays, one is face to face with something far more terrible than the greatest physical disaster there has ever been. Is an even greater disaster possible? As one reads the latest works on the universe one cannot be at all certain that, from the purely scientific point of view, there is a benevolent power protecting one small planet from the celestial explosions which have evidently taken place in some parts of the universe. Looking, however, at life from the human and biological point of view, does not evolution seem to show that our race is still in its infancy, and that the millenniums which have produced *homo sapiens* are as nothing compared with the time that will be needed to evolve the perfect man? All that I am contending for is that science does not demand that the world shall go on for ever as it is. A catastrophic ending is not impossible.

What then should be our attitude to the Second Coming? Are we definitely to expect it soon, fixing the year, if not the day and the hour, or are we to put it aside as an old wives' fable? To the Christian mind the first question must be, 'What was Our Lord's attitude?' It was quite definite, as we have seen, that the Son of Man would come again with power and great glory, but it was equally definite that 'of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son but the Father'. The edge of this passage has been turned by prophetic writers who say that Our Lord must know now, and that, therefore, we may do so. Surely this is to misunderstand the whole passage. It was suitable that Jesus, in His human surroundings, should be ignorant of the time, and there is even more reason that we should be. The whole attitude of our Lord Himself and of His disciples clearly emphasises the need for watchfulness. The knowledge that the coming was immediate might paralyse all action. To know that it was far off might lull into a material security. Watchfulness is almost a synonym for being ready. There is a beautiful picture in the Luxembourg at Paris of the White Monks receiving a stranger. It illustrates the fifty-third chapter of the Rule of St. Benedict, the Rule that governed this great cathedral church for more than four hundred years—'All guests who come shall be received as though they were Christ'. We are to live in this, as in all other departments of our lives, as if Christ might come at any time. There is a story of an old saint who was asked what he would do if he knew that the Lord was coming that day. His reply was—'First of all I should finish this game of chess'. Perhaps he would not have done so, but he wanted to show that in his recreation as well as his work he was living in the presence of Christ. That thought ought to give us a sense of proportion. Are we sure that all the time we devote to business and recreation is spent wisely? Necessary as they may be, they cannot be allowed to crowd out the things of the soul.

A Kingdom of Uses

By CARL HEATH, Secretary of the Friends Service Council

THERE is a saying ascribed to the great Swedish thinker, Emanuel Swedenborg, that 'the Kingdom of God which is Christ's is a Kingdom of Uses'. This Kingdom, however considered, has immediate reference to our present life, and Swedenborg's phrase is one dealing with the most essential meanings in life of this Realm of God. My purpose is to suggest that these meanings are those that, above all, meet our present need.

In the region of physical science the hard-won knowledge of the last fifty years has changed the face of the earth. But it has done much more than that. It has changed the character of thinking itself. Older people, brought up in their childhood in the ancient world of Queen Victoria, find it difficult to realise that the latest generations of humans cannot even think in the old terms and by the old methods. The old authorities have disappeared, and in these days all concepts behind all actions and all notions of life are subjected to a persistent analysis, and re-analysis, and again analysis.

But to come back to Swedenborg and his kingdom of uses. What are uses, and why should Christ's Kingdom be spoken of as one of uses? Uses in the first place depend upon values. Our decision, that this, or that, or the other is useful depends upon our scale of values. A tomahawk is of no essential value to a civilised man, nor is a Royal Academy or a Beethoven Sonata or a wireless apparatus to a savage. The real struggle of the intelligent man in all ages and in all conditions is first to determine and then to raise his scale of values. In Swedenborg's thought the Kingdom of God, which Jesus proclaimed, was one that set before men standards of use or value. Now values are qualities we recognise in themselves. There is something ultimate about them. We cannot define goodness, but we know it when we see it and feel it. And goodness or other values that we do so recognise are, in fact, what our real selves live by and for. For it is only when we see life as having worth that we pursue it, though often enough we entertain vast illusions as to the nature of worth. The truly unhappy man, however, is he who perceives no worth, no value in his life, who has no end to live for.

Consider this Kingdom of God and the values it has, values that create for us standards of use. One of the greatest assets in the Christian religion is the tremendous value it sets upon personality. It has been said that if we cannot properly analyse a value we can at least have an intelligent idea about it. What, after all, is personality, and what is a personality?—and is this personality a use in the Christian Kingdom? There are many ideas about personality. Some tend to confusion with the nature of simple individualism. But individualism is not personality. Existence as a separated being does not provide me with a personality. Something much more is needed than the sense of being apart and different from the rest; having, in short, an individuality. Any real personality is the resultant of a going out of the self, of an interplay and intermingling of spirits. Professor John Macmurray has emphasised that 'an individual is a person through self-transcendence or objectivity', that is, through a realisation of more than itself. And here is a very important implication. If personality is that which grows by getting outside of ourselves, transcending ourselves and realising the outside or objective world of other beings, it implies that to become a person is to become possessed of a sense of responsibility, and responsibility is a moral issue. As personality develops in a man he realises that his life in its finest aspects depends upon others. The noble living and the noble dead become increasingly a part of himself. Increasingly his scale of values is raised thereby. Increasingly he is aware of the community of souls of which he is part, the spiritual community which never dies. His personality is in no sense opposed to his individuality. It is the necessary complement by which alone his life expands. The finest flower of individuality is found where the inward is most fully finding its life in going outward to others, digging itself in imaginatively into the lives of other souls. It is a great thought that we may in this way understand something of the personality of God.

But we are thinking of a kingdom of uses. I suggest to you that if personality is a supreme use in this kingdom, because it is the medium through which men attain to the ever finer life, there is something profoundly wrong in the uses of a western civilisation which admits of a denial of the possibility of full and splendid personality to most of its children. What is the value that dominates a society where innumerable discoveries, inventions and material comforts are being made and established, where we fly across oceans and speak round the earth, and speed has become a deity—and yet personality is stunted, and mass-psychology and herd instinct are more potent in power than the free minds of men who have become persons?

The values that belong to the Kingdom of God are chiefly and directly revealed to us through the activity of God's personality. 'A spark disturbs our clod' as Browning has it—

the imagination of the Spirit, as it plays on the human soul, wakes it up to the wonders of life—and as the soul of man responds he grows, grows his personality. But this divine person is at work in all souls, and the production of conditions which thwart this awakening and deny to men this chance of personality is convicting us all the time of social sin, sin against the creative spirit. That is why the Christian Church can never get away from the social problem. The purpose of religion is the opening out of life, so that the interior soul of man comes outward to meet the souls of all the thinking, suffering and striving spirits of all the ages, to have touch with and absorption in the marvellous culture of human effort. But much more. For religion has in its purpose the liberation and nurture of the tender principle of God in all, the knowledge of the universal person which is eternal life and whose kingdom is one of uses. And the Christian religion roots itself in the person of Christ, the Revealer of this life and this kingdom.

Fine personality being rooted in an apprehension of all we owe to each other leads to another use in the Kingdom, and that, too, is a divine thing, the use of friendship. The responsible man is always one who serves. He bears in his heart and mind the burden of society. He is never inclined to ask the question of Cain, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'—for that implies a failure of personality—a merely self-centred individualism. He serves in life. That is his pride. He is never, in the spiritual sense, a useless man. But I would have you remember the saying of Jesus: 'I call you servants no longer, I call you friends'. And then the value which in use a man expresses as service goes on to a higher purpose, the purpose of friendship.

Now of all the things that human beings ache for, friendship is the greatest and most redeeming. But it cannot be imposed. It comes out of understanding and the nurture of that 'most excellent gift of charity'. And understanding and charity of soul, like the liberation for personality and the service of God and of men, are uses in the kingdom.

Life today is hard. It never needed redemption more than now. The social struggle has grown fiercer as the Christian world has realised the price to be paid for its barbaric lapse in 1914-18. What are the young going to do with it? That they will change it none of us Europeans can doubt. But in what sense? Are the wrongs of many centuries to be righted in a mechanistic and materialistic sense only? No, there is much more. Man is a spiritual being, and his spirit steps out to a greater and nobler personality. He belongs to the kingdom of divine uses. Art and music, science, literature, drama, the philosophic mind, love and sacrifice, all these lie in the path of vision and of inspiration for every young and ardent soul.

The young today are very fine, though perhaps they falter a bit, waiting for the inspiration that will not only drive them into action, but for the illumination that will light the path along which they must go. But the Kingdom of God is a kingdom not of theories, but of uses. And therefore let us look at the problem of man in a new light. The mission of the age is a mission of freedom and friendship. Freedom for personality and responsibility to grow in all men. Freedom for the light in the soul to shine; for conditions that will produce a society of honourable consideration for each other's well-being of spirit and body. And above all a society of friendship in which the beauty and nobility of existence may fill the soul of man with the joy which is his when he comes literally into the Eternal Light; above all, when he realises that Light as one who shares in what Whitman calls the noble love of comrades.

This City of God admits of no slums, spiritual, mental or material, for the Town has been planned by an Architect whose purpose for men is full personality. The 'strong Son of God, Immortal Love', who is at its heart, speaks to the middle-heartedness and the middle-mindedness of the age: 'Follow Me!' And what does He offer? Because He is a happy warrior He offers endurance and suffering and unending struggle and many wounds. He does not offer to young or old an easy life. But He offers adventure, and the most practical life of uses, the uses of noble things. And He offers the supreme thing—life given freely to a share in building together with God a new society for human beings, a *vita nuova*. The religious world, if it is going to count in the shaping of the new society that is so rapidly evolving, must make up its mind as to its *whole* purpose. Is it out for the integral life, touching all things human, from private existence to the whole circle of world affairs, an integral life that alone can satisfy our modern need? Is this new society to bring freedom, life, personality, responsibility, service and friendship to all humans without respect to colour, race, sex, class or creed? Is it to enthrone the man above the machine, and the spirit above the material? If so, then it claims the utmost devotion, intelligence, sacrifice and courage. And its reward is to know the joy of a life lived in a kingdom of uses, values, persons, friendship and God.

Bounds that We Cannot Pass

By the Rt. Rev. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH

THESE are some people who, when they let their mind rest on the regular sequences of the natural world, find themselves hedged in and circumscribed by prison walls which they would overleap, if they could. They resent what they feel to be their captivity—they chafe and writhe against it with all the impotence of the tiny child who finds that the sun has set, and bedtime has come, long before he has finished his all-engrossing occupation. But there are others—I am sure that the world is full of them—who, without being scientists or philosophers, without indeed setting themselves to give deep thought to the matter, discover, even in the survey of their limitations, a comfort and a strength which they feel to be indispensable for life. Instead of looking on themselves as prisoners, fenced in so tightly that they cannot escape, they find that they are in the presence of something other than themselves, which is steady and stable, ordered and wise, in which they can gain rest and refreshment after the fatigues and futilities and worries of the world. Unconsciously, perhaps, they are reproducing in their own mind the old argument for the existence of a Supreme Being which is rooted in the strength and order of the Universe; and leads the thinker from the movable Creation up to the unmoved Creator of it all. Even when they cannot take the decisive step of saying 'I believe in God... Maker of heaven and earth' they are not far from such an affirmation. Their language may be the language of mechanics. Their conception of the Universe may be that of some masterpiece of machinery operating ceaselessly with the rhythmic beat of a transcontinental express. But in their hearts they know that they are only describing what is made known to them, they have not penetrated to the Cause which lies behind; and, in the very reverence and awe which they feel before this stupendous world, in the peace and satisfaction which come to them as they contemplate it, they are really being led by the Spirit of Truth to pay a silent worship to the Unknown God. Those then who are not yet able to give themselves to the service and the adoration of a Living God—who do not yet accept the existence of a Personal Deity to whom they are themselves akin—may still be in a position to make of the world in which their lot is cast not a prison yard, nor a barrack square, but a haven of contentment and joy.

And what of those who have been cradled in the Christian Faith—who have been brought up to accept the religion of Christ in all its fullness and to make of it the guide and inspiration of their life—who have wrestled and prayed like other men—who have had to struggle against temptation and have had to conquer doubt, and who now are trying to witness in the common things of every day to the reality of the truths which they have seen and heard? How do they face the situation in which the human race finds itself—the situation, I mean, in which, for all its skill and invention and physical strength, humanity is enclosed in a framework which it cannot break; in which, the further the frontiers of knowledge are advanced, the more certain is it that the limits are still there? I imagine that to a great many people it is a relief simply to think: 'This is God's world. He made it. He controls it. He has set for men the bounds which they shall not pass. I bow to His authority, and that is enough for me. I ask no more'.

This may be, in certain circumstances, the only conclusion which we can reach. But as a working rule of life it is not really satisfying to the Christian. It is not Christian at all: it might be accepted by the Moslem or the Jew. All sensible men are agreed that the liberty which they claim for themselves is not a liberty unconditioned, unfettered. The whole structure of society is

based upon the principle of give-and-take. On no other terms is it possible for human beings to live together in a social order. We are not therefore surprised to find that the same rule holds good in every other sphere of life; and that, wherever we turn, whatever we desire to do, our action is affected by another will than ours. Only we are not contented to be told, 'God spake once, and twice I have also heard the same'. The days have gone by when men could be overpowered and silenced by the arguments from authority. The spirit of man rightly refuses it, and asks, 'Why does God limit one thus? Why does He thus command one?' Sometimes there is no apparent answer to the question. And yet, even when he cannot find one, the Christian is not left wholly in the dark. He, like all believers in God at all times everywhere, believes that it is God who encompasses his life and provides its setting—that it is God who limits and conditions and controls his liberty; but, being a Christian, he sees in God not an irresponsible, feudal overlord, exacting tribute and custom from his reluctant serfs, but 'the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ', the King of Love, who pleased not Himself, but yielded up His life a willing sacrifice for the peace and restoration of mankind. The whole situation is changed. The stage of human life, so often the scene of thwarted purposes and impossible hopes, is lit up by the solitary figure hanging on the Cross. If God so loved, if God so suffered, who are we that we should fret and fume because we feel ourselves limited and circumscribed? 'Our help cometh even from the Lord'. He has trodden the road, and He shows us how to follow it.

Yet we must never speak as if man were only a creature of limitations. Conditional though his freedom is, it is a real freedom, and it is greatest in the sphere where it is most urgent that he should have it. The God who so much limits man's freedom enriches it in the realm of character, and gives to man an almost infinite capacity for growth. We do wrong to God and man when we talk of the gifts of the Spirit as if they were poured by the giver of all goodness into a passively receptive soul. When we use language such as that we are treating the mysterious ripening of personality as if it were a mechanical process, and forgetting the infinite variety of the Spirit's viewless ways. The fruits of the Spirit cannot be mistaken. They are plain to see. But, whenever we see them, we find ourselves not in the presence of a juggernaut, overwhelming, suffocating, squeezing out all individuality and forcing all men alike into the same uncomfortable mould: we are in the presence of a Person, who enriches the personality of those to whom He comes by developing all that is best in them, and never impoverishes it by making them exactly like everybody else. The Kingdom of God is furnished with a rich variety of citizens and we see how the very limitations of which we have been thinking minister to their growth. In the school of the Spirit we reach our full stature and attain our highest growth by the way in which we accept our limitations, and through them arrive at the liberty of the sons of God. No education is worthy of the name which simply makes terms with human nature, and allows it to expand and express itself as it pleases. The Holy Spirit is the supreme educator, who makes us able to reach the heights which God in His eternal purpose has designed for us; but He enables us through the conditions which seem to many so irksome and so galling, through the discipline which directs, but does not overmaster, the natural capacities. We must begin by yielding up our will to Him, but we do not lose it by any such surrender. We receive it back again, perfect and ready, fit for the Master's use, fully equipped for the Master's service.

'I Am the Truth'

By the Rev. C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

OUR Lord's enemies were determined to get rid of Him, because His teaching cut at the roots of the debased religion, the false social system, the cruel conventions of the time and place in which He lived. The leaders of the Jews had therefore to do two things. They had to force Him into a position in which He should be guilty of a religious offence—they managed this, by making Him acknowledge that He was the Messiah, the Son of God. When He said that, they cried out that He was guilty of blasphemy, and deserved to be stoned. But the Jews were under Roman control. They could condemn, but they could not execute. Pilate, the Roman governor, alone could give orders for an execution. They had therefore to force Him into a position in which He should seem guilty of a political offence. They knew quite well that Pilate never would worry about the fantastic scruples, as they will have seemed to him, of

the Oriental Hebrew worship, nor even about abstract doctrines or philosophies: but one thing he could not disregard—real or alleged disloyalty to Cæsar. He knew that if the least breath of political suspicion tarnished his own name, that would be the end of his career. When, therefore, they had twisted Our Lord into the position of calling Himself king in some sense or other, they fancied they had got all they needed. But Pilate's practical sense saw through that: it was only when they showed that they were ready to use their charge as a weapon against himself that he gave in.

Our Lord then certainly asserted that He was a king in some sense. What sense? And what, even at a minimum, does being a 'king' mean? A king, be he absolute or constitutional, and indeed anyone, president, chairman, or what you will, is regarded as having authority of some sort. When to the authority that is

Modern Church Architecture



The church of St. Nicholas at Burnage, Kingsway, Manchester (designed by Messrs. Welch, Cachemaille-Day and Lander), which was recently consecrated by the Bishop of Manchester
By courtesy of 'Architecture Illustrated'



Church of Heiligeskreutz at Frankfurt a/Main



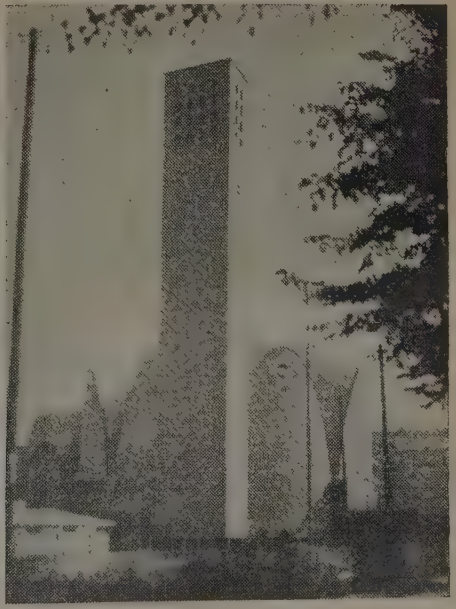
Church at Dahlem, Berlin



Church at Aarhus, Denmark



Church in Lindemanstrasse, Dusseldorf



Church in Cologne

Photographs of Danish and German churches by C. H. Crawford

technically his he joins the supreme authority that proceeds from character; his ascendancy is great in a way that defies mere measurement, and obtains a homage that even personal magnetism, as they call it, cannot ensure. Our Lord, on every count, because of His divine origin and nature, because of His mission among men, His perfect character and His loveliness, can and should be king over our hearts, our minds, and our entire life, personal and social.

That He claimed absolute, universal, and everlasting authority is certain: 'He that heareth Me, heareth Him who sent Me'; 'He who despiseth Me, despiseth Him who sent me'; 'Go, teach all nations . . . commanding them to observe all things that I have commanded you'; and, 'Behold, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world.' He made this claim, because He was not only God's unique, appointed envoy, but Himself true God: 'I and the Father are one thing'. But, observe—this authority was to be a spiritual one, freely accepted. He coerces no one. He uses no sword, nor shall His servants fight. They that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Pilate and He looked at one another over an unbridged gulf. The Emperor could, and did, disgrace Pilate and send him into exile and ignominious death: Pilate's nails and lance pierced Jesus, and made no difference whatsoever to His immortal triumph. Here is a first principle. What is merely mechanical, operating by means of physical force, will never produce any lasting effect, let alone any good effect, even humanwise, among men. What is tyrannical, and operates by means of force unjustly applied, is also definitely contrary to Christ: is also anti-Christian. Thus not even a well-meant law, or set of regulations, backed by a perfect army and perfect police-force, nor the cleverest of programmes upon paper, nor the most flawless theory, will save the world or society, unless there be a heart and mind in the citizen such as to make him freely will to accept it. And the man, or the company, or the State which profits by the material power it possesses to coerce into subservience for its own advantage the men who have no power, may win for the moment; but they are piling up the certainty of frightful catastrophes in the future. The boss who can get his men into a helpless position and keep them there; the concern that can corner a commodity and send prices up and down at will; the public official, or group of officials, who can feather their own nests at the expense of those whom they ought to be serving—for whose sake alone they have any right to be public officials—are offending mortally against justice, acting criminally against society, and sinning against God.

Our Lord's kingship and authority are those of truth. So did He speak. Christ offers no suggestion whatsoever that all religions may, no doubt, be equally trueish, that there may be at most a sort of experimental, relative value, in paying attention to what He has to say; nor yet that men can be living 'according to His spirit' while actually disbelieving all that He did say, and disregarding all that He actually commanded. 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh to the Father save by way of Me'. A polite scepticism gets the world nowhither, but rots it. A smudging out of intellectual and spiritual differences does, indeed, make no more than a mental and moral smudge.

This is perfectly well seen by those who in various countries, but especially in Russia, exult that the chaotic period of what they call 'free thought' should have existed, because they judge it to have broken up conventions and melted away creeds, and produced a vague, planless, aimless and therefore weak humanity, so that on to the top may be imposed without fear of successful resistance a totally new system of thought, rigidly argued out. This will be taught, not in the least because they consider it true, for 'truth' is a metaphysical notion with which they profess not to concern themselves; but, because, if everyone is not made to think in the same way, there will be no unity within the State. There will be a State creed, a governmental mind, imposed by force. It is the business of a Government, wrote a South African author, 'to impose its ideas' on the rising generation. Well, Christ, our soul's king, has no intention that we should apply to Caesar for our ideas, nor that we should make use of doctrines because they seem to be socially useful at the moment. He declares that truth *does* exist, and, of course, it does, since God exists, and God is Reality in its very source, the Absolute Fact, and our minds are in a state of truthfulness exactly in so far as they correspond with Him. And they may achieve this correspondence either by a right use of the human intellect unaided, or, by means of that revelation, unveiling of truth, that was given by Jesus Christ, and was committed by Him with full authority to His apostles and His Church, that they might guard, proclaim and interpret it to the end of time. Tragic, then, as is the fate of one who does not know how to get at truth, appalling is the crime of one who prevents men from reaching it. Under how tremendous an obligation does any man lie, who controls machinery for the diffusion of information, such as the Press, or those who are allowed to use the B.B.C.! What is the wickedness of one who, because of personal prejudice or passion, succeeds in getting a fact, or an individual, boycotted or blacklisted: of one, who, because of social standing or by means of bribe, manages to get a distortion of true facts or their meaning into the public mind: hateful is the act of those who get what *they* choose printed, knowing well that the men whom they want to 'down' cannot get into the newspapers at all or cannot so much as write a letter properly and, in short, cannot get a hearing; worse than frivolous are they who print just anything, provided it will send sales up, no matter how sensational or degrading or merely irresponsible. This is certainly not an attack on the Press, but an expression of detestation of one element in one part of the Press, examples of which come almost every week to one's attention, and against which there is no redress, since how many can afford a libel-action? And just as bad is the paid agitator, in or out of the Press, who purveys inflammatory lies about rich men, landowners, and what not, and infuriates simple, decent lads till they commit offences, thereby putting the clock back who knows how long. Not that the agitator cares. He goes home to tea, prepared to spout the opposite if he be paid enough. No such murderer as he. No. There is such a thing as truth, and truth should be paramount, and Christ authoritatively tells us what is true, and we should gladly, freely welcome it and adhere to it.

Man Needs the Vision of God

By the Rev. H. MALDWYN HUGHES, Principal of Wesley House, Cambridge

WE can never understand life until we see God in it. The key to the interpretation of life is God. If we look at life without seeing God, we are looking at the drama with eyes that are blind to the central dominating sovereign figure and of course we do not understand. Everything is chaos. But as soon as the scales fall from our eyes and we see God, unity, order and purpose are introduced into the drama and we begin to understand. Let me illustrate. The book of Job is a bold attempt to deal with the problem of suffering—that dark problem which has baffled men in all generations. The theology of Job's day told him that if adversity suddenly overtook a man who appeared to be good, it was because he was guilty of some secret sin. Job violently opposed these arguments and put the theologians to confusion. He offered no cut-and-dried solution of the problem in place of that which he rejected. But he did more than that. The greatness of the book consists in the fact that while offering no cut-and-dried solution, it gives us the only solution that can satisfy. Job says, 'I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee'. That is his final word, but it is enough. His vision is now so enlarged that it takes in God and the whole problem is changed. The problem is not solved, it is transcended. Job has escaped into a region where these problems exist no longer. He has attained peace and knows that all is well, 'Now mine eye seeth Thee'. It is enough. Life is mysterious. But the world is in the hands of infinite wisdom and love, and though Job cannot understand, he can trust.

And there is another problem that baffles us, equally with

that of suffering—that of sin. We are told that men have no sense of sin today. But whether that be so or not, we all know that we are not the men and women we ought to be. There is no one who can plead not guilty to that indictment. We have tried and tried again and again, and we have failed. And we shall never succeed until we find God. You will remember that Isaiah tells us that after he had seen God, he was constrained to say, 'I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips'. That is what always happens when men see God. We cannot live in the vision of God without being shamed and purged, forgiven and healed.

But perhaps you say, 'How can I see God? I have often tried, but I have failed'. There are many ways to the vision of God. Begin by listening to the voice that speaks within you. God has not left Himself without witness in any single heart. Pray to God, not spasmodically, but persistently and systematically, and by and by you will become conscious of an unseen presence and companionship. Above all go to Jesus Christ. Read the gospels. Sit at the feet of Jesus Christ and learn of Him and it will not be long before you see the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

For remember that before you begin to seek for God, He is already seeking for you. There is a passage in Amiel's Journal which sums up the message of the Gospel: 'Christianity reduced to its original simplicity is the reconciliation of the sinner with God by means of the certainty that God loves him in spite of everything'. You may begin your quest in the certainty, based on the revelation in Jesus Christ, that God loves you in spite of everything.

The Evolution of Some Popular Conjuring Tricks

By HARRY PRICE

An account of the history of some well-known feats of legerdemain, showing how modern deceptive methods were employed thousands of years ago

IT is difficult to determine when man began to deceive his neighbours by means of sleight-of-hand or simple illusions. It is highly probable that the men of the Pliocene Age performed easy tricks with pebbles or bones for the amusement of their fellow cave-dwellers; it is still more probable—even certain—that with the dawn of civilisation during the Neolithic,

The names of some of the conjurers who performed in classical times have come down to us and, from the accounts which we read of them, they must have been excellent showmen. The Greek rhetorician Athenæus* gives us the names of some of the well-known entertainers who attended his mythical banquet at the house of Laurentius so minutely described in the *Deipnosophistæ*.† He tells us that the people of Histiaea and of Oreum erected in their theatre a brazen statue, holding a die in its hand, to Theodorus the juggler. Xenophon the conjurer 'was very popular at Athens' and his pupil 'Cratisthenes, a citizen of Philius', used to make fire spurt up of its own accord. Other conjurers he mentions are Nymphodorus and 'Diopetthes, the Locrian', who fastened round his waist bladders full of wine and milk, and then, squeezing them, pretended that he was drawing up those liquids out of his mouth. Hoüar has left us an engraving of Blaise de Manfré, a famous seventeenth-century water-spouter and regurgitator, who produced a similar effect. His contemporary, Floram Marchand, also juggled with water.

I have said enough to prove that the art of deception for purposes of entertainment has been practised throughout the ages. For centuries the skill of conjurers, jugglers, minstrels and acrobats formed the staple entertainment of the people of all classes, and these itinerants were continually harassed by the authorities, who regarded them as rogues and vagabonds who lived on their wits—as, of course, they did. As late as the reign of Edward VI, under the Statute of Vagabonds (1547), wandering magicians and others were liable to be branded with a large V on the breast. The various Witchcraft Acts made it still more difficult and dangerous for the wandering magician—however white his 'magic'—to follow his trade. In 1550, in Cologne, a girl was

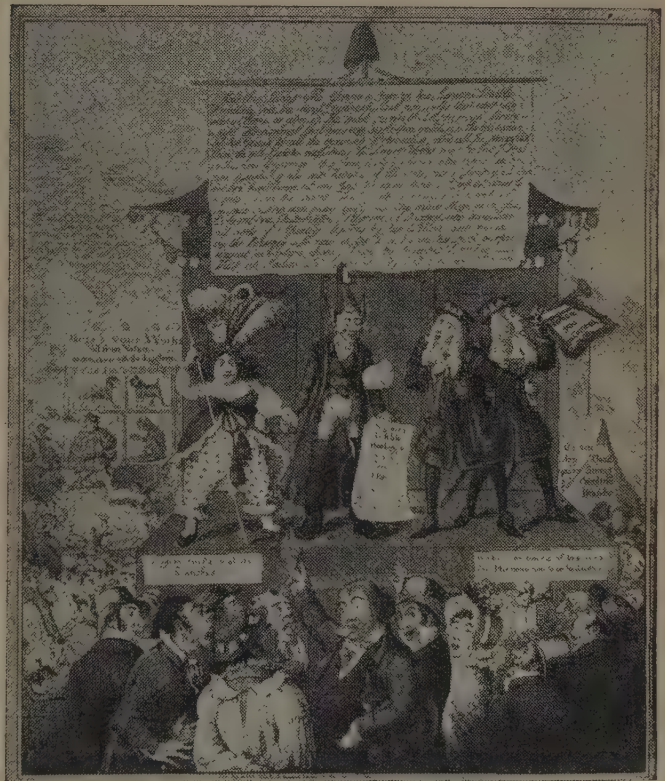


Parisian street conjurer in 1820

Bronze and Iron Ages a crude form of legerdemain was practised. There have been discovered certain metallic objects belonging to this period of human culture which antiquaries believe must have formed parts of mechanical puzzles intended to tax the wits of the early inhabitants of our planet.

Deception was an essential element in the cults of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, and some of the apparatus used would do credit to a twentieth-century vaudeville magician. Optical illusions were commonly employed in these priestly artifices, spectral images of gods, etc., being thrown upon a cloud of steam by means of a device similar to our magic lantern, and with an effect akin to a miniature 'spectre of the Brocken'. There were also professional magicians. In the Neues Museum, Berlin, is an Egyptian papyrus (Papyrus Westcar) on which is inscribed an account of a conjuring entertainment given by Tchatcha-em-Ankh before King Khufu (i.e., Cheops) circa 3766 B.C. And the Book of Exodus mentions that the Egyptian magicians imitated the miracle of Aaron (turning a rod into a serpent) by their enchantments—probably by sleight-of-hand.

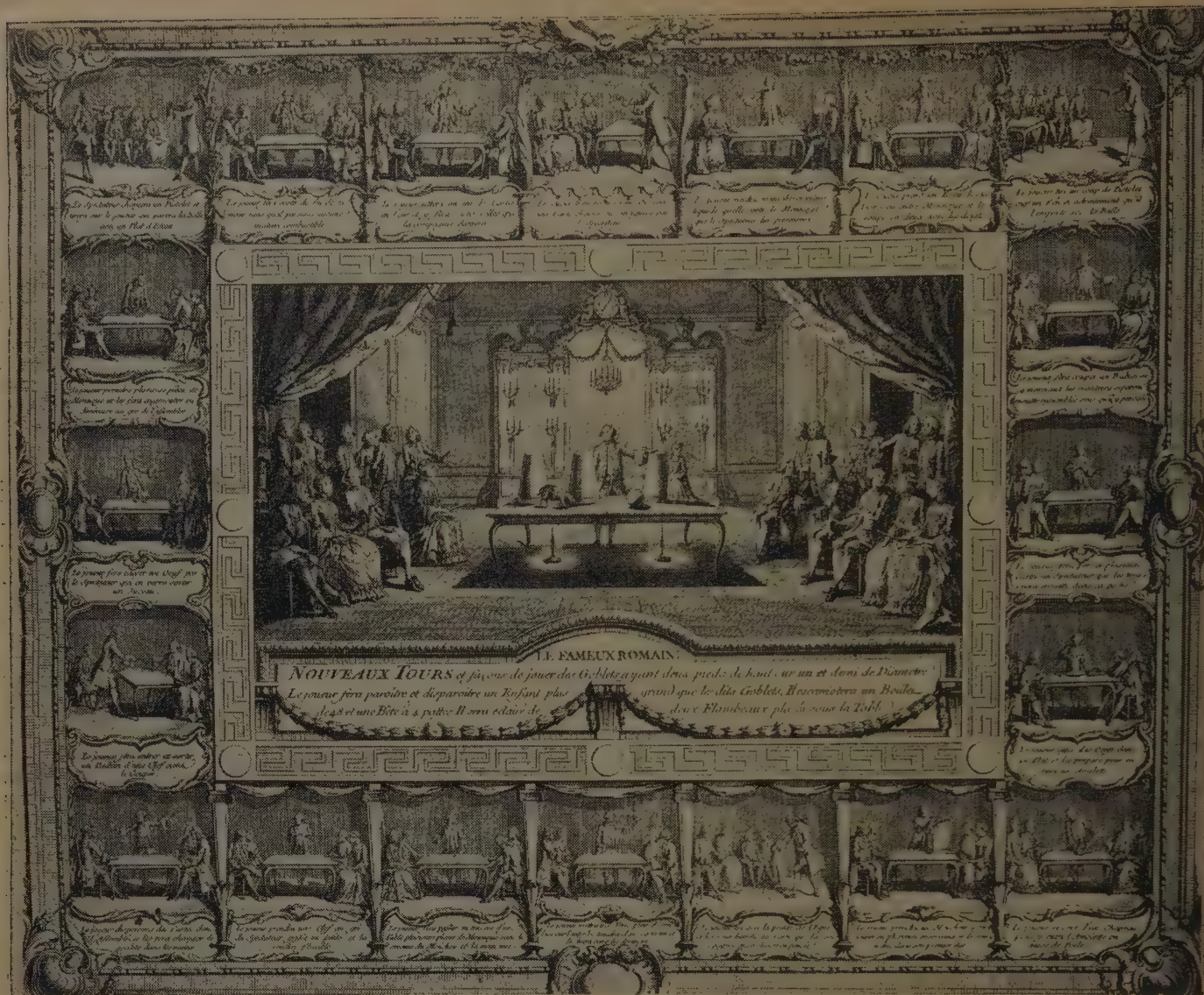
The papyrus already cited gives us details of a trick performed before Cheops, in which the heads of a pigeon and a pelican were cut off, the birds being produced later restored to life. A similar 'decapitation trick' is sometimes witnessed even now. Other tricks which are still performed have been proved to be the same as those described in the records excavated at Nineveh by Apollonius of Tyana—himself no mean magician, if we can believe the narrative of his disciple Damis—tricks witnessed when he was travelling in India in the early days of the Christian era. The classics provide us with numerous references to sleight-of-hand and illusions performed by itinerant magicians, and many pages could be filled with citations from the writings of ancient scholars.



Conjurer's booth at an English Fair in 1821

tortured on the rack, and then burned, for performing a simple conjuring trick (burning a handkerchief, and then restoring it), which is one of the most familiar effects presented by the modern vaudeville illusionist. As late as 1759 a man was hanged in Frankfurt a/Main for performing tricks in the street. It was at Cologne that Jakob Sprenger, the Dominican Inquisitor, and Heinrich Krämer published (1489) their terrible *Malleus Maleficarum*, on the authority of which tens of thousands of 'witches' and 'magicians' were destroyed by civil and Inquisitorial courts all over Europe. The Inquisitors punished with the greatest severity all those suspected of studying magic, and the Tribunal

*Fl. end of second and beginning of third century A.D.
†*Ediitio princeps*, Aldine, 1524



Engraving by the French artist Prévost, of twenty-one tricks performed by the famous Italian conjuror, Pinetti, circa 1784
 'Giant cups are used, small children taking the place of the 'balls'. Note the two candles under the table, denoting that there is nothing concealed there

of Venice incarcerated Casanova under the Leads (July 26, 1755) because, as he informs us in his *Memoirs*, it was discovered accidentally that he possessed a number of 'conjuring books'.

The history and development of some of our modern tricks and stage illusions can be traced through thousands of years, and their evolution is interesting and instructive. It is a far cry from the time of Cheops to *tempo* George V, yet within the last year or so I have witnessed in London an illusion which has been evolved from the 'decapitation trick' which, we will assume, puzzled the builder of the Great Pyramid more than 5,000 years ago. In its latest form this illusion is known as 'sawing a woman in two'. The girl assistant is placed in a long coffin-like box which, apparently, is only just large enough to contain her. A lid is then nailed on and the box is deliberately divided into three sections by means of a wicked-looking two-handed saw, care being taken not to cut through the boards next to the trestles. After a dramatic pause, the pieces of lid are removed and the smiling, but undamaged, 'victim' sits up and makes her bow. In an improved version of this trick the girl's legs and head are visible during the whole of this experiment in human vivisection, and the box is sawn completely through, the legs and head of the girl showing unmistakable signs of life as the two portions of her body are removed by different exits. The reader will not need to be told that *two* assistants are employed in this illusion, one of the girls being cleverly concealed from the view of the audience. In the latest version of this trick the girl, always in full view of the audience, is strapped to a plank, and a large and powerful circular saw is set in motion and gradually applied to the wooden support. With the familiar scream of the whirling steel, the plank is slowly cut into two, a cascade of sawdust and dress material denoting that the saw is really tearing its way through the board—if not the girl! It would be unfair to a very clever performer if I were to reveal the *modus operandi* of this illusion, but, of course, the assistant is quite unharmed and the audience gives a sigh of relief as the machinery is stopped, the girl is unstrapped, and the plank falls in two pieces on to the stage.

My next meeting with the decapitation illusion was in a

Persian illuminated MS. (*tempo* Kavadh I, A.D. 488-531) on which was depicted, in a series of highly coloured drawings, the beheading and revivification of a youth by a band of itinerant magicians. The method of performing the trick was not shown, but could be guessed. There is a hiatus between the Papyrus Westcar (c. 2000 B.C.) and the Persian MS., but we have seen how the trick was developed, the moderns substituting a human being for the birds of the ancients.

The decapitation trick must have been a great favourite with Elizabethan conjurers, as Reginald Scot, the Kentish yeoman who wrote on every phase of the pseudo-occult, devoted a page of his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (London, 1584, the first book in the English language to give a description of conjuring tricks as we know them today) to the explanation of the illusion, which he illustrated with a large woodcut. In his version a boy was the 'victim'. In the top of a draped table were two holes like a pair of stocks. Through one hole was inserted a boy's head resting on a perforated dish, his body, beneath the table, being concealed by the draperies. Another boy, with his body on the table, but with his head under the table (it having been inserted through the second hole), has his feet towards the head of the first boy. The effect is that at one end of the table a bodiless head on a dish is talking and singing, and at the other end a headless body is kicking its heels about. No modern audience would tolerate a conjurer who used a draped table under which it could not see, but they were less sophisticated in those days. Scot calls this trick the 'decollation of John Baptist', and naively warns the performer 'not to suffer the companie to staie too long in the place' after the illusion is first exhibited. Perhaps Elizabethan audiences were not so unsophisticated, after all! The decapitation trick was explained in scores of conjuring books during the next 300 years, finally appearing, as I have shown, as a modern major stage illusion employing mechanical apparatus.

Probably the oldest trick of which we have any record is the 'cups and balls'. This is a very subtle illusion, necessitating great dexterity in its performance. The effect is that a 'ball' (now usually made of cork) thought by the spectator to be under a certain cup is found beneath a different one—the transposition being

accomplished by sleight of hand. A skilful performer can produce seeming miracles by means of three cups and one or more balls. The origin of the cups-and-balls trick is lost in the mists of antiquity. This trick is so old that 'cups' used for the purpose have been found in the tombs of ancient Egypt and classic Greece, having been deposited thousands of years before Christ. This particular deception has been performed in every civilised country for at least two thousand years, and it is highly improbable that the Jewish thimble-rigger on Epsom race-course, who is so anxious that you should win his money, realises

stage telepathic act, and the method he employed was in the form of a code, certain words representing certain objects, numbers, colours, shapes, etc. For example, in the sentence 'What do I hold here?' the word 'hold' might stand for the metal silver, and 'here' for watch. If the word 'holding' were substituted for 'hold', the metal gold might be indicated. This method was greatly improved by Robert-Houdin (1805-1871) and others, and brought to perfection by the Zancigs.

But the above system of secretly conveying information to an assistant, clever as it was, has been quite superseded, the signals

being now visual (the 'silent code') instead of aural. By a turn of the head, the movement of an eyelid, the position of a finger, etc., the 'agent' in the auditorium is able to convey to the 'percipient' (who can see through the bandage covering the eyes) on the stage the name of the object he is holding or concerning which information is required. I need hardly add that this work requires on the part of the performers incessant practice, an abnormal memory, and considerable showmanship. A variant of the pseudo-telepathic act is that known as 'muscle-reading', the great exponent of which was Stuart Cumberland. A member of the audience would hide a small object in the auditorium, its whereabouts being unknown to Cumberland who, upon being called into the theatre, would seize the person's wrist and with a rush almost drag him to the hidden object. 'Muscle-reading' feats are performed by the agent becoming perfectly passive while the performer (the percipient) detects the slightest resistance on the part of the subject when being led away from the hidden object. An interesting monograph *The Theory of Trance, Muscle-Reading, and Allied Nervous Phenomena*[†] fully explains how to attain efficiency in this peculiar form of entertainment. Although I have stated that the vaudeville telepathic act was developed by Pinetti, he did not originate it. Professor Johann Beckmann, of Göttingen University, in his *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Erfindungen*[†] (1780-1805) gives an account of a 'talking' figure, made

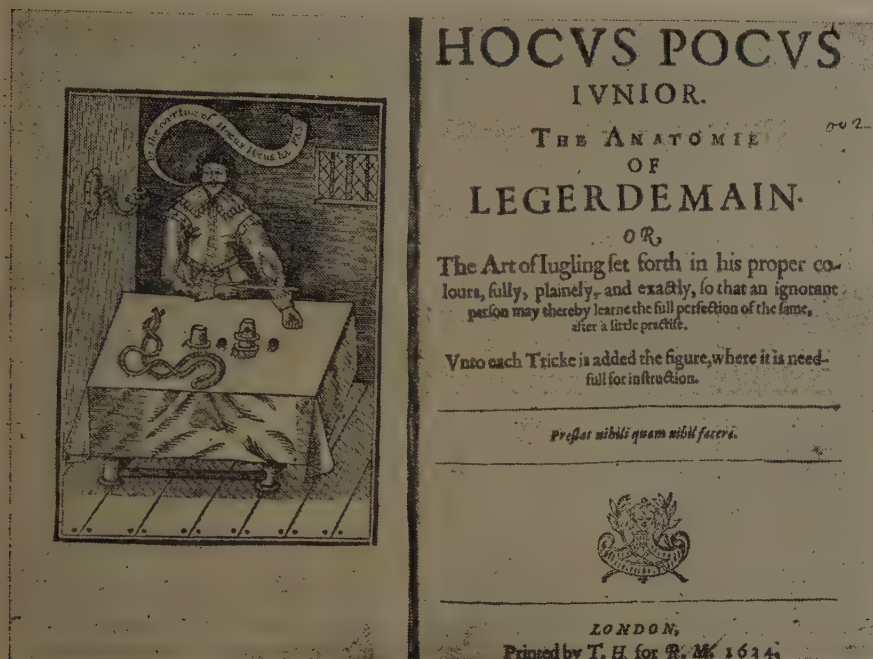
in 1770, which was operated by a man who was instructed by a confederate using a secret code.

I think I have proved my contention that some of our most popular and modern conjuring tricks are really very old. I could name many others such as the Chinese linking rings (introduced into this country from China early in the nineteenth century), the 'magic kettle' (out of which, to order, can be poured several kinds of liquids), card tricks, rope-tying feats, box tricks, optical illusions, magical effects with handkerchiefs, etc. The *modus operandi* of these tricks has been published hundreds of years ago.

Before I conclude I must say a word concerning the tricks of pseudo-mediums. Many of the deceptions employed by modern charlatans are explained in such works as Lavater's *Of Ghosts and Spirits Walking by Night* (London, 1572), Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (London, 1584), Samuel Harsnet's *A Discovery of the Fraudulent Practises of Iohn Darrel* (London, 1599), John Melton's *Astrologaster, or, The Figure-Caster* (London, 1620), *The Knavery of Astrology Discover'd* (London, 1680), Spencer's *A Discourse Concerning Vulgar Prophecies* (London, 1665), and many others in which the tricks of dishonest 'mediums' are explained. Well might Lord Lytton remark to his son: 'Do you want to get at new ideas? Read old books. Do you want to find old ideas? Read new ones'. These *dicta* apply with peculiar force to every phase of trickery.

The Royal Institute of International Affairs continues to provide invaluable material for the present student and future historian of world politics, in the form of its published survey of each year's events. The publications for 1931 are the *Survey of International Affairs, 1931* (21s.), by Arnold J. Toynbee, and *Documents on International Affairs* (12s. 6d.), by J. H. Wheeler-Bennett. The latter supplies the raw material, the former the critical commentary on what Professor Toynbee calls the 'amnis terribilis'. Nearly half of the commentary is taken up with an analysis of the world crisis, both the states of mind and the material forces involved being discussed by Professor Toynbee in lucid and suggestive fashion. A section of the book, by H. V. Hodson, also examines the financial record of the post-War years, leading, as he shows, directly up to the nemesis of 1931. Disarmament, the project for an Austro-German Customs Union, and the Sino-Japanese conflict, are also dealt with at length, and a detailed chronology of events during 1931 appended. The Institute has also issued a *Consolidated Index to the Survey of International Affairs, 1920-1930* (12s. 6d.), which is in itself a valuable work of reference. All three of the above volumes are published for the Institute by the Oxford University Press.

[†]Eng. trans. *History of Inventions*, London, 1797



Frontispiece and title page of *Hocus Pocus Iunior* (London, 1634), referred to in the text below

Illustrations by courtesy of the National Physical Laboratory

that the self-same means of deception were practised for the self-same reason by those of his race when Domitian took from them the privilege of residing in the Trastevere quarter of Rome, and compelled them to live a pariah life outside the walls.

As I have shown, both the Romans and Greeks in classical times were familiar with the cups-and-balls trick, and the Roman conjurer was known as the *calcularius* or *acetabularius* from the little pebbles and cups which were used in his entertainments. In Greece he was known as the *psephopaiktes*, also on account of the pebbles which were used in the illusion. Of course Athenæus described* this trick and says: 'One thing I remember, and I gape with astonishment at it now, and am almost struck dumb. A certain man stepped into our midst, and placed on a three-legged table three small cups under which he concealed some little white round pebbles . . . these he placed one by one under the cups, and then, I don't know how, made them appear under another cup and showed them in his mouth'.

Chaucer (d. 1400) in the *House of Fame* mentions the 'subtil tregetours' who performed at feasts, and included in their repertoire what was undoubtedly the illusion of the cups and balls. Reginald Scot, in the *Discoverie* devotes two of his sixty-six pages of 'juggling knacks' to the cups and balls, remarking that 'the plaies and devises thereof are infinite'. Samuel Rowlands in his *The Art of Iugling or Legerdemaine* (London, 1612, first work in English language devoted exclusively to conjuring tricks) describes the cups and balls and for the former suggests that candle extinguishers should be used. In the frontispiece of *Hocus Pocus Iunior* (London, 1634, reproduced), first English illustrated work on legerdemain, can be seen a conjurer, in the dress of the period, performing the cups-and-balls illusion. On his table is a length of tape used in the trick now known as 'pricking the garter', still a hot favourite with the racecourse sharper. The anonymous author of *Hocus Pocus* devotes no fewer than eleven pages and many crude cuts to the proper manipulation of the cups and balls. The cups, he says, should be 'made of brasse or Crooked-lane plate'. The trick is still performed by magicians, and particulars of the illusion can be found in most modern works on conjuring.

One of the most popular stage acts today is that known as 'vaudeville telepathy' or mental magic, though I am afraid there is more hard work than magic in this class of entertainment. 'Mental' effects can be produced by means of collusion, the telephone, radio, or speaking-tube, though in the case of professional 'mind-readers' these methods are now obsolete. We are apt to regard this form of entertainment as quite modern, but it was Giuseppe Pinetti de Wildalle (c. 1750-1800), a clever Italian and the first 'scientific' conjurer who really invented the

^{*}Op. cit.

[†]By G. M. Beard, New York, 1882

*The Listener's Music**Studies in Musical Heresy—XII**The Legend of the Lazy Rossini*

By FRANCIS TOYE

OF all the great composers of the second order the one about whom the average English musical amateur knows and cares least is, I suppose, Rossini. This is, perhaps, scarcely surprising. Rossini, despite the 'Stabat Mater' and the 'Petite Messe', remains pre-eminently an operatic composer, and we have no opera. The only composition by which he is known to the public at all is 'The Barber of Seville'. They were delighted and surprised, it is true, by the delicious and sparkling music which Respighi so cunningly wove out of various Rossinian fragments into 'La Boutique Fantastique', but few realise that the merit of Respighi lay precisely in the fact that he succeeded in preserving the quintessential flavour of the original Rossini instead of swamping it with his own ideas, as do so many transcribers and arrangers.

The authors of our popular text books are even more at fault than the public. I read an otherwise excellent essay on the history of opera the other day, in which Rossini was dismissed in four words. This is perhaps an extreme instance. But the impression usually conveyed is that of the whole Rossinian output nothing has survived but 'The Barber of Seville', which is quite untrue because 'William Tell' is frequently performed on the Continent, and lighter works such as 'L'Italiana in Algeri', 'Cenerentola', and even some of the little musical farces have aroused considerable and increasing interest during the last few years. A volume rather than a single essay would be required to state the case for Rossini's music in general, but there is one legend about the man himself which may as well be scotched once and for all.

This is the legend of the Lazy Rossini, who spent most of his time in bed, and retired from active composition at the age of thirty-seven to devote himself to gluttony and social pleasures. This legend appears in one form or another in practically everything that has been written about Rossini, and is the more difficult to refute because it is based on the undoubted truth that Rossini was by nature indolent rather than industrious. But he did not stop writing on that account, and a brief survey of his active life alone suffices to refute the charge of laziness in practice.

Between 1810, when he wrote his first opera, 'La Cambiale di Matrimonio', and 1829, when he wrote his last, 'William Tell', Rossini composed nearly forty operas. It is true that one or two of these, like 'Mosé', which became 'Moise', and 'Mahomet II', which became 'The Siege of Corinth', should each be regarded, perhaps, as a single opera, though in fact much new music was written for the revised versions. It is true that when an opera was a failure, as was, for instance, 'Aureliano in Palmira', Rossini did not scruple to make use of certain numbers in subsequent operas—the most amusing instance is the overture to the opera in question, which is the one we know today as that of 'The Barber of Seville', having served in the meantime for a moderately successful tragic opera on the subject of Elizabeth and Essex—but even granted that the total number of wholly independent operas be reduced to, let us say, 32 or 33, the result is sufficiently striking. Rossini's natural inclinations may have been towards indolence, but 32 operas in nineteen years scarcely suggests indolence as an outstanding characteristic.

I think that the legend of laziness has arisen mainly from two facts: first, the well-known story which relates how Rossini, composing in bed and having let a piece of music drop on to the floor, preferred to compose it afresh rather than get out to pick it up; second, his excessive readiness to make use of material already in existence.

My comment on the bed story, if it be true at all, would be that the kind of 'laziness' that prompts a man to compose music afresh rather than pick up music he has already composed is a very curious species indeed. The mere fact that Rossini did at times compose in bed proves exactly nothing. Besides it is at least possible that there has been a certain

amount of misunderstanding about the whole thing. In his later life, at any rate, Rossini used his bedroom also as a study, which might easily confuse the issue. Nobody is likely to deny that Rossini was somewhat too prone to import into one opera materials that had already served in another. But it must be remembered that the scores of operas were not usually printed in those days, and that unless the audience of one town had already heard the music in another they would simply not know of its existence. In any case it was quite a common proceeding at the time, by no means confined to Rossini. Gluck, to take but one example, practised it frequently, and has not, to the best of my knowledge, been charged with laziness on that account.

The problem of exactly why Rossini before his fortieth year, at the very pinnacle of his success, desisted entirely from operatic composition, and from most composition of any kind, is, of course, one of the most famous in the whole history of music. I have studied the subject sufficiently to be aware of its extreme complexity. It is not even possible to present, much less discuss, all the facts here. The first thing, however, that must be realised is that Rossini, so far from being the jovial, care-free individual imagined by the public at large, was at the time a very sick man, sick both in mind and body. Gastric troubles had reduced him to little more than a shadow of his former self, and his nerves, always a source of weakness, were in such a state that he could scarcely be considered normal at all for many years. Many other reasons have often been given for his retirement: disappointment with the reception of 'William Tell', a realisation that the ever-growing popularity of Meyerbeer was incompatible with his own characteristics and ideals, a desire not to enter into competition, so to say, with his own previous triumphs, and so on. When Wagner in the 'sixties tackled him on the subject he gave a perfectly new reason, to wit, that the standard of singing in Italy was now so low that he had no desire to write further operas; but the student of Rossini soon learns not to accept unreservedly his explanations or accounts of facts.

Probably all these factors contributed to his decision, but the factor that underlay and gave exaggerated importance to all of them was his neurasthenia, his desire to shelter himself at all costs from the worries and troubles of an active operatic career. His very witticisms, so often quoted, were in reality protective, part of the armour he put on to shield his real morbid self from the attacks of the outside world.

I doubt if laziness, in any true sense of the word, entered into the matter at all. It is doubtless true that, had Rossini not by that time amassed a very considerable fortune, he would have been unable to stop working. He himself once said that if he had had a son he might have acted differently. But these are at the most proofs of a negative. Moreover, when Rossini first went back to Bologna after 'William Tell' he was, in fact, very far from lazy, devoting much time and trouble to the improvement and reorganisation of the Liceo Musicale. It was not until his maladies became worse that he lapsed for a time into something like torpor.

Lastly, both the social diversions and the gluttony of Rossini have been exaggerated to an unpardonable extent. During the last period of his life, at any rate, he was concerned far more with the quality than the quantity of his food. His social activities were entirely confined to his famous Saturday evenings, which were patronised by the most distinguished personalities of the time. Otherwise he never went out in the evening at all, so that the picture, usually shown, of his dissipated and frivolous existence seems curiously out of drawing. In short, the laziness of Rossini is a myth. He should be pitied rather than blamed; as a young man, because he had not the strength of character to rise superior to the conditions in which he had to work; as an old man because of the ill-health which he strove, too successfully, to hide from the multitude of contemporary admirers. Nothing more.

The Broadcasting of Music—II

By ADRIAN C. BOULT

The second of the lectures recently delivered by the B.B.C. Music Director to the Royal Institution

WE have under discussion this week that part of broadcasting which, I think, is less easily understood by the ordinary listener, but I find when I explain it that it excites a great deal of interest and astonishment at its delicacy and elaboration. I think the best way to start will be for me to trace the journey of a note as it leaves the instrument or the singer in the studio or in Queen's Hall and goes on its way through the transmitter at Brookman's Park or Daventry to the listener. I will begin with the matter of greatest complexity, and that is the relay of a large choral and orchestral concert, say, from Queen's Hall. You will have seen that there are sometimes as many as five or six microphones hanging at various distances from the orchestra. There are several close over the conductor's head; there is one rather to the left, at any rate, if there is any soloist of importance; there is one some way back which gets the general effect; and also if there is a choir there are two hung at the side of the gallery hardly noticeable to the audience, but also playing an important part. All these microphones converge into a small room on the ground floor at the back of Queen's Hall. Here the process of mixing goes on; that is to say, each microphone is connected with a knob, which at different stages of the performance is turned up or down according to careful direction and instruction to produce the right balance. The question may well be asked, why all this faking? Why cannot one microphone be placed in the best seat in the house and left alone? I am afraid that the coughing and slight movements of the audience, coming from so much nearer the microphone than the performer, would be reproduced so strongly that the listener's attention could not be kept on the music at all. Well then, why not use only the most distant microphone, hanging nearly halfway between the conductor and the person sitting in the front row of the gallery; it certainly should get the best general effect. But placed as it is so far from the orchestra, it only gets a very vague impression, and anything like clear articulation from a singer is completely hopeless. Further, at this distance it is found that the higher-pitched instruments get lost, and you would only get the lower frequencies at any useful strength. It is therefore necessary to get a more close-up picture to blend with this general effect. There is a possibility that if a chorus and orchestra are performing in a fairly loud passage the orchestra, which is much nearer, will get to the microphones in greater power than the choir. Thus the two choral microphones will have to be turned up at these moments. Again, the balance between a solo singer and the orchestra in, for instance, a heavy Wagner item would need to be adjusted by a microphone near the singer. This also gives an opportunity for the singer's words to come over very much better than if the microphone were further off.

This whole work is in the hands of seven or eight young men of first-class musical qualifications and training and considerable engineering knowledge. They attend all rehearsals, and make careful notes of the conductor's instructions, as regards climax, etc., to the orchestra. They also at rehearsal give their advice to the conductor if, for instance, any soloist is lost in the general ensemble and ought to be brought out more or the accompaniment reduced. It may on certain occasions be necessary to alter the position of some instruments of the orchestra. This does not now often happen, though in the studio chamber music organisations have to be very carefully placed. The position of microphones, balancing and the mixing are fixed at rehearsal and arrangements made and everything on this side is put in order before the performance begins.

Controlling the Musical Output

Here a completely new problem arises. The variation of power of a large orchestra due to light and shade is of the order of sixty decibels; this change has to be compressed in broadcast transmission to a range of approximately thirty decibels. It will be readily seen that if this could be proportionately graded down to enable all changes of tone to be seen, as it were, through the wrong end of a telescope, the result would be that all intermediate gradations, light *crescendos* and *diminuendos* and other subtleties would be lost to the wireless listener. I do not know whether such an invention is possible. Personally I feel that anything is possible in the B.B.C. Engineering Branch if the problem is put to them, but even if it may be possible it cannot be advisable. In addition to sacrificing the smaller shades, as we have seen, a machine of this kind could only work after it has received the sound impression; that is, just too late to convey the resultant modification to the listener. It is therefore necessary for the adjustment of these values to be put into the hands of a competent musician, and here again our friends of the Balance and Control Section come in. Having put us all straight at

rehearsals and fixed our microphones and got a very clear idea as to the way in which we want to build up our climaxes and where our highest points are to be in performance, they disappear on the night of the concert and go up to a specially-arranged room, of which there are several at Broadcasting House, and here they sit and control the output. The score, marked as necessary, is before them, and there is a panel consisting of several knobs which are movable by turning, and an indicator which shows the amount of volume which is being sent to the transmitters. It is now necessary for them by means of their knobs to produce to the wireless listener a proportionate performance, though actually in dynamic relation it will be very different from what is heard in Queen's Hall.

The best example I think I can give you would be Ravel's work 'Bolero', which I expect you know begins with one instrument pianissimo and finishes with an enormous orchestra going as hard as it can, the crescendo being steadily graded from this beginning to the final bar. What has the control man to do? He must, of course, see that the start is clearly audible, even on a fairly cheap wireless set. He therefore turns it well up, and as soon as he feels the volume is increasing to the extent which is out of proportion to the wireless performance as distinct from that in the hall, takes the first opportunity offered by a slight change in the scoring or recurrence of the tune in some other part of the orchestra, to reduce his tone down to a point from which a further rise can start. This imperceptible drawing back produces, as it were, a pattern like a saw, reducing now and then at carefully chosen moments, but giving an impression of mounting continuously to the end of the performance, retaining to that last moment some small reserve of tone in order that the final fortissimo effect can be made effective. I think it was reported in the Press years ago that in the original Talks studio at Savoy Hill a notice was put up to the effect that 'If you cough you may deafen thousands'. This will give you an idea of the importance of the work of the man at the control desk; how, if he lets it get a little too loud, distortion may be noticeable in your receiver, while if let go too far at the pianissimo end there will certainly be nothing but inaudibility in your homes.

It is interesting too, to hear that in Budapest it is the custom for the conductor himself to be placed in the position of the balance and control man. He conducts in a glass box with a loud-speaker behind him, so that the sound he hears is actually coming over the ether while he is conducting the live players through the glass. I have never seen this being done, but I find it hard to believe that a live contact can really be kept up between conductors and players, and I can only conclude this description with a fervent prayer that the glass case in which the conductor has to work is reasonably well ventilated.

The Demand for Exact Balance

It is surprising how often, during rehearsals, we find that the microphone point of view is identical with the needs of the hall audiences. Let us take a simple example: I am conducting a passage where the flute in rather a weak register is accompanied by the full body of strings, and possibly certain other instruments as well. I note that the flute tune is just audible above its accompaniment, but no more. The accompaniment may have its own interest also which asks to be heard, and the work may be a familiar classic, so that, for Queen's Hall purposes, most of the audience knowing the work will enjoy hearing the interesting inner parts, and will hear enough of the flute tune to place it for themselves in correct perspective. But this isn't really good enough. It should be possible to keep the flute clearly showing as the most important voice, and to keep the accompaniment well below it, but not anæmically so; the background can still be background without losing its own character. This demand for exact balance that becomes a need for those in the audience who do not know the work well, is exactly also the need of the microphone. I can be quite certain that if I lazily leave the passage as it is first played, counting on the majority of the audience recognising it in this familiar work, or perhaps thinking that by a gesture I can adjust the balance actually at the performance, the control man will appear at the first convenient interval, and say, 'I am afraid I can't quite get the flute at letter Q'.

And I must confess to being sometimes touched (even during performance) by the thought of the balancing musician, alone in his room on the seventh floor over the way, empowered by the turn of a knob to mar the keenest efforts of our perspiring 120 on the platform of Queen's Hall, and by the confidence that his watchfulness at rehearsal will ensure by clever gradation an almost equal thrill to the climax, or to the end of a *diminuendo*, with that which we hope to engender in the hall itself. Perhaps even there are times when an effect of proportion has not come

off quite as well as it did in rehearsal—there is still the hope that the balancing musician by his skill has recaptured the situation, and given the home listener a better general effect than has been heard in the hall.

We have now traced our note across Queen's Hall, into the microphone through its process of mixing up to the Control Room at Broadcasting House, which is, of course, the general telephone exchange and nerve centre of the whole building. From there it is sent to the balance and control man in the cubicle for control. He sends it back to the Control Room; and from there it goes out to whatever transmitter is intended to receive it. I will not go into any details here because really, when our sound has gone through the hands of the control man, it is delivered over to the engineering branch and they take charge of it and amplify it and do many things that are necessary before it can be put out on the ether. All this is quite beyond me, and I can only refer you to the engineering branch for further information.

Making the Studios Acoustically Right

Our B.B.C. engineers are very quiet people, and little is heard of their activities. Will you allow me to tell you how they handled the acoustic problems of the new studios in Broadcasting House? When the building was still a skeleton of half its proper height, about which one went perilously on planks and ladders, I was asked to go to Clapham, where the Research Depot of the B.B.C. is to be found. Here I was shown the plan of every studio in the building, and a graph showing how it would react to various qualities of sound. As each studio was completed it was elaborately tested, and I think I can say that in practically every case the calculations of the Engineering Branch came out exactly right. More than that, they were able to show how different treatment of the walls of the studio would modify the original properties of the room. Many people believe that the acoustics of a concert hall or building are unknown until they are put to the practical test. This is not true. I can positively assert that the B.B.C. engineers know an enormous amount about it, and I would confidently accept their judgment on the properties of any concert hall of which they were shown a plan. I cannot here describe the studios at Broadcasting House in detail. This has been done on several occasions and the information is readily accessible, but it is, of course, obvious that different studios are suitable for different kinds of music-making, and correct reproduction is ensured by the use of studios of the appropriate shape with walls treated in the right way for the different kinds of concerts.

A device which is used a good deal by the Productions Department, as well as by us on certain occasions, is the Echo Room. Here is a long narrow passage with a loud speaker at one end and a microphone at the other. The mouth of the loud speaker travels down the passage and gains a good deal of reverberation before it reaches the microphone. It is thus possible to produce any amount of extra reverberation if by chance the studio should give too dead a reproduction of the broadcast that is taking place.

Music Specially for Broadcasting

In Germany more than in this country there is a definite move towards using specially written compositions for studio reproduction. I personally do not think that the idea will develop very much further. As our engineers are continually improving quality and bringing it nearer and nearer the actual true quality which is heard in the room, and as our radio manufacturers go on improving reception in the same way, it seems to me that a definite technique of orchestration of a kind which is suitable only for radio reproduction is a retrograde step. I remember years ago a distinguished musician pointing out to me that the actual sound given by an early Beethoven or a Haydn Symphony seemed more intense and brilliant than the sound made by a much larger orchestra in a work, say, by Tchaikovsky or Richard Strauss. The reason for this is, I think, that the smaller orchestra with its more open chording enables the harmonies of the instruments to be heard much more clearly than when they are obscured by duplication by some other instrument of a different quality. This factor was recently recognised by Sir Edward Elgar who, in re-scoring Chopin's Funeral March specially for gramophone reproduction, took pains to keep a very open and clear score and resisted the temptation of adding too much to the richness and thickness of the texture.

Helps from the Blattnerphone

Now may I describe an invention that our engineers take as a matter of course, but which seems to me like something only very slightly removed from black magic? It is a machine called the blattnerphone, which by means of a steel tape can record any broadcast of twenty minutes' duration. Important occasions are often recorded in this way, and put away in the archives of the B.B.C. for permanent reference. It will be of great interest to our grandchildren to hear a broadcast of His Majesty the King opening, say, the India Round Table Conference. I believe there is a permanent record of that at Broadcasting House.

But its use to us musicians is somewhat different. We are able, if we are doing anything of an experimental nature or at a time when many of us cannot hear it, to apply for a blattnerphone of twenty minutes of this particular transmission, and I have learnt much from hearing records of this kind of my own performances. We have got used to a gramophone record and seeing those microscopic scratches which represent the noises we may be making with voice or instrument, but the amazing thing about the blattnerphone is that the steel tape which takes the record does it entirely by magnetisation, and so, as you examine the tape, you cannot see any sign of the musical impression made. It follows, of course, that de-magnetisation is as easy a process as making a record, and the steel tape can be used again and again if no permanent record is required. This naturally applies in most cases, as only a few of the most important broadcasts of the nature I have already described are permanently kept; for the law of copyright would come in too if we were to 'can' and reproduce performances of the ordinary daily kind.

Points from Letters

Hungary and the Treaty of Trianon

Mr. Vernon Bartlett gave a most interesting and thoughtful talk from Budapest a few nights ago. When speaking about the revision of the treaty boundaries, he gave two alternatives—revision as a result of war or revision as a result of mutual agreement. Mr. Bartlett thought that the first course was unthinkable; most people will heartily agree that this is so, but unthinkable as it may be, war is still a very definite danger. People in England do not realise the depth of feeling which underlies this question of revision of the Treaty of Trianon, and it is precisely this depth of feeling which rendered unstable, and will render unstable, the effects of any revision of boundaries by force. They have heard, through certain sections of the popular press, a great deal about injustice done to Hungary, but next to nothing—or worse than nothing—about the other side to the question.

In the decades when the Magyars ruled over their huge conglomerate kingdom, the minority races constantly stood their ground upon racial matters and risings were frequent, so repressive measures became equally severe, until about the middle of the last century almost the last vestiges of their racial difference were blotted out. I am referring now mainly to the differences between Czechoslovakia and Hungary. In the treatment of the Slovaks by Hungary, we find that the Slovaks were denied their own newspapers, adequate national schools—elementary and advanced—and in all districts Magyar was the only language permitted in schools, law courts and press.

We should, therefore, be aware that there is something to be said on the other side as well as on the Hungarian. It has been said that Hungary, since the Treaty of Trianon, has lost some 70 per cent. of her population: that is all very well, but

we should realise that some 50 per cent. of that 70 per cent. is not and never was Hungarian. Although there is no justification for the complete revision of Trianon, there might be a mutual agreement between the parties, or partial revision. President Masaryk and Dr. Benes have long worked for an amicable understanding with Hungary; so far Hungary has been rather uncompromising but now with the advent of General Gombös to power there is more chance of such an understanding coming into being. This is the only possible alternative because war between the countries will never settle anything, it will merely prolong the ill-feeling for future generations. Ethnological, strategic and economic questions will arise and an eventual satisfactory solution can only be arrived at as the result of a combination of patience and understanding of the other's point of view.

The B.B.C. are to be congratulated upon the effort they are making to present such aspects and problems as these in a calm and sane fashion. It should do much to dispel the murk of misinformed opinion and indifference that has been deliberately encouraged by certain sections of the popular press to the exclusion of any consideration whatsoever for the just rights of the successor States.

Westminster, S.W.1

H. C. GILL

The American Debt

How, asks Mr. E. Falkner Hill, can U.S.A. be paid if she will not accept goods? The answer is, that if she will accept neither goods nor services, neither can she be repaid.

The simplest and most definite way to grasp the truth of this is to realise that 'purchasing power' acquired by the selling of goods in one market cannot be transferred to another and dif-

ferent market. Thus, if I am going to spend a holiday in France, I take with me £5 notes. But to possess myself of 'purchasing power' in France I must change my English notes into French money. That is, the Frenchman who gives me the exchange parts with his own purchasing power in France and takes instead my purchasing power in England. The purchasing power on the respective markets remains the same, but is merely exercisable by different people. And so it must always be; by no means can purchasing power originating in one market be made available in another market. At first sight it seems possible that this might be effected by the introduction of a common international currency. It cannot, because any considerable flow of 'money' to a particular market would at once result in an increase of the price-level in that market (by the 'quantity theory'), which would stop the flow and set up a flow in the opposite direction.

The payment of commercial debts between nations is normally effected by bill of exchange. This principle is easily illustrated. Supposing a friend of mine, knowing I was going to France, was owed £30 in Paris. He might say to me, 'You need not risk carrying money with you, you can hand me £30 and collect the £30 owing to me in Paris'. I would thereupon take his order to collect the money in Paris after paying the £30 to him, and this order is exactly what a 'bill' is. It will be seen that again the only alteration is in the individuals who will exercise the purchasing power; that is the only 'exchange' that has been effected. Each quantum of purchasing power is exercised in its own market.

But it will be said we may pay our debts in gold. Truly we may; but, then, exactly the same thing will happen as happened with the supposititious international currency. The exchange between nations and people alike is the exchange of something we want less for something we want more, and there is no other.

Streatham, S.W.16

G. T. JOLLAND

'Retailing and the Public'

Your review of Mr. L. E. Neal's book, *Retailing and the Public*, makes the following statement: 'If the more efficient shop cannot pass on its efficiency in the form of lower prices—and this is what happens when a price maintenance policy is acquiesced in—then the chief method of eliminating the inefficient shop is discarded'.

This statement betrays a lack of knowledge of modern trading. At present the efficient shop has no standard rate of profit for its whole trading, but is content to display for advertising purposes certain purchases which are in point of fact no more than 'baits' to the public: no firm could exist for twelve months if it only sold such goods, but having attracted its public, it obtains its trading profit from its normal sales at profits far in excess of those shown by the sale of the 'price maintained' articles, which your reviewer—by implication—derides. If trading could be based on the low profits shown by price maintained articles, the public would be much better off. As it is, the trader has to make up on the swings what he loses on the roundabouts. That is not efficiency; it is, in fact, making one customer pay excessive prices to recoup the trader for his losses on another customer's purchases.

Price maintenance is the public's greatest protection. It ensures a living to the trader, but it protects the public against excessive prices; it also enables the small trader to live and sell his goods in the district where the customer lives. It will never be in the interest of the public to concentrate the distributing trade into a few big stores. America knows what happens when trusts control trade.

Newbury

F. GREET

The Dark Ages

Many of those who read THE LISTENER regularly must be impressed by the quite remarkable way in which the popularisation of knowledge is accomplished without any appreciable sacrifice of scholarly accuracy. In your issue of December 14, however, there appears an article on 'The Surgery of Yesterday', which contains at least one statement deserving to be pilloried.

The writer, after speaking of the disappearance of the Alexandrian School of Surgery, goes on, 'It was succeeded by the mediæval era, the Dark Ages, which lasted for a thousand years. During this time surgery, like all the other arts, suffered an eclipse'. The first point is one of terms. It was customary at one time to refer to the mediæval era as the 'Dark Ages', but few historians would be content with such terminology today. The phrase 'Dark Ages', in so far as it is used today, is applied to the period which intervened between the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of a distinctive mediæval culture about the tenth century. To stigmatise in one sweeping phrase, as dark, the thousand years between the barbarian irruptions and the Renaissance, is to confess oneself completely ignorant of the historical thought of the last two generations.

Further, to suggest that in this period *all* arts suffered an eclipse is to confess oneself blind as well as ignorant. If 'A Surgeon' will allow the government of man to be an art, he will find, if he surveys the early history of local government and the origins of representative institutions, some food for thought.

Moreover, a man who can look upon the Luttrell Psalter, the stained glass of Chartres, Auxerre, or Fairford, the Angel Choir at Lincoln, or the essay in grace that is Salisbury, and see in these things an eclipse of all art, is indeed a strange individual.

Rendcomb College, Cirencester

J. CHURCHILL JAMES

Art and Ethics of the Bull-Fight

My plea for consideration and understanding of a foreign psychology lands me, of course, in England with the charge of 'moral decadence', though concerning the bull-fight I neither said nor implied that I approved of the mutilation of horses. Mr. Binstead seems to have overlooked the fact that I suggested that the old horse element in the bull-fight may probably be regarded as a symptom of decadence. My own attitude to the old horses is inevitably the average English one, but I do not thereby charge those Spaniards with callousness and 'moral decadence' because they disagree with me. The 'eternal principle of right' is not an English monopoly. Mr. Binstead, with Miss Ethel Mannin—I judge her by his quotation—makes the mistake of thinking that bull-fighting is a sport. It is not. It is an art and a spectacle. Surely Mr. Binstead must know that sport is a peculiarly English conception, in certain ways a gross one—bear-baiting, etc., was abolished precisely because it was a sport—little comprehended on the continent. To Spanish bull-fighting enthusiasts football, for example, is the epitome of useless, degrading and crude violence. They misunderstand our crudeness and the special forms of Anglo-Saxon brutality; but that is no excuse for our sheltering behind an indignant bosom and invoking the English interpretation of 'the eternal principle of right', and fondly believing we have privileged access to the Absolute. In this issue Mr. Binstead's well-intentioned determination to ignore the fact that different races give different accentuations to values perhaps does credit to his heart but not to his head. May I suggest that he meditate again, when righteous anger has diminished, upon Oscar Wilde's words?

Bosham

V. S. PRITCHETT

May I suggest that the analysis of Mr. Hemingway's acceptance of the bull-fight is quite simple? He is the child of the dominant American civilisation, and in his book is rehearsing again his war-experience. Even his craftsmanship as a writer (which inspires me personally with delight and respect) is born of the same desire to escape the real social and ethical issues. 'Cruelty for cruelty's sake'—that is the slogan.

Sheffield

WILL MARKALL

Inspiration and its Source

The broadcasts on psycho-analysis have been most interesting, but surely the claim that 'the unconscious is the source of inspiration' goes too far. In examining cultural inspiration we are brought up against mental phenomena which appear to have no mechanistic explanation. Take three classes of these phenomena—telepathy; enthusiasm in the etymological sense of 'possession by a god'; and hyperæsthesia occurring at the point of death. May I give the instances which weigh with us, though telepathy is so generally accepted that evidence on this head seems superfluous? Much has been written on 'possession': our *locus classicus* is an incident given by Sir Francis Younghusband in his novel *But in Our Lives*: the hero, camping in the solitude of the Himalayan foothills, describes himself as having been 'awoken in the night and suddenly permeated by an overwhelming Spirit which seemed to force its way through every fibre of his being'. This phenomenon, of course, is not very exceptional: the *China Herald* reported recently the case of the 'Iron-head Monk' who claimed to have been possessed by Be-ha-ra ('King Body-five'). His claim was tested by the lamas of Amjo and rejected, not as impossible, but as not proven. I do not know Tibet, but my early childhood was spent among the temples and ruined Khmer cities of the jungle where 'possession' was an accepted fact.

As evidence of hyperæsthesia at the verge of death the case recorded by Col. A. H. Tubby (*National Review*, February, 1929) may be cited. A distinguished surgeon is dangerously ill; as weakness increases, the senses become preternaturally acute; intuition is heightened; the mind is serene and detached; 'the body and its material interests seemed to shrink away'. Here the unconscious seems to have died out and to have been replaced by another type of mentality: why should not that type of mentality be the medium of inspiration?

Westminster, S.W.1

E. P. ALABASTER

The Barber's Pole

With reference to the talk by 'A Surgeon', printed in THE LISTENER of December 14, I have always heard it stated that the barber's pole was first used for drying the bandage employed in the bleeding process and that the painting took place after barbers ceased to be surgeons. Also as regards the statement that the flap method in major operations (cutting off a limb) was first used by a Frenchman, I was always taught that a Russian named Pickoff first used this method, in place of searing the stump with hot irons or plunging it in pitch.

Cavendish Square, W.1

H. COLLIER GATES

The Means Test

A report of the debate between Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., and Mr. James Maxton, M.P., which took place on December 16

MR. MACMILLAN, who opened the debate, said that unemployment payments were of two kinds: the statutory benefit for twenty-six weeks to which a man was entitled by virtue of his contributions while employed; and, after these claims had been exhausted, what were called 'transitional payments'. The money for the latter was raised by taxes from the rest of the community—a fact which surely justified distribution according to the needs of the recipients. Five or six million people became unemployed during a year; four or five million got back to work before their real insurance benefit had been exhausted: so that only one million came under the Means Test. The ordinary benefit drawn in twenty-six weeks by a man with a wife and two children was equal to all the contributions paid by himself and his employer for a continuous period of seven years, with compound interest at 5 per cent.; or eighteen years of his own uninterrupted contributions. Of those who had to apply for transitional payment, about 50 per cent. received full insurance benefit rates; 30 per cent. received something less; and 20 per cent. were held to require no benefit. This meant that about 500,000 people received either no benefit or something less than the full amount.

Obviously a man's income from another source ought to be taken into account before he was allowed to obtain money subscribed by the great body of taxpayers, some of whom might be worse off than himself. The real problem arose in the assessment of family income: should those in work be expected to support the member of the family who has been out of work more than six months? Most families would wish to do this without compulsion. As the law now stood, in computing the resources of an individual or a family, half of a war disablement pension, half of a workman's compensation pension, and the first £25 of savings, would be ignored, and savings up to £300 regarded as worth only 1s. per week for every £25; no applicant for transitional payment would be asked to sell or mortgage the house in which he lived.

He was not at all happy about the arrangement by which Public Assistance Committees were responsible for expending money voted by Parliament. In a permanent scheme he hoped we should return to the sound principle that Parliament, which voted the money, was responsible for its expenditure; this was the only way to obtain uniformity of administration. Mr. Maxton would probably call into question the whole principle of having a test to ascertain the needs of an applicant for transitional benefit. But if money was to be paid out without regard to the circumstances or resources of the applicant, why should the privilege of drawing the dole be confined only to men and women who had once been insured workers? If the reply was that we would pay maintenance rates to all unemployed workers without contributions and without enquiry into their needs, then he would ask whether the State could be expected to undertake such a liability without taking over the whole of the nation's economic assets.

Mr. James Maxton said he hoped, in discussing this matter, that Mr. Macmillan would agree with the following facts: that our present industrial system could not provide regular unbroken employment to the working population: that the earning power of the employed worker was not sufficient to allow of his making provision for extended periods of unemployment: that when the ordinary industrial system was unable to employ him, it was impossible for a man to employ himself remuneratively: that the State had some measure of responsibility for these conditions: that there were not merely breaks in continuity of employment—for some there was no hope of employment at all.

Politicians were beginning to find moral reasons for the imposition of the Means Test; in the beginning the reasons were not moral, but financial. There was an outcry about the Unemployment Insurance Fund, which in ten years had accumulated a debt of slightly over £100 millions. This £100 millions was not unproductive expenditure, for it had maintained men, women and children. In the latest year for which he had figures, 95,000 super-tax payers had incomes amounting to £530 millions. Why should a Government be terror-stricken at a debt of £100 millions, while it contemplated calmly 95,000 persons being maintained for one year on £530 millions? The Means Test and the 10 per cent. cut were economy measures devised to make the unemployed help to balance the budget. It was a concerted drive by the State to put its working-class population, employed and unemployed, on a standard poverty line. This was largely unnecessary, because they were mostly there already, but it raised the question whether an expensive apparatus, to discover the small minority of the working class who possessed resources above the subsistence level, was justified.

The man drawing unemployment benefit was in the reserve army of workers, and as much entitled to his reservist pay as a professional man who received a retaining fee. Were we, or were we not, going to take responsibility for his maintenance? If not, the State must be prepared to take the consequences of having three million desperate men in the community. If we were, then let the responsibility be shouldered generously. We had always found it possible to afford very expensive armaments and to pay huge sums in interest on the National Debt, and had managed to leave in the hands of individual taxpayers much larger sums than had been taken from them. Even to the poorest income-tax payer was left an income of £240 if he was a married man with two children, which was between four and five times as much as the unemployed man got. The State did not worry about the way he got it, and did not enquire his father's income or his sister's income, even if they lived in the same house. That was Mr. Maxton's attitude to the unemployed man, who, if his total income made him liable for income-tax, should make his return and pay his share with the rest. The Means Test had been useful in disclosing once more how limited were the resources of the working population. But was there any need to set up an expensive investigating machinery to discover that the majority of the working classes were very poor?

If the capitalist State expressed the desires and will of the capitalist system, it must shoulder the responsibility for its failures and mitigate, if possible, the social evils resulting from those failures. If the State had not sufficient power to do what it wanted to do, let it take more power into its own hands. The danger of the unemployed man earning more than those in work could be met by raising the wages of the employed man. The difficulty involved was one that capitalism itself must worry about; the fear that the present social structure would collapse did not disturb him. Mr. Macmillan believed that the capitalist system could be maintained and was worth maintaining, but he believed that capitalism had performed its allotted task. It had solved the problem of wealth production, but failed completely to achieve the end for which this wealth was produced—to satisfy the needs of the people. The unused, half-starved, unemployed man was the evidence of the failure of the capitalist system, and the desire to crush him further, which was manifested in the operation of the Means Test, was evidence that the capitalist system was unfitted to develop from within itself the will to create a better order. The will and force to create a new social order would come from the very people who were today the victims of the Test.

Mr. Macmillan, in reply, said that Mr. Maxton had stated that the reasons for the imposition of the Means Test were moral, not financial, but had immediately proceeded to discuss the morality of the whole profit-making system and the inequalities to which it gave rise. Mr. Maxton had admitted that without the Means Test the unemployed man might easily be better off than the employed, and had suggested as a cure the raising of wages. But even so, the inequalities which Mr. Maxton deplored would still exist. The logic of his argument about inequality of income was not merely the abolition of the Means Test but the abolition of capitalism, which was not the subject under discussion. Bad as the present crisis was, an overwhelming majority in this country felt that the evils we now endured were nothing compared with the evils of an ill-conceived, revolutionary, equalitarian socialism. The proper object of the Means Test was to provide a breathing-space during which the necessary charges and adjustments could be made to enable crisis, unemployment and poverty to be overcome. The new capitalist system which he believed could and would grow out of the heritage of the old was as different from the system Mr. Maxton criticised as Communism in Russia was from the dreams of Karl Marx or Robert Owen.

Mr. Maxton, replying, said that he had not intended to attack the moral basis of capitalism: in so far as he attacked the system, it was for its inefficiency and not its immorality. There were three million unemployed, with no hope of employment in the near or remote future: the wages of the employed workers were being steadily pressed down to lower levels and, in these circumstances, the National Government called upon them to keep their unemployed relatives, and took no steps to make the condition purely temporary. The more industry was organised, the more was the machine used and man discarded. That meant that some way must be devised in which the unused man could be an effective customer for the superabundant goods, which implied a forcing up of the standards of life, and not the forcing down resulting from the Means Test. The Means Test meant fewer material things, no work for some, too much for others, illness, drabness and social ill-will. It was the grand climax of centuries of human endeavour.

Out of Doors

Next Year's Crops

By C. H. MIDDLETON

WHATEVER your tastes and fancies in the vegetable line may be, you will get much better results and much greater satisfaction from your season's gardening if you work to a carefully prearranged cropping plan, and now is the time to work one out. I will give you a few ideas, which you can adapt to your own circumstances. Let us first consider rotation, because this is most important. Rotation means changing the crops round to different parts of the garden so that the soil does not rapidly become exhausted, and each part of the garden gets a change of crop each season. There are many ways of working out a scheme of rotation; here is one, put very briefly. You start by dividing your garden into three sections, and plant them more or less on the following lines: on the first section, put your early crops, that is, everything which can be used up by July—early peas, early potatoes, spring carrots, and so on—and follow these with your winter greens, such as Brussels sprouts and broccoli. On the second section plant your second early crops, all of which can be cleared by the first week in September, when you can sow a crop of green manure for digging in in March. And on the third section put all your late crops, which have to remain there until well into the autumn. By thus grouping the vegetables according to their seasons, you are enabled to get the separate sections vacant in turn for the convenience of digging and manuring. Next year you will change the sections over, and they will follow each other round in a three-year rotation. You must work out the details of the scheme for yourselves; it is quite easy, and you will find it rather interesting. In any case, work to a plan of some kind: haphazard and casual planting is sure to land you in a muddle sooner or later.

The next important point is that you should try to cater for the whole year round. A well planned kitchen garden should supply fresh green vegetables for every week in the year, and nothing need be wasted. But more often than not there is a surplus of good things in summer and autumn, and little or nothing in late winter and early spring. You must guard against that. Peas and beans are very nice, but they do not last long; so make room somewhere for the kales and the broccoli—less interesting perhaps, but equally desirable, because they fill up that awkward gap in late winter, when fresh vegetables are sometimes very scarce. Then there is the leek, one of the easiest vegetables to grow, and one of the hardiest.

Now there is one thing to remember when you are drawing up your cropping plan, and that is the importance of giving everything plenty of room. Vegetables cannot give you their best results if you crowd them too closely together. Plant your brussels sprouts two feet apart, and your runner beans nine inches apart, and see what a much better crop you will get. It

does not matter what vegetable you grow, the more room you give it, within reason, the more you will get out of it.

Keep the plot tidy. A kitchen garden can be quite a pleasant place if you look after it properly. A row of peas, for example, neatly staked and trimmed off level at the top, can be quite ornamental, with its white flowers and clusters of green pods. But it can just as easily be an eyesore if you allow it to flop about and get tangled up with weeds. A nice row of parsley, backed by a bed of crimson-leaved beetroots, can make an extremely attractive border; and there are many other combinations of vegetables which are good to look upon.

Again, most gardens have a rubbish heap, or an untidy corner somewhere, which might easily be screened off by a few marrows growing on a trellis work, or by a row of Jerusalem artichokes, which grow quickly and make stately sentinels in their handsome green uniforms. It may be that you have a pathway down the centre of the garden, so why not an archway of runner beans? It is a simple matter to bend over a few long stakes and tie them together at the top, and the beans will soon cover them.

What vegetables are you going to grow next year? Of course, if your garden is big enough, and you feel energetic enough, you can grow all you want of everything; so make your plans accordingly. But many of you have only small gardens, which can't possibly feed the family all the year round, so you have to be satisfied with a few of the things you like best. But do you always get the best out of your little garden? I don't think you do. I'm afraid many of you make a habit of growing too many of the common vegetables, on orthodox lines, without weighing up the 'pros and cons', as it were. Take the potato, for example: if you have only a limited space for vegetables, why fill the greater part of it with potatoes? Of all the crops for the small garden, I should say the potato is about the least profitable. A few early ones are very desirable, of course, but when it comes to the late varieties, what is there in it? You dig and labour in spring, summer and autumn, and the net result is about a barrowload of indifferent potatoes, which you use when they are at their cheapest. Potatoes are the one crop which farmers can grow in the fields just as well as you can, and they do it very much cheaper, so that it actually pays you better to buy them than it does to grow them, if you consider what you might have grown on the same part of the garden.

So let us consider, for a few moments, some of the choicer vegetables, which cannot be bought so easily and cheaply. Asparagus is an interesting crop to grow, and a couple of bundles of home-grown asparagus will give you as much pleasure as half a ton of potatoes or parsnips, and as the years go by your bed will produce more and more, without entailing any hard labour—a great point with some people. Next in importance come the

A Guide to Seed Sowing

Vegetable	Date to sow or plant	Approx. depth to sow	Approx. distance to grow apart	Approx. time to mature	Quantity of seed necessary
		inches	inches plants rows	weeks	
Beans, broad ..	Feb. and Mar. or Nov.	3	6 24	16	1 pt. for 30 ft. row
" dwarf ..	Apr. to July ..	2	9 24	10 to 12	1 pt. for 70 ft. row
" runner ..	Apr., May and June ..	3	9 72	15	1 pt. for 50 ft. row
Beet ..	Apr. to June ..	1	6 12	12 to 18	1 oz. for 100 ft. row
Borecole or Kale ..	Mar. and Apr. ..	1 1/2	24 24	36	1 oz. for 1,000 plants
Broccoli ..	Mar. to May ..	1 1/2	24 24	22 to 40	ditto
Brussels Sprouts ..	Feb. to Apr. ..	1 1/2	24 24	24 to 30	ditto
Cabbages ..	Mar., July and Aug. ..	1 1/2	18 to 24 24	20 to 26	ditto
Carrots ..	Mar. to July ..	1 1/2	6 12	16 to 20	1 oz. for 100 ft. row
Cauliflowers ..	Mar. Apr. and Sept. ..	1 1/2	18 24	26 to 30	1 oz. for 1,000 plants
Celery ..	Feb. and Mar. ..	1 1/2	8 36	20 to 26	1 oz. for 4,000 plants
Cucumbers ..	May (Jan. and Feb. under glass) ..	1	36 36	16 to 20	1 oz. for 800 plants
Leeks ..	Mar. and Apr. ..	1 1/2	9 18	24 to 30	1 oz. for 1,000 plants
Lettuce ..	Mar. to Aug. ..	1 1/2	6 12	10 to 12	1 oz. for 2,000 plants
Onions ..	Mar. and Aug. (Feb. under glass) ..	1 1/2	9 12	24 to 36	1 oz. for 100 ft. row
Parsnips ..	Feb. and Mar. ..	1	9 15	18 to 20	ditto
Peas, early ..	Feb. to July ..	2	3 24	12 to 14	1 pt. for 40 ft. row
" late ..	Mar. to May ..	2	4 —	14 to 16	1 pt. for 50 ft. row
Potatoes, early ..	Feb. to Apr. ..	4	12 24	12 to 18	14 lbs. per rod
" late ..	Apr. and May ..	5	15 to 18 30 to 36	18 to 24	9 to 12 lbs. per rod
Radishes ..	Feb. to May ..	1	— —	6 to 8	1 oz. for 50 sq. ft.
Savoys ..	Mar. and Apr. ..	1 1/2	12 18	20 to 26	1 oz. for 1,000 plants
Shallots ..	Feb. and Mar. ..	1 1/2	9 12	15 to 18	1 oz. for 70 ft. row
Round Spinach ..	Feb. to May ..	1 1/2	6 12	6 to 8	1 oz. for 1,000 plants
Tomatoes ..	Feb. and Mar. (in heat) ..	1 1/2	18 30	18 to 20	1 oz. for 100 ft. row
Turnips ..	Feb. to Sept. ..	1	8 12	8 to 10	
Vegetable Marrow ..	May (in open) or earlier in frames ..	2	36 36	14 to 18	

peas. I never knew anyone yet who had too many; and the peas we grow in the garden are much nicer than those we buy, which are usually market varieties, grown in the fields. The secret of growing good peas is deeply dug and well manured soil, with just a little lime sprinkled over it. Many people grow only the dwarf kinds, because they need no staking: an advantage no doubt, especially from the lazy man's point of view, but in the garden I think the tall-growing varieties are much nicer. They occupy no more room, and they give you finer peas and heavier crops.

Beans are easy; everybody has a row of scarlet runners. Their cultivation is so simple that I need hardly mention them, but, if you want an extra fine crop, start by digging a good trench, eighteen inches deep. Put a layer of manure at the bottom, fill the trench up with good soil, make it firm, and plant your beans in that; and plant the individual beans nine inches apart. Don't just dribble the seeds along a narrow drill: give them room to do themselves justice, and they will! However, you don't usually get the runners till early August, but the dwarf French beans can be had much earlier, and very acceptable they are too. If you feel like a little gamble with nature, choose one of the earliest varieties, and sow a row or two in a sheltered part of the garden in late March. This is much too early, of course: May is the proper month for sowing, and by sowing in March you may get your beans cut down by a late frost. If you do you just grin and bear it, and sow some more. After all, you haven't lost much. But on the other hand, they may not get frozen, and, if it happens to be a kindly spring, you will be picking beans in June, when they are well worth having. It is surprising how often they get through safely. Of course, you can keep on sowing French beans at intervals, but there isn't much point in sowing them after the first week in June; you don't often want them once the scarlet runners begin to crop.

A vegetable which is not often grown in gardens, but which ought to be, is celeriac, the turnip-rooted celery. This is a kind of celery with a big, round root like a turnip, and, if you appreciate cooked celery, you will certainly like this. It is easy to grow, it needs no earthing up or special culture, and you just boil the roots in winter, and serve them in the same way as artichokes.

The flavour is somewhere about halfway between that of an artichoke and stewed celery; and if there is any left over, you can cut them up and use them in salads, like beetroot. Talking of beetroots, if you happen to be on a rather shallow soil, try the intermediate varieties; they don't go down very deep; they are good keepers, and the flavour is exceptionally sweet. The long kinds sometimes grow very forked and crooked, and it is often difficult to find a saucepan big enough to boil them in, because, as most of you know, they mustn't be cut. The intermediate varieties are shorter, and much more convenient.

Onions need a good rich soil, deeply dug and well manured: they are not often successful on poor or shallow soils. Onions need not be included in the rotation scheme, because they do not appear to exhaust the soil in any way; so if you once get a good onion bed, it is just as well to stick to it for a few years. If the onion fly is troublesome, sow your onions in a frame, or greenhouse, in February or March, and plant them out in the open in May. By that time they will have grown too big for the fly, and will most likely escape the attacks. Don't trouble yourselves too much about the big, fancy kinds of onions, unless you are keen on showing. Big onions are not very useful in the kitchen. Much better to grow one of the good healthy kinds which keep well, such as Bedford Champion and James Long Keeping; they are the most serviceable types.

The brassicas, otherwise called the cabbage family, must not be neglected. With a little manœuvring you can have one or other of the green vegetables all the year round. In January we are still using Brussels sprouts and savoys; these can be followed by the scotch kales and purple broccoli, which I have already mentioned. After that a supply of spring greens can be obtained by planting spring cabbages nine inches apart and using every alternate one in March and April. In May the spring cabbages proper will be ready, and will keep you going till the early cauliflowers come along. Cauliflowers and summer cabbages should keep up the supply through the summer and autumn till the Brussels and savoys are with us again. Don't forget spinach; it is a useful vegetable, which gives good returns for a little labour. And any well-managed garden should always be able to produce a salad of some kind throughout the summer.

This Week's Crossword

No. 146—'Cross-number III' by 'AFRIT'

Prize: *The Week-end Problem Book* (Nonesuch Press, 5s.). Closing date: First post on Tuesday, January 3. Report on Crossword No. 144 on page iii.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. A square which, added to 3 Down and a square formed from the digits of 8 Down, is equal to the sum of 5, 13 and 24 Across and 19 Down, all of which are squares.
5. A square which can be expressed in the scale of seven by the digits of another square. See 1 Across.
9. See 17 Across.
12. A square which exceeds 5 Down by the product of 18 and 25 Down.
13. See 1 Across.
14. A square which, added to 19 Down, is equal to the difference of the squares of 10 Down and 34 Across.
15. See 37 Down.
16. Diameter of a circle whose circumference is as nearly as possible 27 Down.
17. Twenty more than the area of a triangle whose sides are respectively 9 Across, 9 Down and 11 Down.
20. See 23 Across.
23. Arithmetic Mean of two numbers, the difference of whose reciprocals is equal to the sum of the reciprocals of 20 Across and 21 Down.
24. See 1 Across.
28. One-ninth of itself reversed.
29. *ackm'p*.
30. Approximately ten thousand times the cosine of an angle containing 39 Down minutes.
- 31, 34. 38 Down. Sides a, b, c , of a triangle ABC, of which the angle C is twice the angle A. See 14 Across.
- 36, 37, 38. Geometrical Progression whose common ratio can be divided into 33 Down without a remainder.
42. Factor of one less than a hundred billions.
44. Four times itself in the scale of ten expressed in the scale of twenty-one.
45. See 47 Across.
46. *aef*.
- 47, 48. Two numbers whose sum divided by the sum of the prime factors of 45 Across is equal to the deficit of 45 Across from the sum of the squares of its prime factors; and whose difference divided by the difference of the prime factors of 45 Across is equal to the sum of 45 Across and the squares of its prime factors.

DOWN

1. A square. See 2 Down.
2. A square equal to the sum of 1, 3 and 4 Down.
3. A square equal to the sum of two cubes. See 1 Across and 2 Down.
4. A square whose digits form another square. See 2 Down.
5. A square which is less than 12 Across by the product of 18 and 25 Down.
- 6, 17, 32. Sides a, b, c , of a triangle ABC, of which the angle B is equal to one-third of two right angles.
7. See 37 Down.
8. A square by the reversal of its first two and last two digits. See 1 Across.
- 9, 11. See 17 Across.
10. See 14 Across.
17. See 6 Down.
18. See 12 Across and 5 Down.
19. A square which, added to 14 Across, is equal to the difference of the squares of 10 Down and 34 Across. See 1 Across.
21. See 23 Across.
22. When expressed in the scale of three, concludes with itself in the scale of twelve.
25. See 12 Across and 5 Down.
26. *dg*.
27. See 16 Across.
28. A number of farthings which can be expressed in pounds, shillings and pence by the same digits in the same order.
32. See 6 Down.

33. *chm'*. See 36 Across.
 35. *c'd'e'm*.
 37. Sum of the first seven terms of an Arithmetical Progression whose third and sixth terms are respectively 15 Across and 7 Down.
 38. See 31 Across.
 39. See 30 Across.
 41. *be*.
 42. Prime whose digits in any order always form a prime or twice a prime.
 43. *co*.
- Note.—Except when they denote sides of triangles, a, b, c , etc., are all constant and prime.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12						13				
14								15		
16						17	18			19
20		21	22	23		24	25	26		
27	28					29				
30				31	32	33		34	35	
36			37					38		39
			41		42			43		
44			45					46		
47						48				

NAME

ADDRESS

ALTERNATIVE PRIZE

Books and Authors

Not New Books

By E. M. FORSTER

THIS is the last time I shall be talking this year, and I want, with your permission, to be retrospective and desultory, and not talk about new books at all. I say 'with your permission', well knowing that you cannot withhold it, that I am in the position of a preacher who never hears his congregation cough.

Like everyone else, I speculate a good deal on the future of broadcasting—it is the biggest technical innovation affecting words since the invention of printing, and we don't know at all what effect it will have on literature. It is a mistake to assume that books have come to stay. The human race did without them for thousands of years, and may decide to do without them again. It was thought a century or so back that the press would overthrow the church, and it may be that the microphone in its turn will overthrow those sacred bundles of printed matter called 'books'. I don't want books overthrown, and those who are at present in charge of broadcasting evidently don't want it either. But we are all swept along by something we cannot control, science advances mercilessly, and it becomes increasingly difficult for an individual to influence events, and increasingly desirable that he should observe them. So at the close of 1932 we might do well to observe what is happening to printed stuff. There is not only the microphone, there is the cinema. Between them are they not turning us from readers into listeners and lookers, and causing us to depend less and less on books?

I think they are, and I am sorry. For books have an educational value which nothing yet invented will supply. No one is educated who cannot concentrate, and it is easier to learn concentration through a book than through a talk or a film, for an obvious reason: if your attention wanders you can go back to the top of the page and start again, whereas in a talk or a film you are carried on. Between you and me and the ether, I have no great faith in the educational future of broadcasting unalloyed. And between you and me and the screen, I trust in the movies still less. Microphone and screen will both be helpful as long as they are subsidiary only, and are combined with books and refer us to books. They can indicate, but they cannot rub anything in. In twenty-four hours all they leave behind is a blur.

Coming down to my own talks, I have not tried to rub anything in. The most important moment in each has been the final moment when you have been offered a library list. My aim has been to recommend and to give reasons for the recommendations, and the reasons I have given have sometimes caused listeners to write and say they would not admit the book in question into their homes at the end of a pair of tongs. That is quite all right. They know where they stand in relation to the book, which is what I wanted. It won't go down on their library list, and that is that. Regard me as a parasite, savoury or unsavoury, who batters on higher forms of life. And turning my head slightly backward, as a parasite will, I crane towards the immediate past, I recollect what has nourished me there, and then I turn again to my fellow parasite, the microphone, and continue to address you through it.

I want to speak about Lytton Strachey. Lytton Strachey died at the beginning of the year, and the greatness of the loss has not yet been realised. He was so amusing and clever, and people like to pretend that these qualities don't matter, and that we only need honour the dead when they have bored us. He could be malicious, too, and people won't admit that malice may be sanitary, and that a quantity of festering rubbish as well as a few fine feelings got swept away by him down eminent Victorian drains. What I want to insist on, though, is a quality which most of his critics have ignored, even his friendly critics. He believed in affection. Look back at the *Queen Victoria*, the *Elizabeth and Essex*, the *Portraits in Miniature*. Forget the brilliancy of the pictures, and ask instead what Strachey found valuable in the lives portrayed. Not fame or luxury or fun—though he appreciated all three. Affection, durability. He knew that affection can be ludicrous to the onlooker, and may be tragic in the end, but he never wavered as to its importance, and that such a man should have ever been labelled a cynic really fills one with despair.

Let me read the passage in which he describes the death of Madame de Sévigné, and its effect upon those who had loved her.

In the midst of this, the inevitable and unimaginable happened: Madame de Sévigné died. The source of order, light, and heat was no more; the reign of Chaos and Old Night descended. One catches a hurried vision of Madame de Grignan, pale as ashes, elaborating sentences of grief; and she herself and all her belongings—her husband, her son, her castle with its terraces and towers, its Canon, its violins, its Mistrel, its hundred guests—are utterly abolished. For a little

longer, through a dim penumbra, Coulanges and his wife remain just visible. She was struck down, overwhelmed with grief and horror. Ever sadder and more solitary she stayed in her room, thinking, hour after hour, over the fire. The world was nothing to her; success and happiness nothing; heaven itself nothing. She pulled her long fur-trimmed taffeta gown more closely around her, and pushed about the embers, wondering for the thousandth time whether it was really possible that Madame de Sévigné was dead.

The dread of death is in this passage, but the importance of affection is in it too, and when next you read Lytton Strachey it is worth looking out for this. Do not, anyhow, label him as 'highbrow'. And, by the way, since we are being desultory this evening, I wonder if you will join my new league, the only condition of membership in which is that neither the word 'highbrow' nor 'lowbrow' shall ever be used? They are responsible for more unkind feelings and more silly thinking than any other pair of words I know. They attempt to introduce into literature the cleavage which is so lamentable in the world of affairs: the cleavage between the brain worker and the manual labourer. I have used them myself in the past, greatly to my regret; now as penitents will, I want to found a league.

Assuming that everyone has joined, I will now go further. I have not been talking of novels at all, indeed to do so lies outside my terms of reference. I am glad in a way, because in the past I have written novels myself, and so may have acquired prejudices which would not make me a fair judge. In a way I am sorry, because I should have had the pleasure of recommending some of the younger writers. Do you know Rosamond Lehmann's novels, or L. A. G. Strong's? I expect you do, and John Collier's. Have you read William Plomer? Less likely. Or John Hampson? Or anything by Christopher Isherwood? Probably not. There! I've mentioned their names, and at the end of the talk I shall venture still further, and name one novel by each. I don't read regularly, so my choice may be capricious, and at my age I am probably not really on to what these younger men and women are doing in fiction. But there they are, most of them under thirty, and doing things I would like to have done. They seem to get at poetry so easily, they use realism without getting tied up in it, which was the bother in my generation, they are less flustered by social distinctions, and they are not stupidly hopeful. Generalisations are absurd—these novelists are different from one another, and must seem still more different to one another. But they have all acquired a new freedom of movement which is enviable, and if they are cynical about the world, they have good reason to be, working in the nineteen-thirties! And if they still believe in what Keats called the holiness of the heart's imagination, then are not we with them, and does it make any difference to us that they don't use Keats' words?

Pursuing my mildly wild career, I will next crash on to two books about England—one by a Dutchman, the other by a Czech. The Dutch book came out last year, and Miss Sackville-West recommended it; but I am taking a free line this week, and it will get recommended again. It is *The English—Are they Human?* by G. J. Renier, and Dr. Renier's answer to his own question is, 'No, the English are not human, but they were human up to the nineteenth century and they will become human again'. Here are the makings of a pretty quarrel, on the lines of jam yesterday and jam tomorrow, but margarine today; and Dr. Renier is provocative because he dislikes the English just a little. If he liked us we should say, 'How natural! A foreigner must', and if he hated us, 'How natural! A foreigner would!' But to be disliked a little does make one sit up and pay attention to the indictment.

The other book is by Karel Capek, the author of the play about Robots. It is called *Letters from England*. It was published seven years ago, and it must not be forgotten. It is, again, the work of a man who dislikes England just a trifle. He likes our quietness and hospitality, our great old trees, our great old West End clubs, and the unexpected impishness which lurks both in the trees and the clubs. He likes travelling in a railway train through county after county, in some of which the cows are lying down, in others of which they are standing up. But he dislikes London, the traffic, the East End, the suburbs, Sunday and the middle classes, and as for Wembley—he visited us under the incubus of poor old Wembley—he feels a mixture of terror and contempt to which only his own prose can do justice. It represents to him the British Empire, minus the four hundred million coloured people who inhabit that Empire; it is a gigantic sample fair where commerce insolently usurps the throne that belongs to Man, and where the statue of the Prince of Wales made of Canadian butter only inspires a wish that the

majority of London monuments could be made of butter, too. The machinery he admires, but it frightens him. We can, of course, retort to his indictment, for machinery and factories are not confined to the British Empire—there is quite a lot of both in Prague. But it's wiser to listen than to retort, and Karel Capek's work, like the novels I have mentioned, brings out the importance of man, the sanctity of the individual, and the deceitfulness of riches. He is a most sympathetic writer, and his gay little book against England is not just nationalistic pat-ball. Reading it, we are drawn into the bigger issues which are perhaps best approached incidentally. And when we look at his funny little mischievous sketch of four armchairs, all exactly alike, all hideous, all expensive, and labelled respectively, 'Made in Bermuda, Made in Fiji, Made in South Africa, and Made in British Guiana', we ask ourselves the same question that Ruskin put to our fathers, namely, is this what we want from our civilisation, and will these armchairs help either the men who make them or the men who sit in them to save their souls? Ruskin's antithesis between body and spirit was perhaps a false one; any way it is unacceptable to the present generation. But they are with him in seeing that the individual is up against commercialism and up against machinery, and that the blind beggar, covered with scabies, who sold Capek a box of matches outside Wembley is a symbol of us all, and is also our brother.

The following are particulars of the books mentioned by Mr. Forster:

LYTTON STRACHEY'S WORKS:

- Books and Characters.* Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- Eminent Victorians.* Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- Queen Victoria.* Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- Elizabeth and Essex.* Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- Portraits in Miniature.* Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- Landmarks in French Literature.* Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d.
- Pope.* Cambridge University Press. 2s.

SIX NOVELS BY YOUNG WRITERS:

- His Monkey Wife.* By John Collier. Davies. 3s. 6d.
 - A Note in Music.* By Rosamund Lehmann. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
 - Saturday Night at the Greyhound.* By John Hampson. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.
 - The Brothers.* By L. A. G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
 - The Memorial.* By Christopher Isherwood. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.
 - The Case is Altered.* By William Plomer. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.
- TWO BOOKS ON ENGLAND:**
- The English—Are They Human?* By G. J. Renier. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.
 - Letters from England.* By Karel Capek. Bles. 3s. 6d.

Men and Money

Modern Money. By Lord Melchett. Secker. 10s. 6d.

Planned Money. By Sir Basil Blackett. Constable. 5s.

The Gold Standard and its Future. By T. E. Gregory. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

HERE ARE THREE NEW BOOKS about money, of varying degrees of radicalism. In the first and most revolutionary we have a proposal to establish two kinds of currency—the pound sterling based on gold and reserved for international use only, and the sovereign for domestic purposes. Sovereigns are to be issued without stint, first against all negotiable stocks and shares, a special Discount Corporation being established for the purpose, and, second, against stocks of staple commodities, of which Lord Melchett would have the Bank of England hold a year's supplies. The purpose of this plan, so far as it can be summarised in a few sentences, is to make the banks automatically liquid, and to prevent the possibility of such a catastrophic collapse of security and commodity prices as has pretty nearly ruined the world in the last few years. Equally, Lord Melchett believes, will the Bank's possession of such large supplies prevent upward movements of price of a purely speculative nature. Lord Melchett's plan may be criticised on the ground that the separation of domestic and foreign currencies is unnecessarily complicated and in practice probably unworkable, that the machinery by which the Bank could hold a year's stock of everything from steel to tomatoes is not easy to visualise, and that it is in effect a gigantic method of inflation. It is, however, put forward as a constructive proposal and, in days when these are rare, should receive at least the compliment of realistic criticism. This monetary scheme is the kernel of the book, since the author believes that sane money is the key to the whole economic muddle; but a good deal else is included. Of this it may be said shortly that Lord Melchett believes in progress, in planning, in tariffs, in the Empire, and in the reform of Parliamentary institutions so as to give more power and initiative to representatives of industry, labour and economic affairs generally.

Sir Basil Blackett, in *Planned Money*, is another advocate of planning, though on much less revolutionary lines. He does, however, emphasise that while he is immediately concerned only with a plan for money, this will not be fully effective unless the conception of planning is carried right through the economic system; nor does he believe that such a procedure would be detrimental to freedom. The essence of Sir Basil's proposal is that the quest for a stable international money has led to fruitless dissipation of energy. Instead, he would have us concentrate on attaining a steady domestic price level. This, he believes, the Bank of England could achieve by directing to that particular purpose the mechanisms that it already understands and employs. The disadvantage that stability of internal prices would not be compatible with an entirely stable foreign exchange is, Sir Basil thinks, easily exaggerated, and would be at a minimum if a number of countries closely associated together (the greater part of the British Empire together with the Scandinavian countries and perhaps some others are suggested) agreed all to pursue the objective of stable domestic prices simultaneously. Sir Basil hopes that the British Government will give a lead at the World Economic Conference towards the formation of such a sterling currency union or 'sterlingaria', as it is beginning to be popularly called. Altogether, this is a serious study by an acknowledged authority, and, though to abandon the attempt to reach a stable world currency may seem a counsel of despair, the author would plead that no policy can

hope to succeed which assumes that the world is more internationally minded than it is.

An almost directly opposite view is expressed by Professor Gregory in the second edition of his *The Gold Standard and Its Future*, in which a new introduction is included giving the author's view of the monetary events of the first nine months since our departure from the gold standard. Professor Gregory holds that little is to be hoped from any World Conference so long as there is no common opinion as to the right basis for the world's currency and so long as we are, accordingly, divided into a gold group and a paper group. He is himself faithful to the view that it is not easy to improve upon the gold standard, at least if that standard is intelligently worked. He recognises, however, that gold, which had few friends when his first edition appeared, has probably even fewer today, and adds that 'the intellectual confusion on the subject has perhaps even increased'. And he includes a salutary warning to those who believe that by giving the Treasury power to borrow £150 million through the Exchange Equalisation Account we have relieved ourselves of all need for anxiety as to the future of sterling.

BARBARA WOOTTON

From a very early age children are curious about the functions of their own bodies, and though their questions can easily be dealt with while they are still very young, there comes a time when the adolescent child wants to be given physiological details which the average parent cannot adequately supply. Unless he is prepared to study the subject in order to teach his child, the easiest solution to the problem is a simple, well-written text book illustrated with clear diagrams. Such a book is *How You Are Made*, by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Black, 2s. 6d.), the latest addition to the 'How-and-Why' series. It is written in an admirably clear, personal style which at the same time does not belittle the intelligence of a child of twelve or fourteen years old, and Mrs. Williams-Ellis is continually simplifying a difficult point by giving experiments which the child can try on itself. It is a pity that she should have made any reference to the debatable question of the relation between soul, mind and body. Such an abstruse subject cannot be properly comprehended by a child, and is likely to create an unnecessary confusion in its mind. This, however, is the only adverse criticism of an otherwise admirable little book, which is excellently illustrated by T. L. Poulton.

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Sir Thomas Browne Illustrated

Urne Buriall and The Garden of Cyrus. By Sir Thomas Browne. With Thirty Drawings by Paul Nash. Cassell. 15 guineas

MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, books are put into fine editions to be looked at, rather than read; for great readers prefer little companionable volumes, not too precious, that can be marked and carried about and easily held in the hand. The stately quarto and folio are for display, for consultation, and for sampling of old flavours. But there are some books that not only bear, but reward, being read in ceremonial dress—books that do not yield their content to the skimming reader,

but were written to be pondered upon and slowly relished; whose oratorical sentences require to be repeated mentally or aloud, whose thought is symbolical, or whose style is allusive and erudite. These gain from the ample margin, the hand-made paper and the special fount of type a dignity that helps the readers to the right mood for the digestion of the text. It would be hard to find better examples of the book that deserves this kind of embellishment than *Urne Buriall* and *The Garden of Cyrus*. The forty-five quiet years that Dr. Browne spent in his Norwich home whilst the revolutionary England of the seventeenth century seethed about him, brought forth towards their close these two disquisitions, packed with the antiquary's lore, humanised by the physician's power of observation, and clothed with the rhetoric of the combined mystic and philosopher. Nothing more exciting than the digging up of certain sepulchral vessels in Norfolk moved Browne to write his treatise upon death and immortality; whilst *The Garden of Cyrus* has for its unpromising theme the virtues and ubiquity of the mystical quincunx. But it has been aptly said that Browne's writing is fugal—that is, he takes a theme and with-

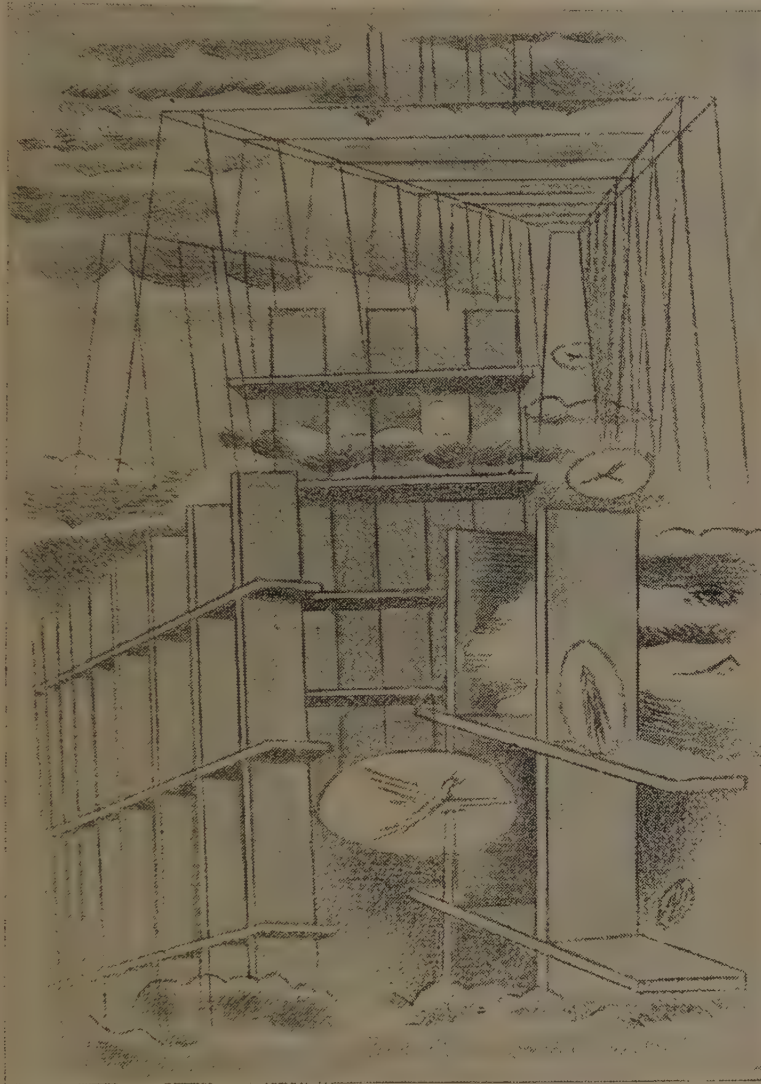
in an orderly framework of thought (which yet appears to develop casually) weaves infinite variations leading up to a complex and splendid climax, in which the original theme reappears transfigured. And these variations he contrives to introduce through his classical learning (which is portentous), through his mystical allusiveness (touched with sharp humour, as a doctor's philosophy should be), and through his oratory, which surely maintains the sublime longer than any other author in our language:

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? *Herostratus* lives that burnt the Temple of *Diana*, he is almost lost that built it; Time hath spared the Epitaph of *Adrian's* horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names since had have equal durations; and *Thersites* is like to live as long as *Agamemnon*. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting Register the first man had been as unknown as the last, and *Methuselah's* long life had been his only Chronicle.

This kind of word music calls for a performance worthy of its composition; and this it has received at the hands of Mr. Newman Flower, who has brought together the printing of the Curwen Press, the typography of Oliver Simon, and the illustrations of Paul Nash. The use of Monotype Bembo for the type-setting is appropriate, in view of the classical and humanistic flavour of Browne's text. But to secure Nash to illustrate

Browne was an inspiration. To illustrate *Urne Buriall* and *The Garden of Cyrus* is a task at the same time easy and full of pitfalls. There is a wealth of imagery to select from in every paragraph; but Browne's transition of thought is so rapid, and his allusions so oblique, his scholarship so cryptic, that the illustrator must combine those two dissimilar virtues, concreteness and imagination, and let neither run to excess. Nash has succeeded; and it

will be years before Browne finds another illustrator so perfectly in accord with his qualities. *Urne Buriall* is rich in explosions of imagination, which startle the reader like rockets in a night sky; and just as he follows them in his mind's eye, and perhaps retraces their pattern after they have vanished, so Nash's drawings do more than arrest and crystallise the phrases chosen for illustration; they develop themes of their own, which stir meditation and further questioning. Whether the subject, such as 'the large mansions of the dead' or 'ghosts', calls for some metaphysical conception; or whether, as in 'tokens' or 'poisonous plantations', it requires the weaving together of symbolical objects—the artist is equally sure-handed. In particular, the mathematical or geometrical vein which runs through *The Garden of Cyrus* corresponds to Nash's own technique. Tracing the quincunx through man's handiwork or the vegetable creation is exactly to his æsthetic liking. So Browne and Nash together keep us with our feet planted on a firmament of fact, and our heads raised high enough to see through breaks in the cloud extraordinary vistas of the empyrean. And the only sadness is to think that there will be but a quincuncial 215 fortunate subscribers who can have the full enjoyment of this 'most beautiful



'The Mansions of the Dead'. Drawing in colour by Paul Nash to illustrate *Urne Buriall*

ful book of the year', as it not extravagantly advertises itself.

With its third number *Scrutiny* (13 Leys Road, Cambridge) nails its critical colours more firmly to the mast. The first article, 'Under which king Bezonian', makes clear the quarterly's position as regards literature, and education in particular—not pointing out quick nostrums for present diseases, but postulating the essential conditions which must precede a final recovery. Then follows some brisk laying-about (*Scrutiny* likes knocking down ninepins) which varies in quality from rather dogmatic damnation to intelligent constructive criticism. Two contributions stand out: M. Henri Fluchère's examination of *Surréalisme* and L. C. Knights' sober and documented enquiry 'Will Training Colleges bear *Scrutiny*?' The January *Criterion* (Fabers, 7s. 6d.) is remarkable as containing new poems by James Joyce ('Ecce Puer') and T. S. Eliot ('Five-Finger Exercises'). The first article, by N. Wedd, is on 'Goldie Dickinson, the latest Cambridge Platonist'; the editorial discusses the relation of literature to social affairs; and Douglas Jerrold writes on 'Authority, Mind, Power'. And those who followed the recent *Listener* articles on modern museums will be interested in Roger Hinks writing on 'Experiments in Museum Technique'.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The St. Helena Journal of General Baron Gourgaud Edited by Norman Edwards. Bodley Head. 15s.

OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS ABOUT NAPOLEON there is no end, and the last few weeks have seen the publication of three notable additions to the vast library of Napoleonic literature. But while M. Bainville has few rivals as an authority, and Mr. Belloc none as a pictorially descriptive historian, nevertheless it is the diary of Gourgaud that has first claim on the attention of the reader who wishes to know Napoleon the man rather than to understand Napoleon the historical figure, or to admire Napoleon the heroic phenomenon. An English edition of this book is long overdue. Lord Rosebery's *The Last Phase* has been acknowledged for many years as the last word on the St. Helena episode, and Lord Rosebery refers to Gourgaud's Journal as 'the one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena'. And here for the first time, admirably translated by Sydney Gillard and edited by Norman Edwards, is the record of Gourgaud's diary for all readers of English to mark, learn and inwardly digest. This is not one of those diaries that are so carefully composed with a view to publication. And in this respect Gourgaud's was unique amongst the records compiled by all the St. Helena exiles, with the exception of Bertrand. It is this which gives the book its supreme value, for the principal difficulty of the St. Helena literature is the way in which it was weighted and falsified by propagandist considerations. But Gourgaud cannot have written for publication, for this reason: he was obviously a vain man and a jealous man, however admirable he may have been as an officer of artillery. And in this diary he reveals himself naked and unashamed: tiresome, tactless, insanely jealous, grasping, rather feebly sensual; yet with a certain peculiar charm which comes out in spite of everything. Not that the Journal is recommended to the reader for the portrait of its author. But in painting his own portrait, Gourgaud also painted that of his master—a portrait fascinating in its intimacy of revelation.

No man is harder to understand than Napoleon—though it is difficult to understand the mentality of a present-day critic who dismisses him airily with the comment that he had 'an essentially petty mind'. But for the most part we see Napoleon as a figure in the centre of a stage, suitably robed and made-up for the occasion. We see the great captain; or the Emperor; or the political administrator; or, on the other hand, the legendary grey overcoat and cocked hat draping an anecdote. We see the official portraits—all coronation robes, and plumed hats, and gaily prancing chargers. And we are no wiser. But Gourgaud, by happy chance, though sincerely devoted to the Emperor, found himself in a situation where that devotion had to contend against a combination of circumstances and his own personality; and his devotion lost the battle. And therefore, in the pages of Gourgaud, we see Napoleon without his make-up. We see him in his garden; on his sofa; wearing comfortable undress. We hear sentences completely convincing, because we are sure that Gourgaud was incapable of inventing them. And on the whole, the more we see of him in this unfamiliar guise the better we like him. And though for the Emperor's sake we must rejoice that at the end of three years he was spared the further company of this faithful but exasperating companion, for our own sakes we must bitterly regret that the record stops short before the close.

Sweeney Agonistes. By T. S. Eliot. Faber. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Eliot has more than once announced that he is lazy, that he does not find it easy to write except under the stimulus of an immediate occasion. The failing is not uncommon, especially among those who, once started, are, like Mr. Eliot, extremely patient craftsmen. It is disappointing to find that the present work adds nothing to the fragments which originally appeared in the *Criterion*. Nevertheless, though it contains less than twenty pages of text, it is an important pamphlet. It is fun to read, and especially to read aloud, and it may be the forerunner of a new kind of writing. The play is Aristophanic satire: it shows the inane futility of the amusements of two business gentlemen, Wauchope and Horsfall, visiting the flat of two girls, Dusty and Doris, with their American friends Klipstein and Krumpacker. It is a puppet-show: the characters move mechanically and sing or speak in mechanical rhythms, falling readily into patterns: duets, quartets and dialogues with chorus. It is melodrama, not tragedy, for the characters do not arouse our pity, and the situation is shown as something accidental and eradicable, not an inevitable part of the scheme of things. And what is this situation? It is the situation of the individual who finds himself isolated, cut off from the life of the community, so that nothing really matters:

Birth, and copulation, and death.
That's all the facts when you come to brass tacks:
Birth, and copulation, and death.

And of these it is only death which provokes any real feeling and provides the recurrent motif of the melodrama. The play is relevant to us all today, for we live in a society which seems to be alien to us, which does not evoke the best which is in us, which gives us a place only as units in an aggregate, not as in an harmonious organism. The community does not exist for us, therefore we do not exist for the community. And the solution for the individual soul is, as Mr. Eliot suggests in a quotation from St. John of the Cross, to divest itself of the love of created beings so that it may attain the divine union. It is the monastic solution, but it is not the only solution. If we build a community which really exists for the sake of the individual, then the individual may exist for the community, and he may again feel that life is worth while.

But Mr. Eliot did not write these fragments to say anything which could be said in prose; we can only try to indicate the kind of effect at which he aimed. He shows how, for the isolated individual, words fall into nothingness:

DORIS: Cheer him up?

DUSTY: Cheer him up?

SWEENEY: Well here again that don't apply

But I've gotta use words when I talk to you. . .

And again:

I gotta use words when I talk to you

But if you understand or if you don't

That's nothing to me and nothing to you

We all gotta do what we gotta do

We're gona sit here and drink this booze

We're gona sit here and have a tune . . .

For when meaning evaporates from words, only rhythm and repetitive pattern remains; and because rhythm is effective even for those who have no sense of the poetic value of words, these fragments hint at the possibility of a popular poetic drama, or rather, because the 'action' is negligible, a poetic radio-drama.

Imperial Defence and Capture at Sea in War By Sir H. W. Richmond. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

The Big Blockade. By E. Keble Chatterton Hurst and Blackett. 18s.

Admiral Richmond's book brings the subject of Imperial Defence into line with the lessons of the Great War and the new potencies of aircraft and submarines. The subject is attacked with all the comprehensive grasp of a distinguished naval historian and the wide practical experience of one who was a captain in the Grand Fleet and in the Naval Staff during the War and flew his flag subsequently as a Commander-in-Chief. Its most distinctive feature lies in its careful evaluation of the work of the three arms—land, sea and air—in the frame of Imperial Defence. The conclusions are on the whole conservative. The dominant equation of Imperial Defence, according to Admiral Richmond, lies in the maintenance of communications by sea. The power of the air Admiral Richmond is inclined to discount. Air warfare, independent of other arms, is based on the mutual destruction of civilians. This is its hall-(or hell-) mark, and if this be ruled out, the air falls back into the place of an auxiliary service to the two older services. In the second part of the book, dealing with capture at sea, Admiral Richmond replies in scathing terms to those who wish to abolish the capture of ships in war. Supplies of war are an integral part of war, and a nation at war cannot permit supplies of war to flow uninterruptedly to an enemy. America did not object to blockade; the objection she made was that the Blockade was not a blockade. The practical working of this particular problem is given in Mr. Keble Chatterton's book. The Blockade was an immense and complex system of intercepting supplies, using all sorts of engines of coercion including our monopoly of bunker coal and marine insurance, with the Tenth Cruiser Squadron at sea, and a vast system of trade intelligence on land. Mr. Chatterton gives a striking picture of the arduous and dangerous nature of the work at sea—cruising, cruising, always cruising through mountains of green wave, in Arctic winters, snow and fog, in gray dreary dawns, exposed to destruction by mines and raiders and submarines, the famous Tenth Cruiser Squadron under Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair and Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper, held to its task. It stopped 8,905 ships and sent 1,816 into port. There is the whole story too of how the *Alcantara* sank the raider *Greif* on February 29, 1916. Mr. Chatterton is inclined to be severe on the Foreign Office and to be critical of the Contraband Committee, but the Foreign Office may have a very good answer, and without that Committee the Prize Court system must have broken down under the mass of traffic involved. Submarines and mines took a heavy toll of gallant craft. The *Viknor* took Hans von Wedell, one of Count Bernstoff's most trusted agents, out of the Norwegian s.s. *Bergensfiord*, then on her way to port in January 1915 struck the

minefield that sank the battleship *Audacious*, and neither the *Viknor* nor von Wedell was ever seen again—nothing remained of her but scraps of wreckage on Ireland's wildest shore.

There is one terrible omission—that of an index at the end—and a few errors—the raider *Secadler* (p. 280) on Christmas Day, 1916, was not stopped by the *Avenger*, but by the *Patia*, and she gave her name as the Norwegian s.v. *Hero*, not as the *Irma*; the s.s. *Gamma*, stopped on December 2, 1916, could not have been the raider *Wolf*, which was not out of the North Sea till the 5th (p. 281). The book is full of interest and incident, and is a real contribution to naval history.

Henry Purcell. By A. K. Holland. Bell. 6s.

Books on Purcell are few; not quite so few, however, as the publishers of this new and valuable study suggest on its dust cover. There is, nevertheless, ample room for enlightened criticism of this bright particular star of English music which has suffered so long an eclipse. The story of Purcell's career is the exact opposite of that of Mozart, whom he resembles in several other respects, and of the typical composer of legend who dies in poverty and neglect but achieves a posthumous glory. Purcell enjoyed in the expansive days of the Restoration an enormous popularity; he scooped up all the professional work in London: he was organist of Westminster Abbey, musician laureate to the Crown entrusted with the composition of official and ceremonial odes, and in continual demand as a writer of theatre music, not to mention such trifles as he could spare time to write for private music-making—violin sonatas and vocal catches. Yet when he died his music was soon forgotten, save for a few anthems which survived in the cathedral repertory, a few songs, and occasional revivals of the only perfect English opera, *Dido and Æneas*, which he wrote for a girls' school at Chelsea. Are we English so rich in musical geniuses that we can afford to neglect the work of one of the very few who have an unquestioned claim to that proud title?

The author of this book, who is the critic of the *Liverpool Post*, rightly believes that the only way to obtain a revaluation and a revival of Purcell's music is to approach it historically, as has been done with conspicuous success in the case of Bach. There is no difficulty of idiom; as compared with Byrd, Purcell is a modern, and Mr. Holland devotes important chapters to tracing the changes that took place during the seventeenth century. His most original chapters deal with the stuff and substance of the actual music, and they lead him to plead for generous adaptation to modern conditions. Pedantic accuracy is often justified in the resuscitation of old music, but Purcell himself was of an accommodating disposition and, especially in the case of the dramatic music, cared little whether he was writing for an original production or a much adapted revival. Let him therefore be freely re-adapted 'on some vast Cochranesque scale', and so be restored to the theatre of to-day, which resembles Purcell's own time in its post-war circumstances, its taste for spectacle and its enthusiasm for revivals.

This is not a 'critical biography' of the composer. Not much is known of Purcell's life, but Mr. Holland has successfully painted the scene of his activities. The criticism is very just, but it does not attempt to deal in detail with the whole of Purcell's output. It is an essay on the English musical tradition up to Purcell's death, when it, too, seemed to die. It does not add very much to what we already know from the researches of the late Barclay Squire and the writings of Dr. Colles and Mr. Arundell, but from it the lay reader can obtain a reliable and comprehensive account of Purcell in relation to his times and environment, written by an enthusiastic, discriminating and persuasive pen, equally at ease among the historical, æsthetic and technical aspects of a subject of the highest interest to all who care for English music.

The Story of the Garden

By E. S. Rohde. Medici Society. 16s.

England, the land of Suburbia, is also the natural home of the garden. It is doubtful if anywhere else in the world you could find so many gardens, or so great a variety of types of garden in such a small area. And yet most of it is borrowed. The central feature which emerges from Miss Rohde's graceful and scholarly history of our gardens is the continual importation into these isles of new plants, new styles of laying out ground, and new processes of culture. Thus a country possessing little of its own beyond the natural advantages of a temperate climate and a good rainfall has proved itself the greatest naturaliser and assimilator of the treasures of foreign soils. Miss Rohde's researches run far back, to the garden of Eden, Egypt, and the 'hanging' gardens of Babylon; from the latter she traces the habit of terraced gardens which passed through Persia to Italy, and even (possibly) the predilection for a 'mount' in the centre of British gardens to which Bacon referred in his famous essay. Touching lightly on the gardens of ancient Greece and Rome, and those of Mexico and Peru, Miss Rohde deals at length with the rise of the gardening 'idea' in mediæval Europe, from the

days when the monk Strabo first uprooted the nettles from his monastic backyard to the flowering of late mediæval symbolism in the 'Mary gardens' so beloved of the miniaturists and the early masters of painting. In the Tudor Age the scene at last shifts to England, where, with her security from invasion and her appetite for foreign importations, the art of gardening finds a true home and the flowers, fruits and vegetables we know today take their first root. Jolly Tusser embodies the farmer's lore of centuries in his rough verses; Gerard gives scientific virtue to the herb garden; and Parkinson in his stately folio collates the old and new floral wonders that have stocked the cottage-gardens and noblemen's parks of Elizabethan England. Then we watch the evolution of garden-fashions. The 'knot-gardens' of Tudor and Stuart times give place to the formal gardens of Dutch William and the 'parterres' imitated from Versailles. But these in their turn are pulled to pieces by the 'landscape' gardeners of the eighteenth century, Repton, Kent and Brown, who move lakes, level hills, cleave vistas through forests, and leave at the end the vast meadows dotted about with copses which the aristocracy preferred to the smaller and more secluded gardens of previous centuries. The Victorian Age restores the balance; and we are glad to see that Miss Rohde pays tribute to a period of gardening which is sometimes aspersed without recognition of its achievement in enriching us with a wealth of new flowers and improved varieties. And so we are brought to the modern garden, with its eclectic taste in style and its bewildering choice of content. A chapter on American gardens by Mrs. Francis King is appended—presumably for overseas readers. But the whole flavour of the book is truly English. Miss Rohde has the lore of flowers and husbandry at her fingers' ends. She loses no chance of literary allusions. And she has chosen—and the Medici Society finely reproduced—a series of illustrations in colour and half-tone which alone would make her book a treasure to possess and a delight to scan. Full of light, colour, peace and joy, they should gladden the heart of many a gardener through the long evenings of winter.

Living Issues in China. By Henry T. Hodgkin

Allen and Unwin. 5s.

The author of this little book is now the Director of Pendle Hill, a graduate school for American Quakers in Pennsylvania. He comes from a family well known in England for its scholarship and public spirit and he spent the most active twenty years of his life in missionary work in China and in other parts of the world. His varied experience is now gathered in these pages for the benefit of the missionary world and the conclusions which he draws from it cannot fail to help those who have difficult decisions to make regarding the future of Christian missions in China. His prescription for some of the ills which beset the missionary in all fields, not only in China, may be gathered from his quotation of the words of the Jewish Rabbi, A. H. Silver, 'Religion is failing to play its proper role in society today not because there are too many religions in the world but because there is too little religion in any of them'. He does not believe that the day of the Christian mission is over; and in China he sees 'a movement of the divine Purposer breaking fresh ground, leading from ignorance to knowledge, opening doors to a new and fairer day for this great people'.

There is also the substance of a wider appeal in all that Dr. Hodgkin has to say. His book may have been inspired by a desire to give his colleagues in missionary work encouragement in their uphill task, but there is much that will help the ordinary reader to understand the complex issues of contemporary China. He places his own religious problem in a well-drawn setting, and describes with knowledge the political, economic and social needs of the country. Quoting Professor Roxby, he sees the major need of China today as one of converting 'this loose association of clan-families into a nation state', and he declares that China 'lacks sufficient centripetal force to counteract centrifugal forces'. Thereafter, having expressed the conviction that 'the movement towards democracy has come to stay', he considers that, educationally, China is too backward to guarantee success to a republican form of government; that, financially, she lacks the money for reconstruction; that morally, 'she has not found herself in the rapidly changing world of ideas'; and that, psychologically, 'her people, and especially her youth, has been passing through a phase of hypersensitiveness and excitement during which it has been difficult to work steadily for ends where quick results cannot be expected'. All this is well observed and well stated. And if in his description of the forces now at work to improve the whole situation, Dr. Hodgkin takes an optimistic view, his is not the easy sanguine mind of one who shuts his eyes to awkward facts, but of one who has himself seen some of the evils he describes yield to wise treatment. He has watched the teacher in the school, the leaders of reform in farming, the doctors in public and private health, and so on, all at work even in the most agitated days of disorder, civil war, and banditry; and in their dogged, wide-spread, constructive efforts he finds his strong reason for hope.

Summary of Programmes

National (Daventry) Programme

Daventry 193 kc/s (1,554.4 m.); Northern (N.N.)—995 kc/s (301.5 m.); Scottish (S.N.)—1,040 kc/s (288.5 m.)

Full details of the programmes will be found in THE RADIO TIMES

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1

- 10.30.—Time Signal.
12.30.—Violin Recital, by Peggy Cochrane.
1.0.—The Bernard Crook Quintet and Raymond Newell (Baritone).
2.15.—Gramophone Records.
2.45.—Classical Concert. Jean Craig (Mezzo-Soprano) and the Scottish Studio Orchestra (from S.R.).
3.45.—Children's Service, from Ealing Congregational Church.
4.15.—Orchestral Concert. Francis Russell (Tenor) and the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C).
5.30.—Recital by Isobel Baillie (Soprano).
6.0.—Announcement and Message concerning the Universal Week of Prayer, by Mr. H. Martyn Gooch, General Secretary of the World's Evangelical Alliance.
8.0.—Service from Canterbury Cathedral.
8.50.—News.
9.5.—B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. Mary Hamlin (Soprano) and Doris Owens (Contralto).
10.30.—Epilogue.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2

- 8.5.—Eye-witness account, by A. F. Kippax, of the Second Test Match, relayed from Melbourne.
10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Time Signal.
10.45.—The World Through a Mirror.
12.0.—Haydn Heard and his Band (from Birmingham).
1.0.—Organ (from Birmingham).
1.45.—Orchestra.
3.0.—Light Classical Concert. Freda Townson (Contralto) and the Grimson Piano Quartet.
4.0.—Orchestra and Alexander Carmichael (Bass-Baritone) (from S.R.).
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—Foundations of Music. Bach's Piano-forte Music: Two-Part Inventions, I—XV, played by James Ching.
6.50.—Mr. Basil de Selincourt: 'New Books'.

- 7.10.—Mr. Gerald Heard: '1932'.
7.30.—Sir Walford Davies: 'Children's Tunes'.
8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Wagner Programme. May Blyth, Horace Stevens and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood.
9.40.—News.
10.0.—Talk, by the Postmaster-General.
10.15.—Gershwin Parkington Quintet.
11.0.—Dance Music.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3

- 8.5.—Eye-witness account, by A. F. Kippax, of the Second Test Match, relayed from Melbourne.
10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Time Signal.
10.45.—'Cookery'—I. 'Meat from Stove to Table'. Mrs. Arthur Webb: 'Bones'.
12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—3.45.—Orchestra.
3.45.—Sonata Recital. Florence Hooton (Violoncello) and Dorothy Manley (Piano-forte).
4.15.—Orchestra.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—Foundations of Music.
6.50.—Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley reading from *Dombey and Son*.
7.20.—Programme of Music by Percy Fletcher. B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C).
8.10.—Play: 'Jane Eyre'.
9.40.—News.
10.0.—Organ. 10.45.—Dance Music.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4

- 10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Time Signal.
10.45.—'The Provincial Lady and her Books'—I. Miss E. M. Delafield: 'Reading and Everyday Life' (from Plymouth).
12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra.
2.0.—Gramophone Records.
3.0.—Piano-forte Recital, by Ernest Lush.
3.15.—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra and Mischel Cherniavsky (Violoncello).
4.45.—Organ (from N.R.).

- 5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—Foundations of Music.
6.50.—Topical Talk.
7.10.—Mr. W. V. Taylor: 'Opportunities for Fruit and Vegetable Growing To-day'.
7.30.—Orchestra. 8.10.—Vaudeville.
9.10.—'Spending and Saving': A Discussion between Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. J. M. Keynes.
9.40.—News.
10.0.—'Miscellany' of Plays, Songs and Poems.
11.0.—Dance Music.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5

- 10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Time Signal.
10.45.—'The Week in Westminster'.
12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Ballad Concert.
1.45.—Midland Studio Orchestra and Horace Priestley (Tenor) (from Birmingham).
3.0.—Westminster Abbey Evensong.
3.45.—Dance Music. 4.15.—Orchestra.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—Foundations of Music.
6.50.—Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, reading from *Dombey and Son*.
7.10.—Talk.
7.30.—Songs by Muriel Lawrence Kellie (Soprano) and Hayden Coffin (Baritone).
8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Delius programme. Albert Sammons (Violin), Katharine Goodson (Piano-forte) and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood.
9.40.—News. 10.0.—Mr. Vernon Bartlett.
10.15.—Chopin Recital, by Leslie England.
10.30.—Service from St. Michael's, Chester Square.
10.45.—Dance Music.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6

- 10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Time Signal.
10.45.—'A Doctor to a Mother'—I. The Diet of the Growing Child, by a Physician.

- 12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra.
2.0.—Dance Music.
3.0.—Orchestra (from Birmingham).
4.0.—Orchestra.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—Foundations of Music.
6.50.—Argus: 'The Cinema'.
7.10.—'The Garden'. Mr. A. N. Rawes: 'Winter Work in the Fruit Garden'.
7.30.—Sir Walford Davies: 'Children's Tunes'.
8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Beethoven Programme. Isobel Baillie (Soprano), Keith Falkner (Baritone), Lamond (Piano-forte) and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood.
9.40.—News.
10.0.—H.R.H. The Prince of Wales introduces 'S.O.S.', a series of broadcast talks on Unemployment.
10.15.—'Serenade'. The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C).
11.0.—Dance Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7

- 10.15.—Service. 10.30.—Time Signal.
12.0.—Organ. 12.45.—Orchestra.
2.0.—Recital. Dale Smith (Baritone), and Elsie Avril (Violin).
2.30.—Orchestra (from Birmingham).
3.30.—Orchestra and Winifred Morris (Contralto) (from M.R.).
4.45.—Organ.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—Mr. J. H. Taylor: Golf as a Profession.
6.45.—Professor J. E. Daniel: 'The Future of Religion in Wales' (W.R. Programme).
7.5.—Topical Talk.
7.30.—Central Band of H.M. Royal Air Force and Ronald Gourley (Entertainer).
8.40.—'The Kentucky Minstrels'.
9.40.—News.
10.0.—Mr. Ronald Watkins: reading.
10.15.—Piano-forte Recital by Dorothy Hildreth. 10.45.—Dance Music.

Regional Programme

London—842 kc/s (356.3 m.); Midland (M.R.)—752 kc/s (398.9 m.); Western (W.R.)—968 kc/s (309.9 m.); Northern (N.R.)—626 kc/s (479.2 m.); Scottish Region (S.R.)—797 kc/s (376.4 m.)

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1

- 12.30.—2.45.—Daventry Programme.
2.45.—Classical Concert. The Scottish Studio Orchestra and Jean Craig (Mezzo-Soprano) (from S.R.).
3.45.—Wireless Military Band and Gladys Ripley (Contralto).
5.0.—Violoncello Recital by Beatrice Harrison.
8.0.—Daventry Programme.
8.45.—Appeal on behalf of the Ranyard Mission by the Venerable E. N. Sharpe.
8.50.—News.
9.5.—Chamber Music. Eric Greene (Tenor) and the Virtuoso String Quartet.
10.30.—Epilogue.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2

- 8.5.—Daventry Programme.
10.15.—Service.
10.30.—Daventry Programme.
12.0.—Organ (M.R. Programme).
12.45.—Orchestra (N.R. Programme).
1.30.—Gramophone Records (N.R. Programme).
2.15.—Organ (M.R. Programme).
3.0.—Daventry Programme.
3.0.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
5.15.—The Pini Tango Orchestra. Nicola Blake (Soprano) and Nino Maudini (Tenor).
8.0.—Orchestral Concert. The B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C).
9.0.—News.
9.15.—Play: 'Jane Eyre'.
10.45.—Dance Music.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3

- 8.5.—Daventry Programme.
10.15.—Service.
10.30.—Daventry Programme.
12.0.—Orchestra (M.R. Programme).
1.15.—Organ (M.R. Programme).
2.0.—Orchestra (M.R. Programme).
3.0.—5.15.—Daventry Programme.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.35.—Organ (N.R. Programme).
7.0.—Orchestra and George Hill (Baritone) (N.R. Programme).

- 8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Puishnoff (Piano-forte) and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood.
9.40.—News. 10.0.—Mr. J. D. M. Rorke: 'Discovering Beethoven. The Story of a Musical Conversion.—III'.
10.25.—Dance Music.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4

- 10.15.—Service.
10.30.—Daventry Programme.
12.0.—Ballad Concert (S.R. Programme).
1.0.—Organ (N.R. Programme).
1.45.—Orchestra and A. E. Rogers (Baritone) (N.R. Programme).
3.0.—Twenty-First Annual Conference of Educational Associations. Presidential Address by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone: 'The Educational Needs of Today'.
3.45.—Daventry Programme.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—Wireless Military Band. Barrington Hooper (Tenor) and Gershwin Parkington (Violoncello).
8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Noel Eadie (Soprano), Kathleen Long (Piano-forte) and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood.
9.40.—News. 10.0.—Dance Music.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5

- 10.15.—Service.
10.30.—Daventry Programme.
12.0.—Light Concert. The Scottish Studio Orchestra and Margaret Murray (Soprano) (S.R. Programme).
1.15.—Chamber Music. The Edinburgh String Quartet (S.R. Programme).
2.0.—Orchestra and Russell Smythe (Violin) (N.R. Programme).
3.0.—Daventry Programme.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.35.—'Continuous Variety' in Light Music. Sydney Baynes's Light Orchestra and Anona Winn (Soprano).

- 7.30.—Leslie Bridgewater Harp Quintet.
8.0.—Vaudeville. 9.0.—News.
9.15.—Orchestral Concert. The Tudor Singers and the B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C). 10.35.—Dance Music.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6

- 10.15.—Service.
10.30.—Daventry Programme.
12.0.—Orchestra (N.R. Programme).
1.0.—Organ (N.R. Programme).
1.45.—Orchestra and Nellie Wright (Contralto) (N.R. Programme).
3.0.—Daventry Programme.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—Fred Hartley and his Quintet. Margaret Wilkinson (Soprano).
7.30.—Fred Hartley Novelty Quintet.
8.0.—Wireless Military Band and John Thorne (Baritone).

- 9.0.—News.
9.15.—'The Kentucky Minstrels'.
10.15.—Dance Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7

- 10.15.—Service.
10.30.—Daventry Programme.
10.45.—Mr. S. F. B. Mais: 'The Week-end'—I.
12.0.—Daventry Programme.
5.15.—Children's Hour. 6.0.—News.
6.30.—B.B.C. Orchestra (Section C) and Robert O. Edwards (Piano-forte).
8.0.—Promenade Concert from the Queen's Hall. Choruses from 'The Messiah'. The Sheffield Musical Union Chorus and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood.
9.40.—News. 10.0.—Dance Music.

Children's books have come in for a great deal of publicity lately, and the most recent display of them has been well timed by Messrs. Bumpus (in their Old Court House, Marylebone Lane) to coincide with the Christmas holidays. Three centuries are covered, and edifying comparisons made. A seventeenth-century Puritan book of religious instruction is displayed side by side with the latest editions of the Bible planned specially for children. A Limerick book of a hundred years ago stands next to Mr. Belloc's nonsense rhymes: horn-books and battledores are laid out near the latest childish sophistication from Paris. The pleasant things in the exhibition can here only be enumerated—the famous first editions (*The Rose and the Ring*; *Alice*; 'Peter Pan', etc.), the original drawings by Caldecott, Walter Crane, Kate Greenaway and others; the collection of children's penny dreadfuls; the English and Sicilian puppets: the toy theatre in which a performance is given every afternoon at 3.30. But the glory of the Exhibition is Humpty Dumpty, huge, oval and genial—and ready to wink, to raise his eyebrows at, or converse with any visitor, however little he or she may look like Alice.

Macaulay's Successor

England Under Queen Anne—II. Ramillies and the Union with Scotland

By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans. 21s.

Reviewed by G. N. CLARK

DURING the coming autumn and winter many people will have the experience which I have just had, of reading straight through this new volume of Professor Trevelyan's book, regretting only the frequent necessity, in a well-regulated household, of breaking off for meals. Others, less fortunate, who must read it in the intervals of other occupations, will carry about with them during the working day his vivid pictures of the soldiers of three nations shooting and stabbing on the limestone slopes above Gibraltar, or of the mob raging in the Edinburgh High Street. He is bringing back to life, as none of our other historians can, the scenes and events of Queen Anne's reign, and making them once more a part of our imaginative inheritance. In this he is, as everyone knows, the continuator and the right successor of his great-uncle, Lord Macaulay; but he has the artist's responsiveness to his audience, and his method adapts itself to the needs of our time. His style has become plainer and simpler than it used to be. He always keeps in sight not only the generals and statesmen, but also a number of minor characters who were as good Englishmen or Scotsmen as they were. He has done justice to the greatness of Marlborough and the intermittent merits of Peterborough. He has equally deserved well of comparatively ordinary people like John Richards, a capable English Roman Catholic in the Portuguese service, and the hard-praying Cameronian, Colonel Blackader. But, in making his men and women live, he never resorts to fictitious reconstruction. He is a conscientious research-worker among the manuscript records, and historical specialists will have to use his book for their own purposes. When he finally decides to give up the Earl of Peterborough as hopeless, it is on the strength of a letter which he has discovered in the British Museum, written by that erratic nobleman to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy. It was written when Peterborough was serving as an English general, in the endeavour to establish the Archduke Charles of Austria on the Spanish throne. In it he cheerfully throws out on his own responsibility the suggestion that, if this endeavour comes to nothing, he will do his best to put in Victor Amadeus as king instead. 'After two centuries', says Professor Trevelyan, 'historians have a way of finding these unlucky documents and reading a man's character off the forgotten and fading ink'. All the judgments in the book, those on policy and strategy as well as those on character, are reached by the steady work of the historian, not by the short cut of the mere user of other men's researches. And there is much of the special kind of historical evidence of which Professor Trevelyan is a master, that of landscape. He has walked over his battlefields. From the two chapters in this book which describe the state of that country I should infer that he has walked over most of Scotland. If he had done nothing else it would have been a great thing in itself to have demonstrated how much historical studies can gain from the *plein-airiste* treatment.

One of the besetting faults of learned historians is a reluctance to tell a twice-told tale. As they go through the solitary drudgery of research, they are constantly encouraged by the hope of discovering something new, and it is natural that they should lay more stress on their discoveries than on the facts that were well-known before they got to work. It is hard for them to remember the principle laid down in the terse phraseology of *Field Service Regulations* in the chapter on 'Reconnaissance': 'negative information and the confirmation of what is already known are of importance'. The more trouble they have taken, the more they are tempted to revise the accepted versions of the past. From this fault Professor Trevelyan is free. He deals with some of the greatest events of English history; but he is content to leave their main lines as he found them. He has three connected themes, the progress of the War of the Spanish Succession, the fortunes of the parties in the English government and parliament, and the Union with Scotland. In each he adds to the colouring and sharpens the outlines, but he does not disturb the grouping and composition. In the War of the Spanish Succession the English and their

allies, of whom the most important were the Dutch and the Austrians, were fighting against the French. This volume begins after the great battle of Blenheim, in which the allies under the Duke of Marlborough had saved Vienna. In the same year they had captured Gibraltar, and the great achievement of the winter and spring was the defence of Gibraltar against its besiegers. The summer campaign in the Netherlands was indecisive; but in Spain the Earl of Peterborough took Barcelona, and there was a good chance that the allies might succeed in making their candidate, the Archduke, King of Spain. As it turned out they never did so, and, though their operations in Spain dragged on, it was really settled in the next year, 1706, that they would never succeed. In 1707 the defeat of Almanza made it doubly certain; but the allied statesmen never appreciated the intimation that they must cut their losses and give Spain up. On the contrary, having had brilliant successes elsewhere, they made up their minds that they would have no peace without Spain. The result was that there was no peace until England went through the upheaval necessary to bring in a new government reasonably easy to satisfy. Of the blinding successes in other theatres of war one was the relief of Turin, which freed Italy from the French, and yet greater was Marlborough's victory of Ramillies. This, at a blow, cleared the French off the old prize-fighting stage of Europe in the Spanish Netherlands. After these two battles the war was won. The original war-aims of the allies were achieved; all they had not attained was the unfortunate aim they had added after the war began, the reduction of Spain itself. In this they were so obstinate that two more years of hammering, although they brought two more great victories in Oudenarde and the capture of Lille, ended in a failure to make peace.

The blame for this failure lies at the door of the English statesmen. At the beginning of the war Marlborough and his friend Godolphin, who was the principal Minister throughout this period, had the support of the Queen and the Tory Party to which they themselves belonged. From the year of Blenheim to the year of Ramillies they had governed in sympathy with the Queen's own views by relying on moderate men of both parties; but, unfortunately, the differences of men who were not moderate had grown more acute as time went on, and in 1708 there came a crisis in which it was necessary to choose between the Tories and the Whigs. The Whigs were stronger for the war, and so in the reconstruction of the Ministry they became predominant; but from this time the Queen, no longer the passionate friend of the Duchess of Marlborough, lived in a perpetual conspiracy to displace the Ministers who had been thrust upon her. Party feeling contributed to the insistence on impossible war aims, and to the destruction of unity at home. Not for the last time government above party ended with embittered party strife.

Paradoxically enough, it was in this period and by the same men that a great achievement of statesmanship was carried to completion which had been the aim of wise men for a century and which had stood above party for two more. This was the union with Scotland. The union of the crowns had not ended the quarrels of the two kingdoms. In recent years the Scottish Parliament had been stronger than ever before and had taken a greater part in the national differences. The great struggle against France made the danger to England from an unfriendly Scotland greater and more visible, and the statesmen of the two countries, not without considerable displays of human imperfections by the way, now accomplished a great and salutary act of will. They made a single parliament of Great Britain and a complete economic union, while preserving to Scotland her church and her laws. In our own time, when the making and breaking and mending of imperial unions bulk so large, these old negotiations have a renewed significance. In particular I would respectfully commend Professor Trevelyan's narrative to Scottish nationalists.

History is never definitive, and there will be other histories

of this period written from new points of view. One aspect in which I think they will differ from Professor Trevelyan's is that they will blame the allies of England less for the 'localism' which, time after time, frustrated Marlborough's favourite schemes. It is not merely that there was a case against some of these schemes, especially the attack on Toulon and the proposed march on Paris after Oudenarde. There was also the fact that each of these allies had to guard interests of its own to which the English were not likely to give the same attention. It is true that, as Professor Trevelyan says, the allies 'failed to consider the war as a whole'. But then it was not a whole. On a later page we are told that there were two wars, the greater war against France and the lesser war against Spain; but even that was not all. There were separate war-aims and in effect separate wars in Italy, the Mediterranean, Hungary, America. The English did not resign their private ambitions to the general interest: they kept Gibraltar and took Minorca, and schemed against the Dutch in matters of colonial trade. Over all these issues that of French hegemony was, no doubt, paramount. History will probably never maintain that Europe could have had a healthy development if Louis XIV had triumphed; but each of the allies had to watch over special places where it was a necessity for them individually to resist him whether he succeeded elsewhere or not. And, when history stands *au dessus de la bataille*, she must recognise that there were not only courage and skill but also public spirit and political idealism on the French side as well as on the other. The final commentary will come from the superhuman presences of pity and destiny of which experience in our generation has made the world aware.

Bards, Craftsmen and Poets

Modern American Poetry

Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Cape. 15s.

American Literature, 1880-1930

By A. C. Ward. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Expression in America

By Ludwig Lewisohn. Butterworth. 21s.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY is a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Untermeyer's well-known and infuriating anthology. It is well known because it is comprehensive—practically every American verse-writer from Emily Dickinson to date is represented in some form or other. It is infuriating because Mr. Untermeyer won't let their verses speak for themselves. Every fourth page contains a potted biography and 'estimate'. Before you meet each writer Mr. Untermeyer insists on buttonholing you and telling you all he can about him; the anthologist is always in evidence, always zealous, well-meaning, informative, always the gushing host. He has taken immense pains with his patter; and the result (something like two hundred pages of interpolated comment) does seriously interfere with the reader's own individual excitement. I have tried to open the book without being got at by Mr. Untermeyer, but nearly every time he has come between me and the poem by catching my eye with some shrill something. Where what he says is good, the interruption remains bad; where what he says is bad, it is horrid. 'After Emily weathered the crisis, her verse grew continually tighter' is one cheery comment on Emily Dickinson. *After Emily weathered the crisis, her verse grew continually tighter!* I should give much to see what goes on in Elysium if Louis is ever presented to Miss Dickinson.

Mr. Untermeyer, Mr. Ward and Mr. Lewisohn are all interested in the American-ness of American writing. Mr. Lewisohn is by far the most perceptive and the most intelligible. He divides the poetic mind into three types: the bard, the artificer, and the poet. The bard is differentiated from his fellows by nothing but articulateness; he is a direct and immediate voice of group emotion. The artificer is what the bard may grow into in a peaceful, confident age—the man who, uninspired by an immediate tribal passion, selects his subject-matter from without at the dictates of custom or fashion; who elaborates conventional forms or delights in small inventions; who amuses, soothes, diverts you, but whom you always feel to be primarily a craftsman. The creative poet makes you feel that 'literature is scripture'. In him experience and expression are one, but the experience is not tribal; it is wholly individual; 'it tends more and more to have, as one important element, a revolt from the tribal'. These are not rigid categories; one man might have moments of each. They are categories of the spirit; the outer form of the writing may be novel, play, lyric, essay—any form of expression,

old or new. Thus far I quote Mr. Lewisohn; but before describing his search for the creative poet I must deal with Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward's head buzzes with theories which come between him and his subject. 'No man', he says, 'is a poet unless he is bigger than the world he lives in; therefore no true poet scolds his world or moans'. This is one of Mr. Ward's theories which help him to simplify 'the American mind'. By deciding beforehand what that mind is like, he selects examples to fit and presents a pretty picture. Under the pretence of seeking literary values he is really seeking a special quality, considered specifically American, which caters to his prejudgments and to his own comfort. This quality is middle-class-ness with the lid off. Mr. Ward is quick to see this quality in American writings, and is quick to praise it; he seems incapable of dealing with anything else. Those whom Mr. Lewisohn scornfully calls bards and craftsmen are Mr. Ward's joy; towards them he comes all-over-English-speaking-unionish; he feels broad-minded, and modern, and full of understanding. Once or twice there is some bardic quality which ruffles the hands-across-the-sea feeling; then, with frankness which will be taken in good part, he says so. Of Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* he says 'English people watching the Yankee's invasion of Arthurian territory feel very much as a cathedral custodian would if a boisterous holiday-maker vomited over an exquisite mediæval carving'. This well-visualised image is a refreshing exception; too often Mr. Ward's mock-energy produces phrases like 'Poe's was a bastard intelligence begotten by Scepticism out of Gothic Romanticism'. Mr. Ward's own intelligence, he hints on p. 179 and elsewhere, is 'average', and as one expects from an average dogmatic writer whose intellect is ridden by dozens of average theories, the words 'dogmatic' and 'intellectual' are among his terms of abuse.

Mr. Lewisohn's book is large and expensive; yet it costs less than the total of the other two, and it is worth more than both of them together. He surveys American writings (knowing them more intimately and more accurately than Mr. Ward) seeking what has significance 'as scripture' for this age. As his phrase implies, he is really seeking religion, so that with him (as with Mr. Ward) literary values come second. Mr. Lewisohn is aware that 'a religion for mature minds is a thing hard to come by', and now and again hides himself from himself. But whatever one calls the search, it is something laid upon him; it is a passionate pilgrimage; and the book is real and stirring. Mr. Lewisohn's point of view is Germanic (he is devoted to Thomas Mann) and an Anglo-Saxon reader may feel hard and soft in rather different places. With half of his judgments I find myself in eager agreement; his more fervid passages and his naive anti-puritanism leave me cold. His nervous gestures irritate me, and I detest his dots. . . . But when one disagrees with Mr. Lewisohn one continues to respect him; he fairly puts his mind to yours. I think he is stupid only in having produced a book of six hundred pages. He preaches admirably to the converted; had he been content to try nothing else but that, the result would have been less cumbersome and easier to pass round.

F. V. MORLEY

The Living Lawrence

The Letters of D. H. Lawrence

Edited by Aldous Huxley. Heinemann. 21s.

THE DOUBT one had when one heard that the letters of D. H. Lawrence were to be published is disposed of. That they would be extremely interesting was certain, but one feared a further distracting of attention from his greatness by interest of the wrong kind. And it is a further proof of his greatness that the *Letters* banish these distractions for good. The point may be made by saying that (supposing there had been reason to fear suppressions) it does not matter whether this or that letter has been left out or not. The personality that speaks in the *Letters* settles all controversies (except those on the highest plane) and makes 'personalities' impossible.

Those who are really interested in literature seldom rush with eagerness to accounts of the writer's private life, for they know that these seldom have much relevance to the creative work for which the writer is important and that interest in them is commonly a substitute for interest in anything serious. But while Mr. Aldous Huxley is right in insisting in his Introduction that Lawrence matters because he was a great artist, he is equally right in having exerted himself to give the letters to the world. For Lawrence's art bore an unusually immediate relation to his personal experience, and its importance is bound up with this fact.

The artist described here may seem to the reader a case for the label 'Romantic'. But such classifications are inapplicable to Lawrence. 'I think, do you know, I have inside me', he said, as early as 1913, 'a sort of answer to the *want* of to-day; to the real,

Talleyrand

Talleyrand. By Duff Cooper. Cape. 12s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF Charles-Maurice Prince de Talleyrand-Périgord—to give him his proper style—covered one of the most eventful epochs of European history, in which he played an important, and occasionally a decisive, part. He was born in 1754, thirty-five years before the outbreak of the French Revolution, and died in 1838, eight years after the Revolution which led to the establishment of the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe. It was he who, in 1789, when he was Bishop of Autun, proposed the nationalisation of Church property, which was carried in the Assembly, and who consecrated the bishops of the 'Constitutional Church' established in defiance of Rome. He escaped from France on the very eve of the September massacres, took refuge in England and, on being requested to leave, in the United States, returning to France in November, 1795, when his name had been erased from the list of proscribed *émigrés*. He served the Directory as Foreign Minister and, having taken an active part in the *coup d'état* of 18 Brumaire, continued to serve Napoleon, both as First Consul and Emperor, in the same capacity. In 1814 he was mainly instrumental in securing the restoration of the Bourbons, was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs by Louis XVIII, and represented France at the Congress of Vienna. Dismissed from office in 1823, he lived for seventeen years in retirement; but he was active behind the scenes and helped to inspire the revolt which overthrew the throne of Charles X. He was French Ambassador in London from 1830 to 1834, taking a leading part in the conferences which settled the Belgian Question.

Even this bare outline of Talleyrand's varied career suggests the riddle which puzzled his contemporaries and continues to puzzle posterity. He was avowedly a cynic; he was a gambler and a libertine; he admittedly used his official positions to accumulate a vast fortune; one after another he betrayed the Governments he served. Was this ex-bishop, with his exquisite manners and fascinating conversation, no more than a self-indulgent egoist, intent only on saving his skin and building up his fortunes in times of trouble, or was he a patriot who, from first to last, put the welfare of his country before everything else? He himself claimed that he had always studied the interests of France, and in his *Memoirs* (dull reading for a world which had expected an amusing *chronique scandaleuse*) he elaborated this theme through many volumes. Put briefly, his plea was that 'he had never conspired except when he had the French nation as fellow-conspirators'. The overthrow of the Directory, which was ruining France, needed no excuse. If he conspired against Napoleon it was because he foresaw the ruinous outcome of his insensate lust of conquest. If he helped to overthrow Charles X it was because he knew that France would only be peaceful and prosperous under the free institutions which the Revolution had secured for her.

Mr. Duff Cooper accepts Talleyrand's estimate of himself, and his book is largely concerned with the justification of 'a true patriot and a wise statesman, to whom neither contemporaries nor posterity have done justice'. He points out that, through all Talleyrand's shifts and changes of allegiance his views as to the principles on which French policy ought to be based never varied: the preservation of the essential gains of the Revolution, contentment with the traditional limits of France, and friendship with England. There is much to be said for this view. But Mr. Cooper is far too ready to accept Talleyrand's own valuation of his services to France and Europe. He seems, for instance, to give him all the credit for the establishment of Belgian independence, whereas 'his old and favourite project'—to quote Palmerston—to which he reverted during the conference, was the partition of Belgium between France, Prussia and Holland. And did France really gain by his triumph at Vienna, when he secured a compromise on the Polish-Saxon Question at the cost of establishing the military power of Prussia on the Rhine? Talleyrand could see many moves ahead on the political chess-board; but he did not always see far enough; and the question remains whether he used his foresight primarily to save France or to save himself.

With these cautions Mr. Duff Cooper's book may be recommended to all who can appreciate the romance of history. It is brightly written, is based on a wide reading of published authorities, including M. Lacour-Gayet's recently completed work, and is illustrated with very interesting portraits. Its most attractive feature is the sympathetic picture it gives of a man who, through long years of revolutionary change, preserved to the last the beautiful manners and aristocratic pose of a nobleman of the old régime. Even now, in spite of all that is known of his career, it is impossible not to be captivated by his wit or to be unconscious of the personal charm which cast its spell over even the most censorious of those who came in contact with him.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS

F. R. LEAVIS

deep want of the English people, not to just what they fancy they want'. No doubt other writers have had this kind of conviction—writers whom we call romantic individualists and egotists. But the more one knows of D. H. Lawrence the surer does one become that he was right to have the conviction (which is not the same as saying that he had the answer). Certainly he was incapable of egotistic self-deception or mere assertive wilfulness; and his extraordinary subtlety, sincerity and profundity of inner search are most obviously not a preoccupation with self.

All geniuses are more than themselves. Lawrence could not, as Dante did, realise in himself a whole culture; the culture was not there to realise; that is our plight. Lawrence's greatness is that, while unsurpassed in awareness of the plight, he was yet able to believe in the possibility of escape. I do not (for it seems time to abandon the impersonal 'one') use the word 'great' lightly. Mr. Huxley quotes me in his Introduction as comparing Lawrence to Blake; I should like to assert now my conviction that Lawrence was much the greater.

The plight, not merely of England, but of the Western and Westernising world generally, is that recorded in 'The Waste Land'. The rapid changes, the result mainly of machine-technique, of the last century, have destroyed the old cultures, the old ways of life, the old adjustments of man to man and man to environment, and accelerated 'progress' seems to make new growth impossible. Humanity, in its 'triumph' over nature, has become uprooted, and the vital problems will remain even when slumps are exorcised for ever and the industrialism that outraged the beauty of Lawrence's Derbyshire has completely reformed its ways. Lawrence used his splendid genius unremittingly to compel recognition of this upon our distracted age.

Justly does he assert in an early letter: 'primarily I am a passionately religious man, and my novels must be written from the depth of my religious experience'. 'Believe me', he says in a letter written to Lady Cynthia Asquith during the War, 'this England, we very English people, will at length join together and say, "We will not do these things, because in our knowledge of God we know them wrong". We shall put away our greatness and our living for material things only, because we shall agree we don't want these things. We know they are inferior and base, and we shall have courage to put them away'.—This note will come strangely to those who know Lawrence mainly by his scandalous reputation (few can really read for themselves nowadays). But those who know his work will admit that his constant preoccupation is fairly to be called religious, even if they are dubious about his 'God'. What he sought was a more-than-human sanction for human life, a sense of the life of the universe flowing in from below the personal consciousness: he sought, one might say, a human naturalness; he aimed at 'planting' man again in the universe.

He did not suppose such an undertaking to be a simple one. The more one knows of him the less ready is one to charge him with Rousseauistic simplifications and evasions. He was extremely intelligent, and he was endowed to the point of genius with capacity for experience and with self-knowledge and sincerity. There is a sense, of course, in which he was 'abnormal'. But who that reads the *Letters* will say confidently just how far the 'abnormality' was of a kind to limit the value and application of his experience and his findings? 'Don't you think it nonsense', he writes, 'when Murry says that my world is not the ordinary man's world, and that I'm a sort of animal with a sixth sense? Seems to me more likely he's an animal with only four senses—the real sense of touch missing. They all seem determined to make a freak of me—to save their own short-failings, and make them "normal"'. For myself (the first person seems again appropriate), I confess that after reading the *Letters* I am rather ashamed at having, in writing about him before, been so far from laying any stress on his centrality as against his eccentricities.

His best art exhibits his marvellous power of compelling the reader to an unprecedented freshness and sincerity of emotional, instinctive and sensuous experience. But it is the fact of his having lived that is most important to us, and he lives in his letters with a completeness that would otherwise hardly have been guessed at.

The rich variety of these might occupy many pages of comment. Perhaps the few lines that are left should be given to what is popularly thought to have been Lawrence's 'obsession'. And I who loathe sexuality so deeply, he writes, 'am considered a lurid sexuality specialist'. The *Letters* will not leave even the most obtuse of readers in any doubt of the loathing. 'I tried Casanova', records Lawrence characteristically, 'but he stinks'.

The *Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, then, is not only a book of poignant interest; it is one of the most important books of our time. Mr. Aldous Huxley does not need assuring that it is worth the enormous trouble it must have cost him.

The Russian Reality

An Economic History of Soviet Russia

By Lancelot Lawton. 2 vols. Macmillan. 25s.

Dawn in Russia. By Waldo Frank. Scribners. 8s. 6d.

EVERYWHERE people are Russia-conscious nowadays. Is the experience of Russia, they ask, of universal validity or only of Russian significance? This Russia-consciousness is an important element in the thought of our day: Russia is a silent factor in our current discussion of political, social and economic problems. It is futile now to refuse consideration of the idea of the planned economy, and thoughtful people everywhere are trying to understand the principles of dialectical materialism or to appreciate the ideal of the classless society. Hence the Russian experiment, as it is often called, is of deep concern all round. Unfortunately news about Russia is often tainted—so often that any traveller recently returned from residence or holiday there becomes *ipso facto* a sort of authority on Russian life and achievements. It is unwise to put too much weight upon the observations of the journalist or the holiday-maker or the industrial worker, but so unworthy has been the Russian news-service of our newspapers that we have had to give such people authority as it were in self-defence. What happens in Russia is that people discover themselves. The impact of that fascinating but topsy-turvy (to us) world is of such a kind that it makes people one-hundred-percenters whatever they were—communist, fascist, individualist, or what not. In these circumstances the need for good books on Russia is imperative. The two here noticed are as different as chalk from cheese, but they are alike in their honest desire to get at reality.

Mr. Lancelot Lawton's earlier book, *The Russian Revolution, 1917-1926*, had considerable merit. Those that liked it will like this new book, which is an analysis of Russian history from the establishment of the Soviet System down to the present date. Though Mr. Lawton does not provide a table of his sources or offer the reader much in the way of reference to authorities, he has written carefully and, so far as may be, objectively. His method is to deal with events year by year and to intersperse among the annals chapters on special subjects. He has produced a useful and a readable book, but one with serious limitations. Its perspective is narrow. The actual historical background is slender—seventy-odd pages out of 610 pages of text—and the historical method is superficial. It is doubtful whether the question-asking reader will be able, from Mr. Lawton's pages, to arrive at an understanding either of why the Bolsheviks attained to power, or why they have retained power so long, or what they are really aiming at. The perspective is faulty, too, for another reason. There is no vista. Mr. Lawton's book is not forward-looking. It has, in fact, the defects of the annalistic method. The history of British capitalism cannot be written from the serried volumes of the Annual Register: similarly, the historian of Bolshevism requires faith as well as statistics. Mr. Lawton has employed public sources as the basis of his analysis, but he has not got below them to their inner meaning. One is left with the feeling that he has been narrating events which though factually true are spiritually incredible. His history is the unfolding of a nightmare; though he never attempts to paint in glaring colours, the final impression left by his picture is that of a sombre wilderness of unrealities.

Waldo Frank's *Dawn in Russia* is modestly described as 'the record of a journey'. It would be difficult to imagine a book more different from Mr. Lawton's than this. It is hard to believe that the same country is the concern of both authors. 'Under present circumstances', Mr. Lawton says, 'little information of a trustworthy character can be gained from a short visit to Soviet Russia'. Perhaps Mr. Lawton was thinking primarily in terms of economics, for *Dawn in Russia* is a clear demonstration of the wealth of understanding that the right person can acquire in Russia in a brief span of time. Probably an American is likelier than the denizen of any other country to penetrate quickly to the heart of the Russian secret. There is so much in recent American history that is essentially similar. But Mr. Frank is one among a million. He lets things speak for themselves: he suspends judgment: he disdains ready-made labels. He did not swallow Russia whole, nor did he go to it with views already set. He has produced, in consequence, a fascinating book, one that is open-minded and full of illumination. 'My little trip', he said, 'was to be no quest for The Truth'. For that reason truth has issued from it. It contains, doubtless, a measure of what the perfervid communist calls 'foul liberalism', but it is likelier than any other traveller's impressions so far made available to lead to a sympathetic understanding of the Russian Revolution and to a wise assessment of its meaning for the rest of the world.

H. L. BEALES

Children and Culture

Education and the Social Order. By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Set the Children Free. By Fritz Wittels. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

MODERN EDUCATION, like everything else, is caught in the flux of a changing world, and these books are examples of the attempt to transform our ideas on the subject, and to envisage a new, and, of course, a better social order. With Bertrand Russell we embark upon a brief and pungent discussion of everything; his bright little axe is laid to the root of every form of culture such as we know it. He is at his best when discussing pros and cons; too lucid and logical to be a convinced partisan of anything (except when attacking patriotism, public schools and the churches), he cannot follow the path to complete communism or to absolute freedom in education without pointing out their possible limitations. In the former, too ardent an indoctrination of the young and a deadness of uniformity are possible consequences which disturb him. The 'negative theory' in education—unhampered liberty—he considers to be valid for the emotional life of the child, though perhaps not in the intellectual and technical spheres.

Although his preference is for the training of men as individuals of intelligence rather than as useful citizens of an absolute State, he decides that the latter is the more probable development in the communist era which we should be about to enter. Certain features of this order—the break-up of private property, the surrender of traditional morality, the increasing assumption of parental function by the State—are all rightly seen as following logically upon each other. We thus gain a clear conception of what we are all bound, now and in the future, to fight or defend according to our philosophy of life. Those who uphold our public schools are advised not to read the chapter on 'Aristocrats, Democrats and Bureaucrats' if they are given to violent emotional reaction; the chapter on 'Patriotism in Education' might be equally dangerous to those who uphold our righteousness in the Boer War.

'Simplicity is a merit in a slogan but not in a philosophy', says the author, but the degree of possible simplicity should be dictated by its subject-matter; when every branch of the traditional western tree is lopped off at the rate of about a branch a chapter, there is a danger of over-simplification. The author seems to be prone to the disposal of very difficult and profound questions of human culture by the utterance of half-truths in a sub-acid and semi-facetious manner—one of the few legacies of Shaw to Bloomsbury. However, the book is at least free from that type of rhetoric of which the author gives an amusing example when imagining the emotional method of inculcating that two and two make four.

The very title of the second book suggests a difference of approach, and there is a certain emotionality and looseness of construction which renders Bertrand Russell very Gallic by comparison. The ingredients of which this plea for the children is compounded include the dream-world of Rousseau, the findings of Freud, and the prelogical world of the Child and the Primitive as described by Piaget and Levy Bruhl. In addition there are many instances and descriptions of the effects upon children of step-parents, adoption, schooling, and mis-management generally. The author says: '... it is conceivable that primitive stocks have a better understanding of their children than we have of ours, for the adult savage remains a child his whole life long'. This may be over-simplification, but there is truth and refreshing wisdom in the following statement: 'whenever and wherever human beings have really had a culture, child nature could grow harmoniously into adult nature, for the reason that true culture invariably contains child-like elements'. The author's moral is that we should learn from children instead of trying to teach them, and be happy by becoming like them. The trouble is that our culture is childish and not child-like.

There is an implied belief in this book, as in the other, that humanity can free itself of punishment, cruelty, and every other ill which the race is heir to, if it will choose to eat the fruits of wisdom of Rousseau and Freud, of Marx and Lenin. It is difficult, however, to reconcile the paradise of Rousseau with the tangled thickets of Freud, while the new social order looks as though it would make it difficult to achieve any sort of freedom.

The moral of both books might be said to be that of Bo-peep—at least it is a moral which might appeal to the reader, if not intended equally by both authors.

C. L. C. BURNS

A Major Critic

Selected Essays. By T. S. Eliot. Faber. 12s. 6d.

THERE ARE many people who, when asked their opinion of Mr. Eliot's poetry, profess themselves baffled, and then hasten to take refuge in a declaration that they admire his criticism. This is, to say the least of it, odd, because the same mind, the same sensibility, are so patently working in both: if you really understand one, you will not be baffled by the other, and Mr. Eliot's criticism is at least as bold, as drastic, as his poetry. But, such questions apart, it is likely that if Mr. Eliot were not a poet he would not be the critic that he is; his criticism is so sure because he has handled the stuff himself; he is a workman discussing his craft, thus he knows what he is talking about, and what is more, he knows when he is not talking about the subject. He is indeed that surprisingly rare thing, a literary critic. There are very few who do not come to talk about their own emotions (for some reason this is called 'creative criticism') or display their own personality, or again, leap over the bounds of literature into the realms of morals, metaphysics, or religion. For Mr. Eliot the first business of the critic is to subdue his own personality, so as to be free to discover general principles in the art he is discussing, and further, for him, 'the function of criticism seems to be essentially a problem of order'. But no one knows better than he does that literature cannot exist in the air; it is connected with life, and man's other intellectual and imaginative activities. The difficulty is to know where, in literary criticism, to stop, and for the most part Mr. Eliot prefers 'to halt at the frontier of metaphysics'. Poetry, he has said, 'certainly has something to do with morals, and with religion, and even with politics, perhaps, though we cannot say what. . . . The best that we can hope to do is to agree upon a point at which to start'. That was, in part, the subject of *The Sacred Wood*, as it is, in part, of this.

Thus Mr. Eliot discusses literature, and, except where he definitely departs from it, literature alone, but with a full realisation of what it implies, so that to follow his criticism, and to test it, you have to bring not only your feelings towards literature, but also your experience of life. For, in common with all first-rate criticism, Mr. Eliot's leads you to discover things about yourself as well as about other people. And again, in common with all criticism which means anything, which leads anywhere, the discussions, the fascinating comparisons, the pointing out of certain aspects and effects, end in some admirable generalisation, sometimes even startling, but which will stand the test of knowledge. Mr. Eliot, though detached, is never aloof; feeling in his bones as he does the importance of literature, he could not be the latter; thus, though he makes us also detached, he kindles, or increases in us, the warmth of our love for the poems or prose works he discusses. His range is extraordinarily varied, from an abstract discussion of criticism to Marie Lloyd, from the metaphysical poets to Wilkie Collins, from Marlowe to Charles Whibley, while one section—the book is divided into seven sections according to subject—is devoted to his beautifully lucid introduction to Dante.

For me, at least, the first five sections, which are pure literary criticism, provide unadulterated delight. In prose which is a masterly example of the expository style, never appealing to the emotions alone, never falling to seduce with meretricious graces, always concentrated on his purpose, he opens up and solves literary questions with a result it is hard to oppose; and not a sentence but does some necessary work. No doubt you have to share, as most of us do nowadays, his views as to the weakness of the romantics, and the strength of, say, Dryden; but then, having followed his argument, so suave as hardly to seem an argument, his exposition, so cunningly illustrated by extracts, you will arrive at his *obiter dicta* with enormous pleasure. These sections contain the most valuable contributions to criticism of our day. The sixth, to which perhaps the essays on humanism in the last should be garnered, appears somewhat strangely in this collection. What, we ask, is *Thoughts After Lambeth* doing in this gallery? Literature is not the subject, and Mr. Eliot allows his prejudices to appear; it is, for instance, something foreign to his almost invariable good manners to refer to Hobbes as 'one of those extraordinary little upstarts', as he does in his essay on John Bramhall, whom even Mr. Eliot cannot persuade us to be interesting from the literary point of view, however important he may be in the history of the Church. Now and again the Mr. Eliot who is so scrupulous to support his opinion in literary matters gives us a view sustained by nothing but his desires, or his religious beliefs. Not that we would wish Mr. Eliot to deny himself the expression of these in his criticism, but they should be fused, in a critical essay, with his literary beliefs and scales of value. This is, no doubt, a business of extreme difficulty, but that Mr. Eliot can overcome the difficulty he makes triumphantly plain in his essays on Baudelaire, and on Arnold and Pater. It is, nevertheless, a pity that he should have treated Pater purely from the moral point of view, however much he may lend himself to it:

and though Pater may have lacked the religious sense and the religious intellect (if there is such a separate thing), he had a keen critical perception in many directions, and made some extremely valuable general observations: it is curious that Mr. Eliot should not have raised similar issues when discussing Dryden. The truth is that in his later work Mr. Eliot is departing a little from his previous restriction of not overstepping into the realm of metaphysics; he is, of course, at liberty to do so, and he knows when he is doing it, but the ground is not so sure, and we could wish that instead of *After Lambeth* he had given us his essay on George Herbert and the preface to Johnson's poems, both of which contain purely literary matter of the first order. But though we may here and there cavil at Mr. Eliot, here is a book written with a profundity of knowledge, sensibility, and intellect, in a style which is (with rare exceptions) free from querulousness, and combines the virtues of urbanity, clarity, strength, and, not the least, of humour.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

An Oxford Gossip

Life and Times of Anthony à Wood
Edited by Llewelyn Powys. Wishart. 15s.

IT IS NOT EASY to explain precisely the peculiar fascination of such information as this: 'Aug. 14, 1657, Mrs. Read of Ipston departed this life, who three weeks before her death was taken with a fit of vomiting and vomited a live spider. Her name was Acton before she married'. It certainly has no literary value; nothing that Anthony à Wood wrote has. Historically, genealogically, medically, morally, it is of no importance, and yet it stirs our curiosity and troubles, perhaps, the surface of our emotions. We shall never know who Mrs. Read of Ipston was, or who the Actons were; nor is it very likely that a live spider was the cause of her death. On the other hand, it is interesting to know the exact date of her death. For the fact that she died, and the fact that she died on a day and in a month when we, equally well, might die, bring her out of her obscure past into our living present. The same may be said of many other *faits divers*, which Wood entered in his diaries, and from which Mr. Llewelyn Powys has now made a pleasing selection. Such periodical entries as: 'Clean Sheets', and 'for mending my stockings, 6d.', are about as insignificant in the history of the human race as anything could be, and yet, in a sense, they make up a part of its history. It is even, perhaps, a consolation to know that sheets had to be washed, though less frequently, and stockings darned, though less finely, two hundred and fifty years ago. At any rate, it makes it a little easier to imagine the continuity of the trivial round and common tasks of existence; and though some people may be appalled by the thought that stockings have had to be darned from time immemorial, others, maybe, as they darn and give to darn, will feel that this inconspicuous labour, with centuries of similar achievement behind it, does add something to the sum of human endeavour.

Such are the contributions of all diary-keepers. They let us into the secrets of their lives and we find that their lives are, in many respects, not unlike our own. We know almost as much about Wood as we do about his greater contemporary, Pepys. We know how he ordered his life, what he eat, and how he slept, what medicines he took, and how much he drank; and we gradually learn what a peevish and disagreeable fellow he was. He quarrelled with everyone, even those who tried to help him, and would utter the most venomous and unjustified remarks at the least provocation. '4th. April. Sent a large letter and queries to Dr. Richard Keurden . . . No answer—a beast!' and then this grudging postscript: 'Afterwards I received something'. Indeed there were times when he received a good deal more than he deserved. He was grossly unfair to his patron, the celebrated Dr. John Fell, without whose help he would not have found a publisher for his writings. And he spoke of John Aubrey, to whose curious researches he was deeply indebted, as 'a pretender to antiquities, a shiftless person, roving and maggotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed'. In short, he belongs to the great company of the misunderstood, to those who, by some twist in their natures, are constitutionally unable to command sympathy. To his anti-social habits, however, we owe his immense volumes on the history and antiquities of Oxford, where he spent the whole of his life. Retired from the world in his 'cockloft' in Merton College, or in some twilight room at the Bodleian, he amassed, indefatigably, and with singularly little discrimination, every fact he could lay hands on.

From his autobiography and almanacks, Mr. Powys has selected well and wisely, using, as a foundation, Clark's authoritative edition. He has chosen passages that bear witness to contemporary history and local gossip, to private quarrels and strange phenomena, old superstitions and new scandals. This is an extremely readable book; it is also the most entertaining account of University affairs in the seventeenth century that has ever been written.

JOHN HAYWARD

Humanism and Theism

The Testament of Light: An Anthology
Collected by Gerald Bullett. Dent. 5s.

The Golden Sequence. By Evelyn Underhill
Methuen. 5s.

THESE TWO volumes belong together. Both are concerned with personal religion and both are first class, each in its own kind. But the difference in the approach of the two writers is significant of the real cleavage in the religious thought of the twentieth century. Mr. Gerald Bullett describes his collection as 'an anthology of the religious spirit, a collection of utterances testifying to the "divinity" in man, the inwardness of authority, the redemptive power of that love (within us, not elsewhere) "whose service is perfect freedom"'. His choice has been admirably made. No anthology can escape criticism from those who regret the exclusion of one passage or deplore the inclusion of another. It all depends on the principle of selection and the readers for whom it is intended. This was made, it seems, primarily for the author's own sustenance and delight, to support and sustain his philosophy of life. But he has done well to make it public. The range of writers quoted is catholic—it runs from Rabelais and H. G. Wells to Donne, Traherne, Ruysbroeck and Boehme—and the extracts cohere well together to form a whole and continuous presentation. The notes are economical and illuminating, and the authors' names are reserved for the index, so that each piece claims attention by its own merits. Altogether it is done admirably, and no one could use it meditatively and quietly without being purified and strengthened.

But certain questions inevitably suggest themselves. This is 'an anthology of the religious spirit'. But Mr. Bullett's conception of religion is certainly not what has hitherto been meant by it. The passages are admittedly chosen to support his own interpretation of what the religious spirit implies; and oddly enough the conclusion to which they point is one which many of the writers quoted would have emphatically repudiated. Thus, for example, he explains in the notes that two collects from the English Prayer Book, and even some of the sayings of Jesus, 'admit very readily of a humanist interpretation'. And by 'humanist' he means that philosophy which regards man's spiritual life as self-sufficient and self-sustaining, without reference to the supernatural. ('That nobler part of our common humanity which is called, variously, God, Christ, the Inner Light, and so on'.) Now whether or not we accept this philosophy it is quite certainly not the idea of religion which the Bible or the Prayer Book contemplate. This purely immanent religion—whether we think it is adequate or not—is at least something exceedingly different from religion as it has been understood by most of the classical religious writers. For them, religion means the worship of God. For the humanist, religion means the cultivation of certain states of consciousness. Mr. Bullett, on the whole, represents this later conception of religion which may fairly be called religion without God.

It is true, I think, that this is what religion means to an increasing number of our contemporaries. But is such a position ultimately satisfying? Miss Evelyn Underhill's latest volume might have been designed as a commentary on the standpoint represented by Mr. Bullett. Her book is a study of spiritual life based on the so-called Golden Legend—the great hymn *Veni Sancte Spiritus*; and she says that the word *Come* 'marks the line of cleavage between natural and supernatural theology'. Her book is a defence of the latter, from a very liberal, orthodox standpoint. This is no plea for the crude supernaturalism which is now fully discredited. This is empirical rather than dogmatic, and proceeds from an examination of what the 'religious spirit' really involves. She concludes that only Christian theology can do justice to the two elements which seem to be constant in most religious experience—the sense of immanent Spirit in the universe in which the finite spirit is grounded, and the sense of personal relation to it and of visitations and 'invasions' from it. There follows an enlightening discussion of the stages in spiritual advance by which men are made (in the Biblical phrase) 'partakers of the divine nature'.

Miss Underhill's writing is too widely valued to need commendation from me. It would be impertinence to offer it. She has a great gift for writing understandably about the mysteries of the life of spirit, and this study increases our debt to her. All her writing is, in one respect, an interpretation of Von Hügel; but her pen drives less heavily than the Baron's. All that she says is lit with true insight and relieved by a subdued humour: as when she describes those 'spiritual values' so fashionable in the jargon of philosophy as being 'as elusive as vitamins and equally essential to life'. Parts of the book may be slightly 'above the head' of our more pedestrian religious consciousness: but what is the use of reading a book that isn't?

F. R. BARRY

Artists in Letters

Ten Letter-Writers. By Lyn Ll. Irvine
Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d.

MISS IRVINE opens her book with some disputable distinctions. 'Literature on the whole', she says, 'is undated, but letters are firmly set in time and space, their background is definitely and even narrowly geographical and historical. As we read essays or novels we may keep in our minds their century and period, but more as an attribute than as an integral part. . . .

But she hurries us forward into such varied and refreshing country, and proceeds to survey it, to botanise in it, to sketch in it, so engagingly and with such nice perception, that we have neither space nor inclination to quarrel over her way of opening the gate. Where does it lead? To the England of Dorothy Osborne, Swift, Walpole, Cowper, Lady Bessborough, Charles Lamb and Mrs. Carlyle; to the France of Mesdames de Sévigné and du Deffand, and of Prosper Mérimée. The confines, then, are fairly narrow, viewed from the standpoint of 'literature on the whole'; and the femininity (not in physical sex only) is fairly conspicuous. But Miss Irvine can show good reason for regarding the period of time covered by her ten picked names as essentially the age of letter-writing. In both countries it could show a leisured and agreeable society, the main activities of which were open for women to partake in; the purveying of news and comment upon public affairs had not been systematically commercialised to any important extent. People had passed beyond the matter-of-fact, highly practical style of letter-writing which one sees in the Paston letters, and had also moved out of that Chinese proliferation of flattery and compliment which, at the close of the sixteenth century, Montaigne had deplored: 'Life, Soul, Devotion, Worship, Slave, Servant—all these words are in such common circulation that when men wish sincerely to profess a more positive and respectful feeling, they have no more words to express it'. In fact, a mood had been attained; and successful letter-writing is largely a question of mood. Montaigne, indeed, although he does not fall within the bounds of Miss Irvine's survey, may be said to have anticipated something of all this, for he observed from his own experience that those letters which cost him most trouble were the most worthless: 'When they begin to drag, it is a sign that my heart is not in them. I usually begin without any plan; the first word begets the second. . . .

One of the chief difficulties in making critical assessment of letter-writing is, of course, that with very few exceptions, we can catch only one side of the conversation, see only one side of the stage. Letters are plentiful, correspondences are rare. So far as enjoyment goes, this is no great matter; often enough, probably, we are spared a disillusionment by having only one side before us. In one's own experience, it is rare to find such equality of merit as would present to an outside reader an even moderately satisfying 'run' of letters. But this deficiency in available material makes it a ticklish business to probe the forces and stimuli that come into play to make the stuff and substance of good letter-writing. Miss Irvine, however, in her introductory chapters (too short, if anything), has some acute observations to make on this and kindred themes. She notes, for instance, that with few exceptions, 'the more masculine the character of the letter-writer, the less distinct as a rule his genius for letter-writing'. Those 'few exceptions', as a matter of fact, are not allowed quite enough place in Miss Irvine's study—to name only obvious instances, Byron and Scott (the latter especially) would have enriched her field considerably. But certainly this comment is justified by the examples of Horace Walpole, Cowper, and Lamb. And she has interesting things to say of how the lesser creative and imaginative powers of women, their narrower scope, their tendency to be practical, adaptable, unspiritual and unpurposive, count to their advantage when they sit down (often, curiously enough, at an impractical, unadaptable, unpurposive *escritoire*) to make their own 'excursions in imagination', to find their own ways of 'escaping from the present and the physical and the "little things" that are always threatening to eat them up'.

Too little space remains to do justice to the separate essays in which Miss Irvine, with almost excessive economy, sketches her ten exemplars. They are erudite, comprehensive, entertaining, and, in the best sense of the word, ingenious. The thread running through the separate essays makes it difficult, perhaps unfair, to pick out one or another for special praise; but even on such well-known figures as Walpole and Madame de Sévigné she writes with freshness and spirit, and the paper on the much less familiar Mérimée (it is fascinating to learn that the love-letters of Eugénie de Montijo to Louis Napoleon may well have come from his accessible pen) will probably send many readers to explore for themselves. A list of readily accessible editions of the letters under survey would have been a more useful addition to the book than its somewhat detailed index.

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The Country Gentleman

Evening Memories. By Sir Herbert Maxwell
MacLehose. 16s.

FEW THINGS are pleasanter after men have reached a certain stage in life than to look back and meditate upon their past, unless the past has brought with it more pain than happiness. And, fortunately for most of us, we are like Sir Herbert when he tells us that he had no recollection of rain and storm, though in Galloway he must have had plenty of experience of both: the storms of life for him, as for most of us, seem blotted out by the brighter experiences. This is a charming book by one to whom life has brought much that is interesting and agreeable along with the ordinary number of troubles. Sir Herbert inherited a title and large estates, but not till he was over thirty. He idled as a boy at Eton, was happy but rather idle also at Albury, where, under the Percy roof, he was coached; for he was, like the Percys, brought up as what is popularly called an Irvingite, though he afterwards felt himself compelled to leave the communion of the Catholic Apostolic Church. He failed for matriculation at Christ Church, Oxford, on the first attempt, and when he did succeed, according to his own account, he 'slacked'. When he came of age, despite this unpromising beginning, his prospects were materially bright, for agriculture in the 'sixties was booming; rents were high and social life for the country gentleman delightful. But the month of discipline during militia training was, after all, Herbert Maxwell's month of bliss, and this taught a lesson. For the young man was the spoilt child of fortune, and by all the forecasts he ought to have turned out badly. He got the offer of a post as military secretary to the Governor of South Australia which he longed to accept, but the 'Angel' of the church to which he belonged advised against it on the ground that he was leaving home duties. He married and lived more or less for sport near the family home, an uneventful, placid but one would say, useless existence till his father's death. Then he inherited his property, spent recklessly on it, for the time of agricultural prosperity had passed, and he ought to have economised, and, wholly unprepared for the responsibility, he went into Parliament, being elected member for his county.

After that time the young baronet found his feet in a quite astonishing way. He interested himself in politics and finally became a popular Conservative Whip. This brought him into the thick of political life, and he was pressed to accept a Governorship, though he did not feel that this would be a wise step. He never received office in the Conservative Government, which he felt with some reason he had the right to expect. What he did do was to take to literature and that with great effect. He edited with considerable political knowledge the *Creevy papers*, and wrote articles galore on rural subjects. His *Memories of the Months* are amongst the most popular of this delightful form of literature, and the strange thing is, considering the writer's early education or lack of it, that not only is his style attractive, but it is full of classical allusions such as betray the author to be a man of learning.

This honest and honourable man gives a summary of his mistakes at the end of his volume. He records all these many mistakes without blaming, as most men do, the unfair circumstances that caused them to make the mistakes. 'No word of extenuation can he find for the waste of priceless, irrevocable years', he says. And yet he was the product of the social customs of his day and country which prescribes that eldest sons and heirs to property and title have the dice weighted against them by having nothing to struggle for, and being in great measure in their parents' pockets. But though his religion—a very real one so far as it went—did not help him, nor the advice of his elders, there was an unseen influence that did help and that was the tradition of an honourable family. He woke to what that tradition and its implications meant, and he resolved to live up to them. In this way he is an example to be followed as long as the same conditions exist, as they do exist even in a shattered world, though that they may not do so for long may well be true. Sir Herbert Maxwell became an authority on rural matters, an accurate and beautiful painter of natural objects, and in fact a country gentleman of the type one would hope will never entirely disappear. His very honesty in depicting his own life is a proof of his being a gentleman in the old sense of the word, and the record of an honest life like his is worth many self-laudatory memoirs. Those who read it will read of many contacts with public men, and none very profound, for a Whip has to be agreeable to all, and if possible, rude to none. But Sir Herbert Maxwell has been much more than a successful Whip. He is a man who has made the world a happier place for many of his fellows.

ELIZABETH HALDANE

Town-Planning

Recent Advances in Town-Planning
By Thomas Adams. J. & A. Churchill. 25s.

NO ONE TO-DAY can afford to be ignorant of what that clumsy word Town-Planning means. The landowner, whether of a thousand acres or of a quarter-acre plot; the builder or owner of a house; the shopkeeper; the business man; the manufacturer—all are affected at some time or other by this mysterious power of the State or of the community to interfere with the freedom of the individual to do what he likes with his own, and to impose upon the same individual certain external requirements which may seem vexatious and even unnecessary. To take a simple example: everyone knows that road traffic may be a serious nuisance to a house; it therefore behoves a person who proposes to build or buy a house to find out from the town plan whether the road on to which the house faces is going to be a main traffic route, and whether a slice is to be taken off his front garden! Or again, if you buy a piece of land thinking that it will be a good investment as a shop site, it is as well to know whether you will be permitted to build a shop there or not. Nevertheless, the restrictions and needs of town-planning are on the whole much more of a safeguard than a detriment to the individual; they prevent that sudden and capricious change which is always so disturbing and often disastrous.

A book, therefore, in which the objects and scope of town-planning are clearly described and the powers for achieving those objects are clearly set forth, is one that must be extremely valuable to the normal citizen who is not an expert in this direction. Mr. Adams' admirable volume, *Recent Advances in Town-Planning*, is not perhaps the precise work of popular exposition of which there is indeed a lack, as it is rather more technical than a good many people can grasp; but it comes very near to this. It is written from the fullness of mind of a great practitioner in Town-Planning; one whose experience has been gained in New York and Canada as well as in this country, and it is consequently rich in actual examples and in the explanation of technical difficulties. It is in fact the very opposite of a theoretical treatise—it is rich and full-blooded rather than dry and didactic. So that anyone who is prepared to give some time and thought to the subject and who can understand a plan, would find this volume invaluable. The illustrations themselves bear out the distinction that has been between the experience of a practitioner and the treatise of a theoretician; there is much besides the diagram and the street plan; there are some splendid imaginative drawings, showing the future and possibilities of our cities; and there are many well chosen and attractive photographs to explain and enliven the text. There is no attempt at a historical introduction to the subject—the book's title precludes this—but there are an excellent introductory section and first chapter, which link up modern practice with the past and show how our present problems are in many cases a legacy from the past, and what attempts have been made from time to time to solve them. Perhaps the most useful purpose which the subsequent chapters will have for the plain man is the elucidation of certain town-planning terms which in themselves practically contain the essence of the subject: such terms as zoning, development plan, town-planning scheme, regional plan, reservation, parkway, and many more have been given a precise and in some cases a statutory meaning which Mr. Adams' book clearly expounds. To many the most useful section (in which the hand of Mr. Adams' partner, Mr. Longstreth Thompson is visible) will be that on site-planning or the cutting up of property for individual buildings; to others the suggestive chapters on the future of transportation by water, rail and air, and that on 'Tendencies in Public Opinion,' with the corollary on 'Law and Practice,' will prove the most stimulating reading. Though the book was written before the Town and Country Planning Act was passed this year, and can therefore not be taken as a guide to that much discussed and somewhat mauled piece of legislation, it covers the general ground, including a chapter on the preservation of country amenities; a brief explanation of the new Act (which is certain to be available shortly) will supplement in legal detail the broad outlines which Mr. Adams so graphically colours in.

PATRICK ABERCROMBIE

A revised and enlarged edition has been issued of Sir Montagu Sharpe's *Middlesex in British, Roman and Saxon Times* (Methuen, 15s.), which was first published in 1919. The chief alterations are in the eleventh chapter, where the evidence for the continuance of the Roman agricultural system during the Saxon occupation of the Middlesex province is elaborated in the light of recent research. The illustrations also are strengthened with additional diagrammatic material.

Britain's Golden Age

An Economic History of Modern Britain
Vol. II, 1850-1886. By J. H. Clapham
Cambridge University Press. 25s.

IN THIS second volume of his encyclopædic survey of the past century of our economic life, Professor Clapham has to deal with a period comparatively barren of specialist monographs by other modern economic historians. Hitherto the earlier stages of the 'Industrial Revolution' down to 1850, marked by the outstanding changes in the textile trades, have monopolised attention. But the abolition of the Corn Laws, the rapid building of railways in the 'forties, and the liquidation of the Chartist movement, may be taken as marking the end of this experimental period; and the next thirty-five or forty years comprise an outburst of national prosperity and industrial expansion which placed Britain in a position in relation to the rest of the world comparable with that which the U.S.A. in our own time enjoyed for the ten years or so prior to the recent trade slump. From 1845 to 1875 Britain was 'the workshop of the world', maintaining a supremacy founded, as the sub-title to Professor Clapham's volume *Free Trade and Steel* indicates, upon her free trade system and upon the rapid expansion of her engineering and metallurgical industries.

Yet though she was, compared to any other country, already highly industrialised, during this period a balance was still kept between industry and agriculture, which in 1851 formed the largest occupational group and for twenty years continued to share in the prosperity of industry. Both the home market and the world market were equally the preserve of the British producer during this 'golden age'. Consequently it is hardly to be wondered at that *laissez faire* should predominate in the social philosophy of the time. 'Behind the standard thought of the third quarter of the nineteenth century,' says Professor Clapham, 'lay mechanical conceptions of the industrial world. It was a concourse of competing and clashing atoms. The law ought to equalise opportunity for atoms; no more'. The belief that progress was automatic, and that British supremacy was a divine dispensation to the world, took their roots in this brief twenty-five years, and continued to inspire the rest of the century.

But the tail-end of the period covered by Professor Clapham's book includes the beginning of the 'Great Depression' which was to show that all was *not* right with British trade and industry. In the 'seventies began that combination of bad harvests and low prices which proved the undoing of British high farming. In the 'seventies world trade began to languish under the reaction from costly wars, revived nationalism, and tariffs; and this halting of world trade hit British exports hard, and intensified foreign competition in fields we had hitherto considered our own. In 1885, as in 1851, Britain 'indisputably still led the world's industrial motion', through her immense accumulations of mechanical productive power, especially in cotton, coal, engineering and shipbuilding. But there were signs of coming change in the curious frequency of the adoption of American machinery, and in the chemical knowledge which Germany was learning to harness to the service of her metallurgical progress.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Professor Clapham's second volume is the lengthy chapter in which he discusses 'Life and Labour in Industrial Britain'. The golden age of British industrialism was also an age of rapidly increasing population—births exceeded deaths by 400,000 a year on the average. But this growing population was becoming more and more concentrated into towns, where problems of health grew increasingly urgent. Luckily such improvements in local administration, such advances in sanitary reform, took place, that the death-rate steadily fell, and the English town—unlovely as it may seem now to us in retrospect—was healthier than any other in the Old World. The working day of the ordinary wage-earner began to fall from the 'fifties onwards, fifty-four hours gradually replacing sixty-three as the standard working week. With greater leisure went better wages: 'the man who had remained (from 1851 to 1887) in the station of life in which he was born, had, on the average, lived to see a rise in his weekly or hourly rate of pay of something like 30 per cent'. True, out of his higher wages he might have to pay more in rent, but to counterbalance this, prices of commodities generally were lower. On the other hand, the 'invisible income' which the modern wage-earner draws from the social services supplied by the State, was unknown: its place was taken by the voluntary organisation of thrift, by co-operation, by benefits supplied through trade-union action.

Taken all in all the period has its glamour for us. Poverty, ill-health, social discord there may have been; but there was also, as Professor Clapham abundantly shows in his description, an exuberance of vitality, a sense of community achievement, which we may to-day legitimately envy. Many opportunities were certainly lost; but it was something to be in the van of the world's progress, to be setting the pace and raising the standards for coming generations.

An Apostle of Federalism

Years of Destiny. By J. Coatman. Cape. 10s. 6d.
The Indian Riddle. By J. Coatman. Toulmin. 2s. 6d.

'THE DIFFICULTY of studying Indian questions', an eminent man of letters lately remarked to me, 'is that there is so much to read and that it is all written so subjectively. What the layman wants to know is that book A is sound except upon such-and-such matters, where the eminent author's judgment is hardly impartial; that book B represents the Services' standpoint; that the author of book C is a man with a grievance'. The complaint is not without justification. It is, I am afraid, a fact that many books on India are written by people whose spectacles are made of looking-glasses, which serve to reflect the doubtless admirable, if not necessarily impartial, outlook of the authors. Unfortunately, a purely objective presentation of the situation in India is not easy to achieve; and, if achieved at all, might be dull reading.

I am not certain that Professor Coatman has attempted to achieve it; at any rate, dullness is the last thing that can be urged against these two books. The author buckles on his armour; draws his sword; steps boldly into the mêlée; and takes sides with zest. His enthusiasm for the Federal ideal dominates all his thought; and while he does not conceal from us the difficulties which he perceives (I do not think he sees them all), his faith carries him triumphantly onwards. But we are, every one of us, either Greek or Trojan at heart; and, as other professors have found, it is not easy to defend Ockham without condemning Duns Scotus. Professor Coatman's championship of Lord Irwin causes him to assign to his hero the lion's share of the credit for everything good that has happened; as in a passage on page 257 of the longer book—though this seems to be contradicted on page 291—which suggests that even the project of the Round Table Conference originated with Lord Irwin. It was, in point of fact, put forward by Sir John Simon in his letter of October 16, 1929, to the Prime Minister. This would be a small point if it stood alone; but the attitude it illustrates is characteristic of the author's treatment of the period he covers. Moreover, Professor Coatman's laudable zeal for Federation as a solution of the present discontents of British India, with which he is almost exclusively concerned, tends to throw the balance of his picture somewhat awry. His concentration upon British India, to the exclusion of the other partners to the future Federation, the British Crown and the Indian States, is responsible for a certain lack of clear thinking. On the States' side, for example, the author does not realise that the project of a Confederation is no attempt to balk Federation, but a method of overcoming certain difficulties which hinder its realisation. Again, on the Crown's side, Professor Coatman appears to assume that the new Federal Government must inevitably step into the place, and discharge the functions, of the present Government of India. But this is not the case. The Federal Government will be limited to the functions assigned to it by the sovereign authorities creating it—namely, the Crown and the Indian States; the Crown will continue in charge of defence, foreign relations, relations with the States, and emergency powers. To speak of these Crown functions solely as temporary restrictions upon the autonomy of the Federal Government is misleading. For it is a fundamental of the constitutional relationship between the Crown and the States that the Crown should in effect perform these duties. The Crown must therefore remain, so long as this constitutional relationship endures, as an effective, and not merely as a nominal, partner in the new governance of India. This fact must be borne in mind by readers of these two books, for it does not appear in them, though it is vital.

If, as I hope, another printing of the larger book is called for—the interest of the smaller book is slighter and the value of its positive proposals somewhat affected by the success of the recent Communal Decision—it would be no bad thing carefully to check the accuracy of the narrative. There is need of this. For example, the invasion of Nadir Shah took place in 1739—not 'in the latter half of the eighteenth century' (page 29); nor was it 'the last of the great historic invasions'. Again, the first Lord Elgin was not Viceroy until March, 1862, while the Indian Councils Act was passed in 1861—a brutal fact which murders the beautiful theory on page 42. Further, the account on page 345 of the recent Kashmir troubles needs correction: the resignation (not dismissal) of the British member of the Cabinet (not Prime Minister) was the sequel to, not the cause of, the first disorders. And when the author refers on page 344 to Sir Henry Lawrence, does he not mean Sir Walter Lawrence? I do not wish to multiply instances, but it is really worth while correcting such slips. Errors discovered in those portions of a narrative which can easily be verified by the reader tend to weaken his confidence in the author's account of less familiar events. Such a result would be unfair to Professor Coatman, whose candour and enthusiasm are beyond doubt.

L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS

Picture of South America

South America. By Kasimir Edschmid
Thornton Butterworth. 21s.

IT MAY BE a rash statement, but I believe *South America* to be the biggest comprehensive book on South America yet written—from the standpoint of the European layman. Herr Edschmid—he calls himself 'Goehrs' so as to avoid the irritating 'I'—took a journey through South America. It was a purely civilised tour, for he loathes the so-called expeditions of sensation-mongers as whole-heartedly as he enjoys the atmosphere of this strange collection of veiledly hostile lands. Each country that he visited yielded a rich crop of acquaintances who, in admirably controlled prose, lit up the problems of the continent like a flare. Venezuela with her elderly tyrant, Gomez, Peru with Leguía, Argentina with Irigoyen, Bolivia with the queer, heroic old figure of the German general Kundt—to all of these settings 'Goehrs' contributes a commentary that is balanced, sane, extremely vivid and often brilliant. His style is unusual, and this is the chief value of the book for Europeans. In Lord Bryce's volume it is almost impossible for the foreigner to appreciate the mighty symphony of colour which decorates the land; and not only decorates but dictates its politics and outlook; is, in fact, its essence. 'Goehrs', in his quickly-moving rich narrative of 400 pages (it is written in the form of a novel) brings the entire sweep of South America to the mind.

Quite rightly he is exercised on the matter of Yankee dominance in the South. In the subsidised State of Panama he witnessed the United States' aeroplanes and gun-emplacements; and the sight influenced the whole of the rest of his tour. He was always asking himself: 'Will the North enthral the South by means of the terrific stream of capital that pours yearly into the land?' After watching the cheerful indolence of the natives flung into passionate resentment when each little country was threatened, he came to the conclusion that the Yankees were over-optimistic. He is, I think, accurate. There is no doubt whatever that the United States dream of a domestic backyard in South America; no doubt that they long for sovereignty. But they fail to appreciate the outlook of the inhabitants. Anyone would accept capital if it were poured into his lap. Yet it is quite another thing to expect that South Americans will hand over their independence for a bribe. They are fond of money, it is true, but the memory of the Fifteen Years War, when Simón Bolívar threw off the yoke of Spain, is too much a national monument and instinct to be bought by strangers. When the moment comes for the redemption of their capital the United States will recognise this fact. Already a shadow has been cast in Chile.

In a review of this length it is impossible to do more than indicate the grandeur of the picture. It is delightfully drawn, full of wit, shrewd observation and atmosphere. Anyone who is interested in South America (and the number is growing daily) should possess this book. In particular I recommend it to the English business man, who will see why it is essential to print his South American circulars in Spanish. It shows, too, what every intelligent man should know instinctively, that the term 'dago' is a reflection on the brain of the user rather than on the South American.

The translation from the German has been admirably done by Mr. Oakley Williams.

JULIAN DUGUID

Weatherwise

Be Your Own Weather Prophet. By E. S. Player
Cassell. 3s. 6d.

A RECENT LETTER in the *Radio Times* urged that the brief meteorological details accompanying the weather forecasts should be omitted from the B.B.C. bulletins, on the pretext that constant repetition of certain words and phrases ('Iceland', 'Azores', and 'barometric pressure' were instanced) might tend to have a soporific effect on the listener. One good and sufficient reason for retaining the feature thus criticised is, of course, that to anybody who has taken the trouble to inform himself on the rudiments of weather science the prefatory statement is useful in applying the unavoidable generalisations of the forecasts to his own locality. Mr. Player's book is written with the object of providing this meteorological groundwork, and of explaining how 'the man in the street', to whom the volume is dedicated, may become weatherwise if he will. The author has an infectious enthusiasm for what Ruskin called 'the science of the pure air and the bright heaven'; he sets forth lucidly and with engaging simplicity of style the fundamentals of forecasting as practised in England. One feels that the occasional lapses into sheer slang are part of a scheme to popularise the subject, though such words as 'snag' and 'crook' make queer bedfellows for technical

terms like 'isobar' and 'col'. Mr. Player has enlisted the aid of the Meteorological Office, and the beautiful frontispiece, as well as most of the twenty diagrams and maps in his book, are from publications of that department. In return, he assumes the role of apologist for the official prophets, telling us how it comes about that, for all their skill, they are so often snared into delivering predictions more honoured in the breach than the observance.

We are also instructed in the art of foretelling weather as the fisherman does (or used to do before the advent of broadcasting)—without charts or instruments. This section of the book is not quite so successful. We find no mention of such trustworthy sky-signs as the 'turret cloud' (*alto-cumulus castellatus*), which so often gives even the official forecasters the first hint of impending thunder hours in advance. Mr. Player is optimistic when he asserts that the human body will serve as an excellent substitute for a thermometer: what our senses register for us is not so much absolute heat or cold as a complex of temperature, humidity and wind-speed. Due warning is given against placing overmuch confidence in 'long-shot' forecasts; but in condemning these wholesale, and in maintaining that the day-to-day predictions of a well-known twopenny almanac, published a year ahead, are 'just as good', our mentor goes a little too far. Minor blemishes are the mis-spelling of Professor Bjerknes' name as 'Bjorknes', and the description of his method of analysing weather charts as the 'polar front theory'—a dignity to which this Norwegian system cannot yet be said to have attained.

E. L. HAWKE

Scrutiny of the Law

English Justice. By 'Solicitor'. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

A CLOSE CONNEXION between the law and kindness should be a mark of a civilised community. Such a relationship was achieved at Athens. And when the Englishman is debating his national qualities he tends, if he is worsted in the early stages, to fall back into what he has long fancied an impregnable position and to eulogise his country's law. 'Ah, there is much in your strictures upon our character. But our sense of justice and our legal system—how fair, how merciful, how incorruptible! These tactics have often worked. For long, and for far too long, such a self-complacent attitude has been considered beyond criticism. Lawyers have known better. But now neither lawyer nor layman need be under any delusions. *English Justice* will open widely all eyes that read it. 'Solicitor' states that the descriptive sections at least are not intended for the lawyer. The layman can learn much from reading the second and third divisions of the chapter on penal law which contain admirably clear descriptions of our procedure and courts. The remainder of the book is suitable for either type of reader. The lawyer will be entertained and the layman both informed and entertained.

The Justice of the Peace is severely indicted. He is said to be ignorant and prone to bias. The unhappy plight of the innocent, poverty-stricken, and legally unrepresented defendant in a Police Court, is very ably, and by no means too luridly depicted. The author suggests two means of improvement, first a more careful scrutiny of the names submitted for appointment, and secondly a change in the status of magistrates' clerks. In these ways 'Solicitor' seems to hope that magistrates will be less likely to display political and class prejudice, while the magistrates' clerks, by becoming civil servants responsible to Whitehall instead of the local authority, will cease to be the virtual confederates of the police. But it is necessary to say that, like most critics, 'Solicitor' is more effective in his destructive than in his constructive passages. *English Justice* is none the worse for that. The first step is to make public indignation articulate. One feels that reform must follow a sufficiently powerful body of critical opinion. Once the public fully realises the statistics of persons suffering the humiliation of imprisonment, not for any crime or immorality, but for non-payment of debts through circumstances they could not avoid, and also the disadvantages under which the poor labour, we may look confidently for an era of truer justice.

'Solicitor's' case is amply illustrated by anecdotes and incidents in the Courts and in Parliament. Many of the cases cited were tried in the last few months, so neither the author nor the publisher can be accused of wasting time or being out of date. For instance, comment upon the evidence in the Rouse case is illuminating and, to anyone whose interest is not merely morbid, must be disquieting. There is one passage, however, which should be censured. One of the objects of this most readable book is manifestly to make the law less vindictive. But is the case improved by this somewhat obsolete sentiment: 'There are some men and women who are definitely bad . . . they are bad through and through, with no good in them at all. They should, in my opinion, be killed off without mercy. . . . They are rare, but usually unmistakable, though they are often sexually attractive'. Here is a dangerous generalisation, shouting for a retort from the psychologist. Momentarily 'Solicitor' has joined the sadistic magistrates he so faithfully castigates.

The Bedside Book. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Bedside Book (edited by Arthur Stanley) is an ambitious production of some eight hundred pages, containing selections of prose and poetry of all ages. On the dust-cover Mr. Hugh Walpole is quoted as saying that '... this is the best anthology ever made by man ... not forgetting even *The Spirit of Man*'. That is a dangerous challenge. The great merit of *The Spirit of Man* is its purposefulness, which gives it order and depth of meaning and effect far greater than that of any mere collection of poetry or prose. *The Bedside Book* is divided into four parts, each of which is sub-divided into sections, but, although some of the sections have a concrete character, it is difficult to understand the basis of division and the purpose of the plan as a whole. The content is a little common-place. There are many lovely and familiar things; there are some pleasing translations of classical authors by the editor; but the selection seems to have been hampered by the rules which the editor sets out in his introduction: '... that the proper bed-book should be continually interesting, undramatic, not too exciting, and that it should be one that can be begun anywhere and dropped anywhere'. Surely all great literature should be exciting, and to set out to compile an anthology that is unexciting means inevitably that the commonplace and the dull will far too often be in evidence. But perhaps anthologies should not be reviewed? It is of their essence that they should be dipped into from time to time, and probably it is inevitable that the reviewer who conscientiously ploughs through the whole of a new anthology will remember first the many pages which he found dull and only second the few beauties which a little intelligent 'dipping' might have revealed to him at a comparatively small cost.

Lonsdale Anthology of Sporting Prose and Verse Edited by Eric Parker. Seeley, Service. 10s. 6d.

This handsome anthology is really threefold, for prose and verse are matched by many admirable illustrations, most of them reproductions of eighteenth and early nineteenth-century sporting prints. It varies in time from the Boke of St. Alban's (on angling) to Lord Knebworth (on ski-ing), and in quality from Isaac Walton's 'Piscator and the Milkmaid' to Charles Kingsley's 'Lorraine Lorraine Lorree'—which, read in the right spirit, with not a 'Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum' omitted, would be one of the best comic poems in English if it were not about the worst tragic one. The anthology as a whole suggests the reflection that sport is much easier material for prose than poetry. The prose extracts—even if some of them appear a little hackneyed from too frequent anthologising—maintain a high level. Nearly all explain, or describe, some aspect of sport with economy and objective clarity. About three-quarters of the verse, on the other hand, is of the smartly-paced, pseudo-Swinburnian variety (the kind which so many *Punch* versifiers affect), that so swiftly tires the ear, and that has the unfortunate quality of making the writer's probably very genuine emotion or sensation appear forced and false. The best sporting verse remains, perhaps, either the traditional song (like the 'Lincolnshire Poacher' or 'John Peel') or that of the detached observer (like Francis Thompson's 'At Lords') rather than that which tries to reproduce the feelings of the actual participant.

Is Sin Our Fault? By Stewart A. McDowall Hodder and Stoughton. 3s.

People go on reading St. Paul and St. Augustine, to say nothing of Jeremiah and Job, for reasons that run much deeper than the love of great prose. The questions with which these portrayals of human experience were concerned are the questions which all of us ask ourselves at times, whether we account ourselves religious or not. But they come to us now in different guise. Physics and psychology in particular have altered our conception of human nature and its possibilities. Scientific humanism and psychological determinism, even if they are accepted as basic theories for the interpretation of ideals and the guidance of conduct, cannot dispel our sense of 'ought' and 'ought not'. Mr. McDowall writes as a teacher of science with a training in the theology, responsible in a special way for shaping the thought and the character of boys at a historic public school. His purpose is to give laymen material for reaching conclusions on their own account. He pays them the tribute of recognising that nothing superficial will satisfy them. So he devotes much space for a discussion of what freedom means, and of the difference between freedom and free will, before he comes to the consideration of sin and moral responsibility. His treatment of these profound matters is fresh, clear, well reasoned, and thoroughly alive. His 'Yes' issues neither from a concern for theological orthodoxy nor from an argument with which to buttress a purely conventional support of a traditional code. He compels us to ask what sort of a God we believe in, and what are the actual well-springs of human action. To sin, he says, 'is to prefer chaos to cosmos by counting a moment's isolated appetite as of higher value than harmonious activity, to toss freedom

away'. If then the consciousness of guilt is not a morbid delusion, how are we to cope with wrong feeling, wrong thinking, and wrong doing at their source in the depths of ourselves? This question also Mr. McDowall answers effectively as a Christian, but not as a dogmatist. Every reader of this book will certainly wish to make it more widely known.

The Animals Came to Drink

By Cherry Kearton. Longmans. 6s.

This is an unusual type of nature book. Mr. Kearton, on the basis of his thirty-two years among wild life in Africa, puts together some of the most exciting episodes which he has witnessed to form a connected description of animal life as it is lived by the banks of a great river. Giant crocodiles, baboons, leopards, elephants and impalla are the heroes and heroines of his tale; there is little human life introduced, and no intrusion of white human life. Neither are the animals sentimentalised, nor are their adventures fictitious. Mr. Kearton expresses the hope that his book 'may act as a counterblast to the many animal stories, so constantly appearing, which are based on utterly false or distorted natural history'. The principal part of the book is taken up with the wanderings of an impalla (gazelle) separated from her herd during a stampede, wanderings which bring her into many an exciting situation before she finally falls victim to a crocodile. A feature which gives this book especial charm is the photographs which Mr. Kearton shows of most of the animals which he has studied.

Tramping in Yorkshire. By A. J. Brown Country Life. 3s.

This handy little book is a companion to the author's previous volume on West Yorkshire. It is an eminently readable account of long tramps by moorland tracks and through the byways of lower levels in one of the most health-giving parts of England. Mr. Brown is delightfully alive to the joys of a Yorkshire welcome in a lonely inn where he whets the appetite by telling of the turf-cakes, the ham and eggs, the bread and cheese and the ale, all of the best, which he invites the lover of tramping to share with him. He has little space, after telling of the route, the wind and the weather and the inns, to say much concerning history or antiquities, but he touches lightly on the more important things, and if the pedestrian carries this little book only he will not miss many of the essentials for intelligent exploration.

Essays of the Year. Argonaut Press. 5s.

In his contribution Mr. G. K. Chesterton remarks that 'the essay is the only literary form which confesses, in its very name, that the rash act known as writing is really a leap in the dark'. That this leap in the dark may result in all sorts of different landing places is proved by the tremendous diversity of the other essays in this volume. It may result in an affirmation of faith, as in J. Middleton Murry's 'William Blake and Revolution', in pictures, as in Henry Vinson's 'Two Contrasts in Lives' (Byron and Venizelos), in anger, as in Hugh Walpole's 'What is Happening to the English Countryside', in serious laughter, as in Rose Macaulay's 'Character of the Dragon', or in hearty laughter, as in Sir Maurice Amos' 'Clumps'.

Modern Photography. Edited by C. G. Holme 'The Studio, Ltd.' 7s. 6d. wrappers, 10s. 6d. cloth

Of all the visual arts photography is the most faithful reflection of the characteristics of a period, since, however individual the treatment of a subject, the record must be true to the image received by the mindless and emotionless mechanism of the camera itself. *Modern Photography*, 1932, is, therefore, valuable as documentary historical evidence. But it goes further than reflecting the current general outlook, for a comparison of the illustrations shows clearly the contrasts in artistic methods, characteristic of different nationalities; for instance, 'Hippocampus'—picture of a 'sea horse' with its shadow under water—by T. Mitsumura and 'Dawn on Mount Fuji', by Kōyō Okada, both show the delicacy and economy of subject matter generally associated with Japanese painting, though neither apes the canvas in any way. Similarly the 'Moving Belt Drum' (Howard Lester, New York) and 'Sewer Pipes' (Brett Wilson, New York) emphasise the preoccupation of America with industrial matters. For the practical worker *Modern Photography* has a definite specific value, for details of the conditions that have contributed to the result are clearly set out. Under a photograph of a street scene (Photopress, London) is printed 'A view taken in Trafalgar Square, London, showing a great traffic block during a storm of rain and hail in April. Camera used, Palomos; Zeiss F 4.5 lens, 6 inch; Wellington Express plate; exposure 1 75th second, at F 6.3'. What a wealth of theory is there contained! Both commercial and artistic photography are included in the book, including portraiture, still-life, topical press photography, landscape and sea-scapes, and advertisement studies. One of the plates from *Modern Photography* is reproduced on page 487 to illustrate the talk on 'The Child in the Family Circle'.

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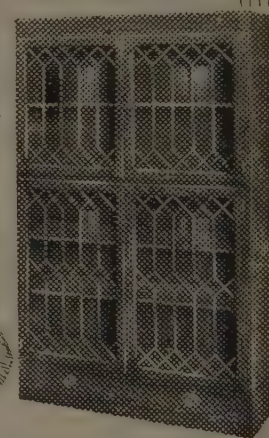
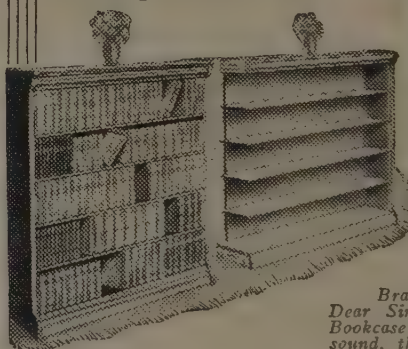
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The Listener

BOYS' AND GIRLS' BOOK WEEK

Poetry for Children

By SYLVIA LYND

STRICTLY speaking, there is no such thing as poetry for children. There is only poetry. Children can be relied on to like it just as they can be relied on to like fine weather. There are, it is true, other likings which do not remain with us in their first intensity as we grow older, and the excitement we felt at the age of five at the sight of a rabbit in a woodland path, may only be awakened later by the sight of a film star or a column of stocks and shares. On the whole, however, children can be counted on to like what grown-up people like and to dislike what grown-up people dislike—being 'got at', being left out of the joke, bored, depressed, or embarrassed by a demand for any emotional response, solemn or enthusiastic, which they do not really feel. And they like being made to laugh, to feel adventurous and bold, to share a secret, to be aware of newness and wonder—these are pleasures which a child feels as certainly as it feels the pleasure of opening a new paint-box, of taking a first glimpse of the sea, of eating bread and honey or of being out after dark. This last particular pleasure, marching along in gaiters from some Christmas party, with footfalls ringing and street lamps and stars shining, and a secure hand holding one's own, is the one mood closely akin, perhaps, to the pleasure that a child finds in poetry. The sense of strangeness on the border of security is so much part of a child's life, whose known world is so small and so full of unaccountable happenings, that the most imaginative poetry is often the kind in which he feels most at home.

Kenneth Grahame seems to have felt this in making *The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children*, and it contains a minimum of twaddle and some of the most splendid poems to be found anywhere: 'Tiger, Tiger', is here, and 'Kubla Khan' and 'Queen and Huntress', and Shelley's 'West Wind'. In making it for a child, indeed, Kenneth Grahame evidently surmised that he was making it for a being much like himself. He has not forgotten how good it is to feel brave or how good it is to laugh, and he has put in 'The Isles of Greece' and 'Horatius', the merry polka of Walter de la Mare's 'Off the Ground', and the old song the 'Coasts of Barbary'. Mrs. Raverat's woodcuts are most fresh and appropriate and delightful.

Walter de la Mare, in *Peacock Pie* has written the best book of poetry for children that has ever been written, but some spirit of self-effacement has persuaded him not to include any of it in *Tom Tiddler's Ground*. He gives us many lovely things; but he has put in, I think, a shade too little great poetry and a shade too much mere verse, and the atmosphere of the book is a trifle melancholy. Nor do I think the illustra-

tions happy. The frontispiece of a child saying grace is as depressing as the Herrick poem which it illustrates, in which, for me, what strikes the imagination is the coldness of the little hands rather than the piety of the little prayer, and I do not think such a picture likely to give a child a sense of welcome as it opens the book. Nor do I think this deliberately naive type of drawing suitable for a child. As to the little old woodcuts that are interspersed through the text, these are at least as remarkable for their inopportune as for their aptness. Why head Spenser's 'Nosegay'—'Bring hither the pinke and purple Cullambine'—with a picture of a man in a tweed cap fishing? Why accompany the wandering spirit's 'Over hill, Over dale', with a picture of a sportsman with a

top hat and a gun? Why accompany three poems about coldness, ice and snow with a picture of boys paddling? This method of illustration reminds me of E. V. Lucas' 'Inside complete you are Britanniaaware'. Walter de la Mare's taste and charming preface and notes deserved better decoration.

The big collection of nursery rhymes edited by Ernest Rhys and Alice Dalglish has been better treated, though even here the illustrator has not always subdued his imagination completely to the text, which is what an illustrator should do. Children are quick to notice such discrepancies. If the illustrator puts sky where the writer puts

sea, the child will observe and resent it. The general effect of *The Land of Nursery Rhyme* is extremely gay and pleasant, however, and as to the collection of nursery rhymes, I cannot praise it too highly. Everything seems to be here, and more also. No better beginning to a child's education can be found than nursery rhymes. With these its wits and its sense of beauty may be sharpened and all sorts of odd knowledge and wisdom implanted, to spring up helpfully or amusingly in later life. The surprise of poetry is in them all and often poetry itself—'How many miles to Babylon?'

When we come to A. A. Milne, we come to verse full of fun, observation and tenderness. Some day, indeed, Christopher Robin may become a mythical figure like Little Jumping Joan or Little Jack Horner. This book is charming because it reflects, as Mr. Milne intended it should, something of the quality of children, those darling angels and egotists. Mr. Shepard's illustrations really are illustrations, graceful and amusing emphasising of the text, just as they should be. This is a perfect book for, or about, children.

Caryl Brahms and A. H. Watson have between them produced a book which looks very like a charming book, like, in fact, a Milne-Shepard book, but on closer examination appears to be full of records of obsolete life, aunts who tell children



Daffodils: an illustration from the *Cambridge Book of Poetry*

to be industrious, nurses who make them eat fat, corners that children are stood in, jam that little boys spread all over themselves—ery queer goings-on. The author would do well to have a look at the twentieth century.

Eleanor McLaren Brown's account, in verse, of the visit to England of three little Canadian children is a trifle prosaic, but it is irradiated throughout with a charming spirit of affection and understanding. Mr. Milne, however, in this kind of domestic literature, is incontestably superior to any of his competitors. He satisfies perfectly the infant liking for the rabbit if not the infant liking for the stars.

The child who owns, as all children should, the *Bad Child's Book of Beasts and More Beasts for Worse Children*, will probably enjoy having tunes to shout them to, and to such children may be commended the songs set to music by Dudley Glass, with the picture on the cover of the book—'Green, hungry, horrible and plain—an infant crocodile'.

I cannot speak so highly of the next crocodile on my list, a Russian crocodile who left the Nile 'To go strolling off in style on the avenue . . . He never smiled or bowed though he gathered quite a crowd . . . and when a dog bit him, he swallowed the dog. In England, as is well known, the dogs swallow the crocodiles. With the arrival of a young hero who walks abroad without a nurse and carries a sword instead of a handkerchief, the crocodile is overcome and the dog (and a policeman who had been swallowed too) reappears after the

manner of Jonah. I did not think this a very funny book; and I must say the same of B. G. Williamson's *The Dragon Farm* (though clearly Mr. Williamson can draw very delightful pictures) and of Langford Reed's *The Children's Own Limerick Book*. Limericks are very satisfying, as Gertrude Lawrence has taught us to say.

The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children, edited by Kenneth Grahame (Cambridge University Press, 6s.).

Tom Tiddler's Ground, a book of poetry for children chosen by Walter de la Mare (Collins, 5s.).

The Land of Nursery Rhyme, as seen by Ernest Rhys and Alice Daglish, with a map and pictures by Charles Folkard (Dent, 7s. 6d.).

The Christopher Robin Verses, by A. A. Milne, illustrated by E. H. Sheppard (Methuen, 8s. 6d.).

Curiouser and Curiouser, by Caryl Brahms, illustrated by A. H. Watson (Harrap, 6s.).

John and Mary and Tommy, by Eleanor McLaren Brown (Humphrey Milford, 3s. 6d.).

Songs from the Bad Child's Book of Beasts, verses by H. Belloc, music by Dudley Glass (Duckworth-Ascherberg, 3s. 6d.).

Crocodile, from the Russian of K. Chukovsky, translated by Babette Deutsch (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d.).

The Dragon Farm, by B. G. Williamson, with illustrations by I. G. Williamson (Murray, 5s.).

The Child's Own Limerick Book, by Langford Reed (Denise Archer, 5s.).

They Would Learn Something from These

THERE are at least three ways of setting about the task of trying to convey something to children through books; two of these ways are direct, one indirect. We can write a carefully tabulated text-book full of facts and, as far as possible, without explanations or excursions into adjoining territory; or, on the other hand, we can write something which amounts to an introductory essay to a study of whatever it is. In this style we try to please; to indicate the adventure of this particular sort of learning, and while trying to convey fewer facts than the text-book, yet endeavour to show how this sort of learning fits in with other studies or with the world of the child's direct experience. The third way is indirect. Instead of writing either a text-book or an essay on physics, evolution, or electricity, we write a biography of Newton, Darwin or Faraday.

All three methods undoubtedly have their merits. The child who has a liking for a particular subject—wants, say, to make some electrical apparatus—will on this subject like the simple text-book best, but on every other subject will be apt to prefer one of the other type. Several good examples of the 'essay' sort have appeared this autumn.

Black on White and *What Time Is It?* (for children, say, of seven to eleven) are translated from the Russian, and between them Messrs. Ilin and Lapshin, the author and illustrator, have produced two of the very best children's books in this genre known to the present writer. How admirable, for example, is the beginning of the history of clocks:

Imagine what to-morrow would be like if all the clocks and watches in the world were suddenly broken all at once! What confusion there would be! There would be wrecks on the railways . . . ships would lose their way at sea . . . in big factories work would be disorganised . . . and in school the mathematics teacher would get so interested in his subject that he might keep you beyond the regular time. If you were planning to go to the theatre in the evening you might get there too early . . . or just in time to see the audience getting their coats and hats at the end of the show.

Contriving to convey an immense amount of historical information, these two, Ilin with his gay text full of anecdotes and tales, Lapshin with his engaging and humorous pictures, manage always to excite the reader's interest and set him asking the very questions whose answers it was the book's original duty to inculcate.

Frank Kendon's *Adventure of Poetry* in the 'How-and-Why' series is delightful, and, as such a book should, constitutes an excellent anthology. The author's own great enjoyment of verse, and his obvious understanding of the child's point of view, make the book easy and agreeable, while the nobility of its subject gives it a dignity which child readers will appreciate. The companion volume on *English Prose* is not nearly so successful. Turning its pages, the reader will wonder whether Mr. Brophy has ever seen a child, for he discusses the function of the modern novel and, later, of all books, instances Ulysses, Proust, Thomas Brown and Dr. Johnson, while (it hardly bears telling!) when he talks about mixed metaphor he gives not a single example. Could a reader be further misused! . . . the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth . . . !

Magic and Mind, Dilston Radclyffe's contribution, is a very uneven book. It begins well, explaining with many instances how in primitive man's magic he expresses himself and his own

sense of his growing powers, and how at certain stages of the story of a tribe or nation this sense of power often gives way to fear and a sense of sin. All this is told with a wealth of instance and anecdote (often from Fraser's *Golden Bough*), but when he comes to modern man, Mr. Radclyffe's powers seem to desert him. He finds himself, of course, in a difficulty, as some of the things he would like to say run counter to some established views, but better not talk at all than produce such muddle! When he comes to discuss the future he stumbles altogether, forgets his child reader and becomes wrapped in an impenetrable mist of prophecy, unsupported statement and contradiction. With much of what he has to say of the evils of war, however, most of his readers will be in hearty agreement.

Heroes of Civilization and *Recent Heroes of Modern Adventure* both take the third method. The first tells the child something about malaria, the Mendelian theory and physics, by short biographies of Sir Ronald Ross, Mendel and Newton, while children will learn a great deal that they ought to know about the modern world and its technical problems by reading *Recent Heroes of Modern Adventure*. *Heroes of Civilization* has certain peculiarities. For instance, why in writing of Galileo is no mention made of the most dramatic circumstance of his life—his imprisonment by the Inquisition, and the Catholic Church's attitude towards his astronomical work? Both books would have been improved by a little more severity, both in style and presentation. They are occasionally a little inclined to talk down or to be over dramatic, and to avoid explanations which would really make the tale more interesting.

Yet let not the literary purist in search of perfect prose to put before his child, nor the scientific purist who declares that the child should want knowledge for its own sake and needs no advantageous trimmings, despise such books. They are useful—even necessary—on any child's bookshelf, for they do something to counteract a historical tendency to whose evil effects we have until lately been blind.

'Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules; Of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these!' sings the anonymous author of 'The British Grenadiers'. The child listens to the song, and, reading in his history book of this hero and that, tries on the soldier's life much as he might take down a dusty shako and an old musket from the shelf. But if we do not think of the British Grenadier as being to-day the highest possible type of humanity, then we should beware of letting the child consort in his reading only with warriors. If we believe that the great scientists such as Faraday and Darwin affected their own time and ours quite as much as the Dukes of Wellington or Marlborough, then let us see that our children have appropriate books at hand.

AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

What Time Is It? and *Black on White*, by M. Ilin (Routledge 3s. 6d. each).

Adventure of Poetry, by Frank Kendon, and *English Prose*, by John Brophy (Black, 2s. 6d. each).

Heroes of Civilization, by J. Cottler and H. Jaffe, and *Recent Heroes of Modern Adventure*, by T. C. Bridges and H. H. Tiltman (Harrap, 7s. 6d. each).

Magic and Mind, by Dilston Radclyffe (Black, 2s. 6d.).

Hardy Annuals

THE educationists, from Maria Edgeworth to Mme. Montessori, are agreed on the intense natural conservatism of children. To be happy, no less than to be well, the first necessities for any child are fixed hours and habitual divisions of time. To give its helplessness some sense of an abiding security in this unstable world, a baby needs extreme regularity of events, a clockwork orderliness, an unbroken succession of the same things happening in continuous sequence. All through childhood a baby looks for demarcation points, and loves the safety which repetition alone can give. It delights in birthdays and Christmas, and requires each year that the first day of the holidays or the finding of the first primrose have each their annual celebration. As it grows up, these festivals lose their importance: there is no longer any danger that the confusion of life will quench the tiny flame of individuality, and the recurrences of nature become warnings of time passing, not, as of old, assurances of return. For psychologists explain that children are naturally conservative because each child reproduces, in its birth and growing up, the whole history of man. From embryo to adult, each baby experiences in its own body and mind all the stages of evolution, and that is why children of every generation like the same old books, or books that approximate closely to them, which their fathers and grandfathers enjoyed. Each generation rediscovers for itself and makes its own the 'classics' of child-literature—*Don Quixote*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*; and selects out of the books written currently for children such as are in the great tradition. From 'Alice' to Dr. Dolittle, from Bo Peep and the Three Bears to Peter Rabbit and Winnie the Pooh, this tradition is unbroken; there is in all of them that absolute acceptance of the impossible as easy, of the unreal as real, of the imaginative as wholly true, that, in its essence, is wonder. And wonder is the substance of whatever 'clouds of glory' a child may trail: it is the medium by which growing corn becomes Traherne's 'orient and immortal wheat'. The present exhibition of children's books at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the goodly array of Christmas books published each year, prove how essentially similar are all the best books for children: it is only when we come to books for young persons in their first 'double numbers' and early teens, that a wide diversity is found. The librarian of the 'Children's Book Club' states that boys and girls until the age of sixteen read the same books, but the annuals differentiate between them as early as nine or ten. And these books, for what the French unkindly call *l'âge ingrat*, need to be very up-to-date and modern; the boy and girl of to-day cannot abide *What Katy Did* and finds even Henty and Ballantyne dull, for whereas babyhood is unvarying, and the first steps, whether physical or mental, are eternally similar, girlhood and boyhood differ with each individual and every generation. Thus it is that annuals fall a little between two stools. They make a strong claim to be 'classics', awaited as inevitably each year as crackers or mince-pies, yet they are really very out-of-date, and out of sympathy too, with all that the 1930's stand for. Those for children are indeed admirably traditional, *The Oxford Annual for Children*, for example, and *The Oxford Annual for Baby* (one in its eighteenth, the other in its twenty-fifth year) are as April-fresh and as full of the unchanging charm of all dumpy, furry, baby things as could be desired; 'Mrs. Japonica's Tram' and 'The Wishing Cats' are but two of the many gems. *The Oxford Annual for Baby* has the additional merit of being indestructible, whilst No. 10 *Joy Street* is packed full, as ever, with delightful stories, those by Mr. Algernon Blackwood in the Mrs. Ewing style, and of Compton Mackenzie written *à la* Hans Andersen, being particularly good; although, perhaps, the nicest things in the book are Anna Dutt's poem about a snail, and 'Wong, Wing Wi' with its enchanting pictures.

But the elder, or 'for older' annuals, such as *The Empire*

Annuals and *The Oxford Annuals* for boys and girls, *The Schoolgirl's Own* and *The Sunday at Home* and the many others, all have their drawbacks. That they triumph over, or in spite of, them, is evident from their continued popularity, but none the less they are trying so hard to avoid being 'childish' that they succeed in being priggish and rather stiff, and even—dare we say it?—a trifle smug. They are not content to be just nonsense, and are not allowed as yet to be real and grown-up, and have lost the ageless qualities of infancy whilst not having put on mortality. Although their heroes and heroines are no longer princesses, neither are they ordinary people, and, although the backgrounds vary with each story, wandering from Africa to China, from India to Peru, there is a very great sameness both in the plot and characters of the majority of 'annual' adventures. Always there is one Good Child (male or female, or plural) who is under a cloud, either because the Bad Child (male or female, or plural) dislikes him, or because he is plain,

poor, or unjustly suspected. The Bad Child is caught red-handed, or is in mortal danger, or is, by one means or another, brought into the complete power of the Good Child, who, eschewing revenge, saves him, often with incredible heroism and at the price of his own skin. The cheek turned, the coals of fire heaped and burning merrily, a happy ending is reached in which rewards are suitably distributed. If every story must have a moral, admittedly heroism and forgiveness are sterling virtues, but even to their most willing admirers may they not become a burden with too constant repetition? Even when quasi-historical, when sprinkled with 'forsooths' and 'by my hallidames', with the *dramatis personæ* in gay costume parts, theme and character do not alter, although background and incident may vary greatly. Adventures there are, and in plenty, staged in aeroplanes, motor-cars, floods and fires, whilst savage tribes, deserted houses, high tides, runaway horses and hidden treasure, are still in great demand—if one can judge by the supply. But in essence every plot is the same. Besides the stories, each annual has its quota of excellent tips on railway engines, aeroplanes, hiking, camping, wrestling, etc., and (for girls) raffia-work, tatting, and kindred hobbies.

For all they are old friends, well got up and pleasantly illustrated, there is an essential falsity about

annuals. They are not fairy tales, nor are they repetitive because written for babies who love reiteration. Yet they are as unreal as any imagery, whilst remaining sermons and not parables. One is left wondering whether there is room for them in our crowded world (some of them, *The Schoolgirl's Own* and *The Sunday at Home*, for example, are merely a year's weekly issues bound together), for none of them can honestly be said to be—except the ones for quite small children—first-rate. Their heroisms are 'studio shots' avoiding real horror or hurt, and all the stories have a happy ending. They offer nothing of the 'high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard', and since boys and girls still, thank goodness, admire the failures that were Bonnie Prince Charlie and Byron and Napoleon, it seems a pity the majority of annuals should preach such 'easy virtue'.

ANNE FREMANTLE

Empire Annual for Boys and *Empire Annual for Girls* (Religious Tract Society, 7s. 6d. each).

Oxford Annual for Boys, *Oxford Annual for Girls*, *Oxford Annual for Children* and *Oxford Annual for Baby* (Oxford University Press, 5s. each).

No. 10 *Joy Street* (Blackwell, 6s.).

Sunday at Home (Religious Tract Society, 12s. 6d.).

Schoolgirl's Own Annual (Religious Tract Society, 7s. 6d.).

Boy's Own Annual (Religious Tract Society, 12s. 6d.).

Scout Annual (Pearson, 10s. 6d.).



Sneez'es: from *The Christopher Robin Verses*
by A. A. Milne

The Children's Omnibus

IN Derbyshire they have been trying to find out the answer to the question, 'What do the children of to-day read?' and to that end have catechised 1,300 children from elementary schools both in town and country. Further, in compiling their report, they have collated the answers they got with those of 50,000 boys in Los Angeles and with an analysis of what girls read in every State in America. So, though there is still a margin for error, we are in a position to give at any rate some tentative answers to the question. For example, it seems that *Treasure Island*, *Black Beauty* and *Tom Sawyer* stand among the favourites both for Derbyshire and Hollywood boys, whilst *Alice in Wonderland*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *David Copperfield* are loved and read by girls both here and in all the forty-eight States of the Union. The questionnaire mentions a great many more books, and Derbyshire may not, of course, be typical of England. Yet incomplete though the answer is at present, it should surely do a good deal to combat the idea that the English and American nations are so very much unlike each other, and may also do something to reassure the anxious elder who fears that the world is moving so fast that he does not understand the pleasures of the new generation. But in Derbyshire not only were the children asked to give their preferences, but a further question was added: 'Do you get as many books as you would like?' Four hundred and eighty-one answered emphatically that they did not get half enough! Here, surely, is the answer to another question that is sometimes asked, 'Are omnibus books to be encouraged?'

Take as examples these four books which have appeared this autumn: Mrs. Lynd's *Children's Omnibus*, is a super-char-a-banc, a Pullman car, a liner of a book and contains not only *Black Beauty*, *Alice in Wonderland*, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', 'The Jackdaw of Rheims' and *The Rose and the Ring*, but also some Edward Lear, some Munchausen, some Hans Andersen, some *Arabian Nights*—than which diet surely nothing could be more agreeable or more wholesome for the young! Now publishers all declare that it costs as much to sell a cheap book as a dear one. Then turning our mind to Derbyshire, it is obvious that librarians' time and library shelves as well as rate-payers' pockets are very much saved by having all these books bound up between two boards. Therefore it seems we have our answer; until we have satisfied all the children who want more books we cannot turn our noses up at omnibuses.

Yet undoubtedly omnibus books have drawbacks. The fevered hand of mumps or measles would find them heavy to hold, the inflamed eyes discover them to be a little small in the print; but lives there a child, or lives there a parent, who would

not nevertheless think five hours' pleasure and peace from *Martin Rattler* alone, less welcome than fifteen hours of pleasure and peace from the *Ballantyne Omnibus*? Or what doctor or what professor of English but would think these tales better for those red-rimmed eyes, those nascent literary styles, than the narrow-columned, faintly printed, heavily humoured, somewhat styleless 'comics' and 'bloods' which probably would be the alternative?

Mrs. Lynd's book, properly pondered, contains in itself enough to teach a child to write flexible and exact English, to feed its understanding, its sense of humour and the demands of its imagination. If ever a new *Swiss Family Robinson* is written, Mrs. Lynd's *Omnibus* will surely be one of the first things which Mother will produce from her bag.

The Derbyshire and American lists show what most parents know already—that it is not only boys who like adventure stories. The *Ballantyne Omnibus* feeds a specialised appetite that exists in both sexes. So does Miss Fox Smith's *True Tales of the Sea*, a collection which could hardly be bettered. She tells at length the story of the loss of *The Wager*, a tale of Clipper ships in 1866 (the fastest vessels that ever have, or probably ever will, sail), a smugglers' story, and several as good, all in the original first-person narratives—models of unpretentious vigorous prose.

The re-issue of two of the books in *Herbert Strang's Omnibus*, however, will seem to some people rather unfortunate, not the less so because the tales are admirably told, and have undoubtedly already delighted many boy readers. But it surely seems a pity that any of us should celebrate Christmas 1932 by giving a boy a story in which the ruffianly enemy are all Germans, and another in which 'foreigners' are held up to some degree of mockery and dislike? Such a book can do a good deal to keep up bad feeling in a generation that ought to remain untainted by old feuds.

For the publishers and editors of the others we have nothing but gratitude. Look at the sort of book that those who deck the railway bookstall, and the publishers of annuals, think fit reading for children, and be thankful for these three.

Children's Omnibus, edited by Sylvia Lynd (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.).

Ballantyne Omnibus for Boys (Collins, 3s. 6d.).

True Tales of the Sea, by C. Fox Smith (Oxford University Press, 5s.).

Herbert Strang Omnibus (Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.).

For the Schoolgirl

WE must confess to not having previously made the acquaintance of Dimsie, the heroine of numerous school stories by Dorita Fairlie Bruce, but her many friends will doubtless give a warm welcome to this new Dimsie Omnibus which contains the first three of her adventures at school. School stories are apt to err on the side of improbability, but Dimsie's experiences, while full of interest and excitement, yet remain eminently plausible, and the small heroine herself is a delightful creation. The quick colloquial chatter of the girls is excellently reproduced, while the authoress skilfully avoids the pitfalls which beset those who wander into the byways of probable and improbable slang. Dimsie makes a brief appearance as a bride in Miss Bruce's latest school story, *The Captain of Springdale*, but the heroine proper is Peggy Willoughby, that same Captain. Her troubles over the gossiping tendencies of the school and the interference of that exasperating young busy-body Elspeth Gardiner will rouse the sympathy of all readers, while her surmounting of them should enlist their hearty admiration. As in the 'Dimsie' books, it is evident that the authoress has a very soft spot for the school Juniors, who, though apt to be in constant hot water with the prefects, are yet always on the side of the angels and prove to be sturdy upholders of the downtrodden. Their deep-laid plots for the undoing of the unpopular Elspeth form the subject of several most diverting discussions, in which the cherubic-faced Nicola's bloodthirsty suggestions of torture are only quelled by the horror of the soft-hearted Anne and the decisive good sense of their admirable leader Tibbie.

The Founders of Wat End School, by Theodora Wilson Wilson, is a school story of a rather different type. Even in these days of daring educational experiments, we found it a little difficult to believe in a co-education school of quite such varied charms at that of Wat End, where the curriculum included riding, book-binding, modelling, pottery making, printing, wood-cutting, let alone landscape gardening and all-night treks to mountain peaks. However, in spite of the inherent improbability of the setting, the adventures of the first group

of scholars who form the Founders of Wat End School make pleasant reading, while the discovery of a legendary underground chamber and the sudden arrival from India of the Squire's lost grandson add a spice of mystery to the tale.

The Tale Tellers' Club, by Margaret Ironside, is a collection of short stories which the various members of the Fifth Form relate to each other at their weekly meetings. The tales, having by the rules of the Club to be the personal experiences of the tellers, are of necessity a little limited in scope, but within these limits Mrs. Ironside has produced a lively and convincing little book. The adventures deal with burglars, fire-alarms, ghosts and rescues from drowning, while in the latter episodes the chief parts are played by dogs. Several of the best of the stories have been broadcast in the London Children's Hour.

Budding Amy Johnsons will get plenty of thrills from Rowland Walker's new story, *Janet of the Airways*. From the day that Jan Tempest, daughter of a famous airman, flies back to Gilmorton School in her own Moth, both mistresses and pupils take feverishly to the air. Expert pilots are engaged to give regular instruction to members of the Fifth Form, and geography takes on a peculiar fascination when studied from a height of a thousand feet. A twelve-seater giant plane conducts the hockey team to their matches, and the school becomes famous as a training-ground for girl pilots. Mr. Walker's somewhat pedestrian style is occasionally at variance with his aerial flights, but he rises to his opportunities in the concluding chapters of his tale, when the task of capturing a pair of kidnappers, whose car has eluded the police, is brought to a triumphant conclusion by the intrepid Jane.

The Dimsie Omnibus, by D. F. Bruce (Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.).

The Captain of Springdale, by D. F. Bruce (Oxford University Press, 5s.).

The Founders of Wat End School, by T. W. Wilson (Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d.).

The Tale Tellers' Club, by M. Ironside, and *Janet of the Airways*, by R. Walker (Partridge, 2s. 6d. each).

Adventure Stories and the Modern Boy

WHAT do boys read to-day? is a question I am often asked—a question which is about as simple and easy to answer as ‘What do men—or women—read to-day?’ *Quot homines tot sententiae* is as true of the youngster as of the grown-up, and it is a fallacy to suppose that one can set one’s finger upon a particular category of literature and say, ‘This, and this only, is the province of boyhood’.

But—pace those eminent headmasters who declare that the spirit of adventure is dead in the modern boy—the adventure story is probably still one of the most popular forms of juvenile literature. The economic pressure of the times may have compelled publishers to produce their boys’ books in cheaper and cheaper format—J. S. Elder’s *Book of Adventure Stories* is typical of the changing style—but the interest of their readers is more in the story itself than its dress. Naturally the type of adventure is changing, to keep pace with the rapidly changing conditions of life. Wireless and the aeroplane are drawing the world closer together, and authors are likewise opening up new territory and confining themselves less and less to the particular preserves of the past. The popularity of the redskin, and even of the cowboy, has waned, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, and the writers of to-day find fruitful material in such places as East Africa, Abyssinia, Tibet, Mongolia, Afghanistan, to name only a few. There is a pitfall here, however, for the author. An atlas and an encyclopædia alone are not sufficient equipment: to be truly successful, the writer must know his country. Such a book as Robert Harding’s *Riddle of the Frontier* owes its success very largely to the fact that he knows through and through both the country and the people of those turbulent hinterlands that border our Indian Empire: his descriptions of the Afghan and his ways are no mere book-knowledge, but are based upon a personal experience which enables him to get within the very skin of his characters. *Mississippi River Boy*, by E. L. Sabin, the story of a boy who grew to strength and manhood as a keel-boatman on the great river that gives the book its name, takes us again to a venue and a life that are new to English boys, but here, too, we have a feeling that the author is describing men and things that he knows.

Stories of the sea have always played an important part in the juvenile reading of our sea-girt island, and no boys’ books have seen more startling and rapid changes than these. The steamship has practically ousted the sailing vessel, and only here and there is an author faithful to the beauty and the romance of sail—such as Lawrence R. Bourne, whose *Voyage of the Lulworth* is a good old-fashioned description of the adventures of two sailing apprentices. Now, in turn, the steamship is yielding up its place, and the heroes of to-day are no longer content to scour the face of the deep, but fly above it in aeroplanes or airships, or cruise below it in submarines. Even the regulation castaways upon an unknown island, as in J. F. C. Westerman’s *Treasure Chest Island*, are no longer content to retrieve from the wreck the axes and saws and timber that satisfied Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss Family Robinson: they land a motor-launch, a car, a wireless transmitter, the ship’s dynamo, and stores of petrol and oil—and know how to use them, too!

Here again, let me offer to authors a warning from experience. To a very large proportion of boys anything mechanical is a fascination, but get your details correct. Boys are not merely keen, but careful, students of such things as engines and aeroplanes, wireless and electricity; and they are merciless critics. The fiction-writer who can introduce these subjects in such a way as to

show that he knows what he is talking about is sure of an eager following; but woe betide the author who thinks that he can ‘get away’ with the vague use of a few technical terms, right or wrong! At the best, he will give his readers an opportunity for contemptuous mirth; at the worst he will let loose a veritable hornets’ nest of stinging criticism. To every boys’ author, therefore, I would say, ‘if you are not sure of your technical details, either have them “vetted” by an expert, or leave them out’.

The present is so much with us, and the future is pressing on so insistently, that the purely historical story—the attempt to teach history through fiction—seems to me to have lost some of its popularity; perhaps it is that history is taught so much more rationally in our schools to-day that there is less need for this method of brightening and illuminating that we used to learn. *Charlemagne and his Knights*, by Katherine Pyle, is beautifully printed, illustrated and produced, but I cannot help feeling that the boy of fourteen or fifteen, with whom I am chiefly concerned, will find too much of the fairy-tale element in it to meet with his hearty approval; it will appeal, doubtless, to younger brothers and sisters. Elizabeth Grierson’s *Tales of the Covenanters* is in a rather different category, for it is the human, rather than the historical, side of those grand old fighters for their faith that captures the interest.

The Swan and Her Crew, by G. Christopher Davis, takes us into quite another field, and indeed it is doubtful whether the very slight story, which is a mere peg on which to hang an interesting and well-informed dissertation upon the natural history of the Norfolk Broads, can be rightly included under the head of an adventure story at all. Its great interest lies in the fact that it was first published fifty years ago, and the editor of this reissue, the son of the original author, has to face a double handicap in consequence. Conditions on the Broads have changed enormously in that period and, as the editor feels compelled to explain in his preface, some parts of the book are now incorrect. But what ‘carries date’, even more decisively, is the curiously stilted and archaic language of the youngsters who are its heroes. I should like to hear the reactions of a modern school-boy to such remarks (taken at random from the book) as “‘Ah, you went at it too rashly. You should have given it to him with more of the *suaviter in modo* and less of the *fortiter in re*” (this to a pal who has swiped at, and missed, a butterfly); or “‘The fields are quite silvery with the gossamer”, said Dick. “Is it not pretty?” Boys may have talked like that fifty years ago, but—*autres temps, autres mœurs*.

G. R. POCKLINGTON

- Book of Adventure Stories*, by J. S. Elder (Blackie, 8s.).
Riddle of the Frontier, by Robert Harding (Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d.).
Mississippi River Boy, by E. L. Sabin (Lippincott, 7s. 6d.).
Voyage of the Lulworth, by Lawrence R. Bourne (Oxford University Press, 5s.).
Treasure Chest Island, by J. F. C. Westerman (Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.).
Charlemagne and his Knights, by Katherine Pyle (Lippincott, 10s. 6d.).
Tales of the Covenanters, by Elizabeth Grierson (A. and C. Black, 6s.).
The Swan and Her Crew, by G. Christopher Davis (Methuen, 5s.).

Animal Books

THERE are two ways of making books for children out of animals—the objective way and the anthropomorphic way. Each has its pitfalls, but usually much worse horrors are perpetrated by the second than the first. For the anthropomorphic method plays up to a natural instinct in small children—their mistaken belief that external objects think, feel and act just as they do themselves. Therefore it is easy to please a child by telling the story of an animal’s life, for instance, in terms which will make that child identify itself with the animal’s personality and live through its adventures. But the trouble is that this method of writing achieves too easy a success; the temptation to sentimentalise is overwhelming, and a little imaginative psychology is found to go a long way in making up for deficiencies in practical observation and knowledge of nature. However, since this is the easy way, it is not surprising to find that three animal books out of every four published follow it. Let them not pretend to be more than they are, and many of them will pass as serving to while away a wet afternoon. But let them be too sentimental, and they will unconsciously implant in children that mawkish attitude towards animals which in after

life is responsible for so much coddling of pets and misplaced affection towards everything with four feet. In this anthropomorphic category, but good of their kind, we may place, of this season’s publications, *Older Mouseie*, a continuation by Golden Gorse of a former book, *Moorland Mouseie*. It tells the adventures of a pony who falls into the hands of a gypsy boy, and experiences the ups-and-downs of circus and caravan life. The crayon illustrations by Lionel Edwards make this book very attractive to look at. Another pony story, whose appeal will be mainly to those young people (not so many as there used to be) who grow up in country houses where riding and hunting are afforded and old style Christmases, parties, and dances kept up, is *The Midnight Steeplechase*, by Moyra Charlton. The incidents include a gymkhana, a midnight gallop across country by moonlight, and a hunt ten years later. *Tinkle the Cat* by Norah James the novelist, is skilfully written so as to reduce the anthropomorphism to a minimum; the language employed, and the feelings described in this tale of a day in a London cat’s life, never strain the possible bounds of feline psychology. The book is short, simple, and legibly printed. Two stories which are

just healthy adventure tales, with dogs as their real heroes, are *Ghost Husky*, by F. Haydyn Dimmock—gold prospecting in North-West Canada—and *Kerry Blue*, by Heather White.

When we turn to the other category of animal stories—those in which fact is relied upon and imagination kept in strict subordination—the prize for combination of cheapness, good illustration and readable descriptive matter must surely go to Mortimer Batten's two volumes of *Wild Life Stories* and *Woodland Stories*. These short sketches are based on the principle which Mr. Batten lays down in his introductory note, that 'it is impossible to come to know a wild creature without at the same time coming to love it'. He shows us porcupine, vixen, fawn, bear, pike, or goose as they reveal themselves to one who has spent a lifetime out of doors; yet Mr. Batten gives us plenty of incident, and each sketch is a complete adventure in itself. Illustrations, both photographic and black-and-white, are plentiful. A more expensive example of the same type, produced with magnificent photographic studies of animal life, is *Lovable Beasts*, by Harper Cory. Mr. Cory's animals are Canadian, such as the bison, skunk, moose, Rocky Mountain sheep and goats, wolf and otter. Each is called by its Indian name, and each revives memories of distinct animal personalities which the author has come across. Two of the most exciting of the tales

deal with 'Rover', the offspring of a Scotch collie and a coyote, and 'The Missus', a buckskin bronco from the open spaces of Alberta.

Finally, a type of animal book which falls intermediately between the two classes distinguished above is the collection of animal folk-tales. Since primitive peoples resemble children in their outlook on life, such volumes as *New Tales for Old*, by Geraldine Elliot, are sure of a good reception; but the attraction lies more in the quaint notions of the peoples who tell the tales than in the animals of the African jungle who act the parts in them.

Older Mousie, by 'Golden Gorse' (Country Life, 10s. 6d.).

Midnight Steeplechase, by Moyra Charlton (Methuen, 5s.).

Tinkle the Cat, by Norah James (Dent, 5s.).

Ghost Husky, by F. Haydyn Dimmock, and *Kerry Blue*, by Heather White (Pearson, 3s. 6d. each).

Wild Life Stories and *Woodland Stories*, by Mortimer Batten (Collins, 2s. 6d. each).

Lovable Beasts, by Harper Cory (Nicholson and Watson, 12s. 6d.).

New Tales for Old, by Geraldine Elliot (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d.).

Christmas Picture Books

ONE day, when I was a child of seven years old, I was dressed in my best starched white frock and sash and taken by my mother in state in the brougham to call on an invalid cousin who lived in an old house. He was very old and very strange; and in spite of a huge fire his knees were wrapped in a rug, and a plaid was tucked round his shoulders; and his bright eyes looked out keenly from under a skull cap. He shook hands solemnly with me and made me sit on a stool at his feet and gave me a large green picture-book to look at. In a moment I had floated out into a world of mainly nonsense, for it was Lear's *Book of Nonsense*—not the chill black-and-white version you can buy nowadays, but a big book with large pictures, all brightly coloured with the most glorious paint-box colours—blues, pale yellows, scarlets, crimson lake, and that wonderful green only to be found in a child's paint-box, green bice!

At the end of the visit I thought I was to be torn from my enchanting book; but the old man took it gently from me, opened it at the first page and wrote my name in it in shaky handwriting—my two Christian names and surname and the date. I went away clasping it to my sash in a trance of bliss. That was a great book because it was written for children only, without any thought of grown-ups. It is a good test to read a book aloud to an intelligent child, and if any word has to be changed or explained, that word must go. The drawings, too, must be clear—simple, in as gay colours as possible. Perhaps none of this year's books quite answers this test, but there is a very pleasant book, *For the Moon*, by Clifford Webb and Ella Moncton. The story is about a very naughty baby princess who has everything she wants but cries for the moon, and the adventures of the garden boy who sets off to get it for her and unhook it from the sky. When he returns with it she doesn't care about it any longer and only wants to play with the garden boy. The writer has not been as single-minded as the great Edward Lear, and so the story falls short of a small child's perfection; but it has much of the right quality. The line drawings are particularly amusing and successful. The coloured pictures are not quite as good, as the artist has not evolved a good technique for expressing such things as clouds and trees, but none the less there is an engaging simplicity and charm about them, especially the market

day and the romantic circus. Best of all I like the picture of the boy climbing the blue mountain towards the yellow moon, watched by a lonely badger.

There is a foreign flavour about the next book. *Snippy and Snappy*, by Wanda Gag, is a simple story of the adventures of two small field mice. There is a charming feeling for design in some of the drawings, especially in the smaller drawings of the mice. In others I got an uncanny feeling that I was looking in a distorting mirror and I longed for a restful drawing set squarely on the page.

In *Patsey and the Leprechaun*, by Margaret and Mary Baker, Patsey and his adventures with a fairy cobbler provide the subject for many colour silhouettes—of babies, pigs and humans. The pigs are quite delightful, and I should like to see a book of animals alone by this artist. This story is single-minded and for children only. So is *Young Yap*, by Olwen Bowen, illustrated by Sheila Hawkins. I like the stories in this book, which is written with one eye on the grown-ups. But what a pity the drawings are facetious, and not the writing of the book!

Lastly we come to the latest additions to the series of stories published by Basil Blackwell at the wonderful price of 1s. 3d. each. The names of the authors are most impressive: Walter de la Mare, Laurence Housman, Compton Mackenzie, and Rose Fyleman. Children will like the story of *Happy Cobbler*, by Roy Meldrum, and *The Fairy in the Window Box*, by Compton Mackenzie. Other new books in the same series are *Mother Bunch*, by Madeleine Nightingale; *Clop—the Runaway Donkey*, by Mabel Marlow; and *The Bad Barons of Crashbania*. The illustrations of these books are poor except the cover of *The Bad Barons*, which is excellent.

ELINOR M. DARWIN

For the Moon, by Clifford Webb and Ella Moncton (F. J. Ward, 6s.).

Snippy and Snappy, by Wanda Gag (Faber, 3s. 6d.).

Patsey and the Leprechaun, by Margaret and Mary Baker (Blackwell, 3s. 6d.).

Young Yap, by Olwen Bowen (Mathews and Marriot, 3s. 6d.).

Basil Blackwell's 1s. 3d. series.

Short Notices

Perkin the Pedlar. By Eleanor Farjeon. Faber. 6s.

ENGLISH VILLAGE names have a fascination as enthralling for the unscientific layman as for the etymologist. Zeal Monachorum, in Cornwall, was the inspiration of Miss Eleanor Farjeon's latest children's book, and surely if ever there are in real life places whose very names suggest the abode of witches, ogres and strange spirits, this must be one. 'Perkin the Pedlar'—peddling, not ribbons and laces, but alphabets—finds there the final letter for his list, and incidentally an audience before whom he can unwind like a chain the story of his adventures, every link of which is forged of the fantastic 'history' of some English village. From Appledore in Kent he takes us through Dowderry and Idle and Round Oak to Yeavinger Bell, and so to an end at Zeal Monachorum. The charm of the book lies not so much in the individual tales and verses, which are slight enough; nor are

they throughout of the same standard. Miss Farjeon writes pleasantly; but not even she can keep the Pedlar from limping a little through Dowderry and Uttoxeter. But that is inevitable when his travels cover so wide a country; and these are the least happy of his discoveries. Greenlaw, Velvet Hall, Patchway, and the tale of the Queen's Maries at Juniper Green have each an individual charm; there is humour at Three Cocks and Much Wenlock; and Appledore provides a straightforward tale of a king and a gardener's daughter. These stories are as memorable as the alphabet spelled out by the initial letters of their titles. The illustrations in black and white and colour by Clare Leighton are pleasing and appropriate; and the book as a whole does most effectively disguise what may well be an excellent means of instilling into small pupils their troublesome A.B.C., beneath a cloak which mingles in its texture the fantasy of a fairy story with something of the sturdy charm of the English villages themselves.

The Magic Walking Stick. By John Buchan
Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

What-O'Clock Tales. By Laurence Housman
Blackwell. 6s.

Fairy stories this year are rather scarce, but John Buchan and Laurence Housman have both written in this style. Mr. Buchan's story has many engaging qualities, but would surely have seemed more attractive to most children had the note of 'high life' not been so unequivocally and perpetually sounded. The young hero is at Eton, his parents own a Scottish moor and a large house in Oxfordshire, and in the true 'county' manner no concessions are made to the feelings of those children (and they are many) who, though willing enough to eat their Christmas beef or turkey, are yet, out of doors, on the side of the lying partridge or the hard-pressed hare. Otherwise, however, Mr. Buchan has given us a good sound fairy tale. Bill buys a tick for a farthing. It proves to have the power of transporting him whither he likes, and admirable adventures befall him, first in a marsh near home, then in the Solomon Islands, next in a neighbour's house, and finally in a mysterious castle in the Balkans. Its vigorous narrative style, and Mr. Buchan's power of keeping a story moving, make it satisfying reading.

Mr. Housman's stories are not folk-tales, but they are told in that excellent idiom of white rats, magic shoes, single coats, honour and dragons. Some are local and domestic, some concern India, some the South Sea Islands, and the style is sound and classical.

The pictures, so important a part of such compositions, incline a little too much perhaps to the 'tricksy-pixie' tradition, but they are plentiful and the illustrator has not, as some towards do, avoided the crucial moment of the story, but has shown the very instant when the little boy sank through the water, and when Han fought the monstrous bird with his tail.

Peter Duck. By Arthur Ransome. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Those fortunate children who have read *Swallows and Amazons* and *Swallowdale* will hardly need to be recommended to read *Peter Duck*; they will be waiting for its publication, eager to follow the heroes and heroines of the earlier stories in their voyage from the real blue water, across the Atlantic to the Caribbean Sea, to Crab Island, and back again. Captain Flint and the Swallows and the Amazons, who have grown just a little older, but not much, and able-seaman Peter Duck, sail on the little schooner, *Wild Cat*, on the adventure they have always longed for; they are crossed and counter-crossed by Black-hearted Jake and his pirate friends; they are dogged and followed from the very start, but Peter Duck is equal to the cunning of the pirates; they pick up Bill, the red-headed boy, in a fog off the Isle of Wight, and then they sail sou'-sou'-west for Finisterre, Madeira and the distant Caribbees, and then . . . but I am not going to spoil the thrill of this adventure by anticipating. This is the real stuff of imagination which might so easily happen, and which all spirited children and all good parents would wish might come their way, and which indeed *might* come true for the exceptionally fortunate. Its charm lies in its lack of exaggeration; all the details are true to life, the ship is a real ship, with all its sails and rigging made familiar, and the voyage which these happy children make to southern seas and coral islands is the beautiful possibility of daring and freedom become living and credible, and, for each one of us, made personally our own, by all that wealth of detail which a true lover of the sea and ships has given to it.

Most particularly I would recommend this book to parents who still read to their children, and to children who still like being read to, for here they will find something that both generations can enjoy. Mr. Ransome is the master of a simple and very fine prose style and is aware of the subtleties which

lie hidden in words. He is at his best as the teller of such short stories as *Old Peter's Russian Tales*, but he is also very good at the spinning of a sea yarn.

Good Afternoon Children. By 'Columbus'
Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

Some of the best of the material used in the London and Daventry Children's Hour has been collected and edited by 'Columbus', and its publication in book form will be hailed with joy by the children and grown-ups who 'tune in' regularly at 5.15. *Good Afternoon Children* is an attractive production, illustrated lavishly by Morton Sale's full page drawings, margin sketches and tailpieces of such well-known characters as Ernest the Policeman, Professor Branestawm and Eustace the Pig. Names like Mabel Marlowe, Norman Hunter and L. du Garde Peach need no recommendation to Children's Hour listeners, but among an enjoyable selection of stories may be mentioned particularly Carey Grey's 'Would You Believe It', where, in its altercation with the 'bus, the tram was undoubtedly worsted, and 'with a shriek of rage lurched round the corner' to

hide its mortification; S. G. Hulme - Beaman's 'Tea for Two', where the unsophisticated innocence of Larry the Lamb causes, as usual, terrible complications in the civic circles of Toytown and Arkville; and Arthur Davenport's 'Affectionate Elephant', who was so mistaken as to adore and follow Augustus Quoad—that 'good as gold, but loathly' person whose adventures turned out rather disappointingly to be merely a nightmare.

Hitty. By Rachel Field
Routledge. 7s. 6d.

One of the most delightful things in any museum is its collection of dolls. They lie stiff in their glass cases, wearing their original Elizabethan, Queen Anne or Victorian costumes, a little dusty and faded, but proud and reserved in the dignity of their age and experience. It is only once in a while that a human being can penetrate that mask of dignified reserve and persuade a doll to tell the story of its life, as Miss Rachel Field has done in her book, which is charmingly illustrated by Miss Dorothy Lathrop. Hitty was born in the State of Maine a hundred years ago, carved by the Old Pedlar from a piece of mountain-ash from Ireland. She belonged first to Phæbe Preble, and with Captain Preble and his wife she sailed



Little Thankful's Sampler: an illustration from 'Hitty', by Rachel Field

round the Horn in a square-rigged sailing vessel. In the South Seas the ship caught fire and Hitty was left behind in the rush for the boats, but as the *Diana-Kate* heeled over for the final plunge, she was shot into the sea. For days she tossed from wave to wave, blistered by sun and wind and nibbled by tropical fishes, but at last she was washed up on a coral island on which the Prebles had also providentially been shipwrecked. Here the natives set her up as an idol, and decorated her with coral and hibiscus flowers, but when the Prebles escaped from the island they managed to take her with them. But she is not destined for an easy life. She is lost in Bombay and found by a snake-charmer, who sets her up beside his cobra to attract passers-by. A missionary buys her, and she goes back to Philadelphia with his misnamed daughter, Little Thankful, who embroiders samplers. During the next half-century she has three periods of involuntary hibernation—in camphor, down the side of an old horse-hair sofa, and in a hay-loft, where the mice are obliging enough to wash her face occasionally. But she also meets two famous persons, Adelina Patti and Charles Dickens. Finally, after many vicissitudes, she is bought at an auction for fifty-one dollars by an old gentleman as a genuine antique, and taken by him to her last home, an antique shop kept by a Miss Hunter, who has put such a prohibitive price on the card round her neck that no one is likely to buy her. Perhaps this is just as well, because after a hundred years of ups and downs she is entitled to a little peace.

A Word to the Young Reader

By FRANK ROSCOE

On Friday afternoons Mr. Roscoe usually broadcasts in the Schools Programme a story intended for young children. On November 4 in connection with the Children's Book Week he substituted a simple talk on books which is reprinted below

YOU have all seen a book, and I wonder whether you have ever asked how it gets its name. Remember there is a reason for everything and there is a reason why people and things have names. If your name is Smith I know that somebody in your family, perhaps a long time ago, kept a smithy and shod horses. Perhaps his name was John, and people would begin to call him John the Smith or John Smith. Sometimes a name ends in 'son' and so we get the son of John called Johnson, or perhaps Jackson. Sometimes people were called after the place in which they lived. If John lived on a hill he might be called John Hill. Sometimes they were called by names which showed what they looked like: John White, John Brown, John Black, or John Grey; but John Green would get his name not because his hair was green, but because he lived near the village green.

Now there is a reason for calling books by that name, and it makes an interesting story. You have perhaps seen a beech tree and you know that it has a smooth bark. Long ago people used to call a beech tree a *bōc* tree, and there is an English county which has a lot of beech trees and is called Buckinghamshire. There is also a district in Eastern Europe called Bukovina and many beech trees grow there.

You might ask me: 'Have beech trees anything to do with books?' Yes, they have, for beech trees were once used to make books. The smooth bark was peeled away and people made marks on it, just as you make marks on the pages of your exercise books. And because the bark came from the beech tree, or *bōc* tree, they called the pieces of bark by the name of 'books'. But in some countries there were no beech trees and people had to find other things on which they could write. In one country they made marks on clay and then baked the clay so as to make it hard like bricks. We have found some of those old writings on clay which have lasted for thousands of years.

But in Egypt there was no clay and people found that they could make marks on stuff made from the leaves of a kind of plant that grew in the water like rushes or reeds. This plant was called 'papyrus', and the stuff they made was much lighter than clay bricks and much easier to handle than the bark of beech trees. So people began to use papyrus, and in time they began to call it 'paper'. We still make paper from plants. At first they used to mark the paper with a kind of pointed stick or bone called a stylus, but after a time they learned how to make ink and they started to mark the paper with ink. But a pointed stick or bone will not hold much ink and somebody thought of using a feather—not the brush end, but the hollow end which is called the quill. Now the old name for a feather is *penna* and before long people began to write with a *penna* or a 'pen' as we call it. A hundred years ago

everybody who wanted to write had to use a quill pen, because steel pens were not invented, and it is only about forty years since people began to use fountain pens. So you see that your father's grandfather would write in his exercise book with a quill pen; your grandfather would write with a steel pen; your father, perhaps, writes with a fountain pen.

Your reading book and exercise book have leaves and pages, but at first people used to roll up the paper or skin after writing on it. When they had rolled it they called it a 'volume' because there was a word *volvere* which meant to turn round. Nowadays we sometimes call a book a volume but we do not roll it up. At first, and for hundreds of years, all the books had to be

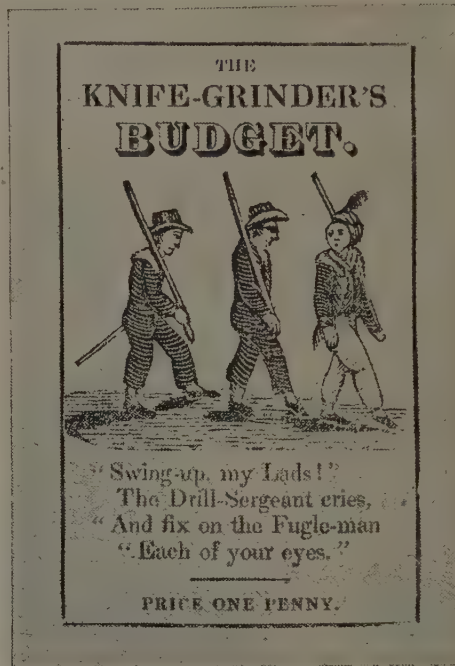
written with a quill pen on paper or on a kind of skin called parchment. It took a long time to write a book and so they cost a lot of money. Books were so valuable that they were often fastened by chains in churches to prevent people from stealing them. Then, about 500 years ago, a man called William Caxton went to Holland and found that they were beginning to make books in a new way. Instead of writing them with a quill pen they were cutting out the shapes of the letters in wood and putting them together to make words. This was called printing, and William Caxton began to print books in England at Westminster Abbey.

I am sorry that you cannot all come to London to see the exhibition of books for children which is being held at the museum in South Kensington. There are all sorts of books, some of them very old, with funny pictures and strange tales, and some of them quite new and very beautiful. What you should do is to learn to read well and try to understand your books. If you do this you will begin to like reading, and books which seem a little dull at first will soon become interesting to you. I think it is a good thing to begin by reading books you like, stories, poems, history, books of travel or books which tell you how to make things. But whatever sort of book

you choose, you should read it carefully and not put it away when you have only skimmed it. It is a good thing to skim a book at first just to find out what is inside it, but after you have done this you should say to yourself: 'The person who wrote this book must have taken a lot of trouble and I ought to be willing to take a little trouble to find out what he says'. After you have read a book it is a good thing to ask yourself a few questions about it to see if you remember what you have been reading. If it is a story, try to remember the names of the people and of the places. If it is a history book, try to find out when the people lived and anything else that it tells you about them. If it is a book about making things, it is always a good thing to try to make some of the things yourself, doing what the book tells you to do.

Some boys and girls have not learned to treat books properly. Instead of handling them carefully they make marks on the pages and leave the books lying about where they are certain to be damaged. This is wrong, because when you have finished with a book somebody else may want to read it, and it is not pleasant to read a book when the pages are torn and the cover has become loose. So you should treat books carefully as if they were real friends.

I think, too, it is a good thing to have one or two books which you know really well, just as you have one or two friends who are your special chums. Everybody should know the stories which are in the Bible and especially those in the New Testament. Everybody should know something of the stories which Shakespeare tells us in his plays, and there are a number of pieces of poetry which every English boy and girl should know by heart. But I do not want you to think of books as lessons. Think of them as jolly companions and get into the habit of reading, because if you are fond of reading books there is always something pleasant for you to do.



The old type of children's book—the penny chap book (reproduction actual size)



Silver Medal given as prize for reading to an eleven-year-old girl in 1841

Art and Ethics of the Bull-Fight

Death in the Afternoon. By Ernest Hemingway. Cape. 15s.

Taurine Provence. By Roy Campbell. Desmond Harmsworth. 6s.

Reviewed by V. S. PRITCHETT

THESE two books are confident interpretations and defences of the bull-fight, and both are the fruit of years of observation, study and even practice. Mr. Hemingway defends the bull-fight because he likes it, and likes it as it is; Mr. Roy Campbell, a poet detesting a scientific and sedentary age, goes further: he is passionately moved by the bull-fight's pagan traditions, and he goes as far as to say the future of civilisation depends on its attitude to horses and bulls! Both writers pour contempt on the foreign humanitarian attitude to the art.

It must be confessed that unfavourable English opinions are usually formed either from hearsay or after seeing one or two fights only. It is certain that few people who are revolted by their first fight will go again and again in order to understand it; and yet, until they have understood it, they have no right to condemn. Their answer is that to see an animal goaded and finally killed for public sport is a matter which requires no understanding; their instincts simply tell them at once, they say, that it is cruel to the animal and degrading to the public. Alas! truth, as Oscar Wilde once said, is rarely pure and never simple. If we are going to admit the validity of instinctive disapproval, we must admit that the Spaniard's instinct which tells him there is nothing cruel nor degrading but, on the other hand, something fine and noble in the bull-fight, is also valid. No: let us clear the ground first by taking to heart the warning against 'damning the sins we have no mind to'; and let us remember that the English attitude to animals is an exceptional one. And while we must admit that many of those who on humanitarian grounds object to Spanish and Provençal bull-fighting, are consistent enough to object also to English fox-hunting, stag-hunting, pheasant-shooting, fishing, and even boxing—a fact ignored by Messrs. Hemingway and Campbell—the people who hunt, shoot, fish and fight are often, perhaps because of an animality or animal sympathy in themselves, more informed about animals and more genuinely kind to them than the humanitarian. The point is that to hunt and kill an animal is not necessarily to be cruel to it, nor does it necessarily degrade a man. If animals were merely beautiful objects and not living and predatory creatures like ourselves, the humanitarian case would be made.

It is nevertheless certain also that Mr. Roy Campbell, a South African, and Mr. Hemingway, an American, cannot understand the bull-fight as the Provençal or the Spaniard understands it, although these two authors must have seen some scores of fights. These things can be understood only by the blood, and a foreigner from a new country, revolting against the insipidity in mechanical civilisation and its shame of the physical, may easily mistake a nostalgia for heroic tradition for blood sympathy. We have as many muscular sentimentalists as mental ones.

But the value of these two books is that they do dispel many misconceptions. I would recommend everyone who is interested to read Mr. Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*, not merely because it will stimulate argument, but because with its three or four hundred pages and its eighty superb photographs, it is the most readable and the most nearly exhaustive account of the contemporary Spanish bull-fight that we have. He accepts the bull-fight for what it is, an art and a ceremony, and explains every step of its elaborate ritual and technique. He knows all the men, their lives and habits and histories, the allurements, dangers, grandeurs and miseries of the bull-fighter's profession; he knows the vast picturesque vocabulary of bull-fighting terms, he has seen the great bull-fighters and the indifferent and can give detailed criticisms of their styles. His prose is nonchalant, easy and rambling.

Before we turn to the crucial question of the mutilation of the horses, let us note the misconceptions that he removes. The fighting bull is vastly fiercer than, say, the typical English stud bull; it is a terrifying and fierce creature which can create havoc, and the bull-fighter, for all his skill, runs enormous risks. The introduction of the picador on his horse and the banderilleros with their darts, the play with the cape, are not

used to goad the bull to greater fury, but to temper his rage, bring his head down and keep it down—for the sudden raising of the head is frequently the cause of disaster to the man—and to make him manageable to the end of killing him instantaneously. It is disgraceful to break the rules and 'assassinate' the bull, as the saying goes. The bull-fight, as Mr. Hemingway says, must be regarded aesthetically as tragedy; in the religious tradition of Mithras, the representative of the god is sacrificed with elaborate ritual. (And this is a universal religious conception, of which Mr. Roy Campbell has more to say.)

But the horse? Still holding to the æsthetic view, Mr. Hemingway contends that the dying hacks, in all the pitiable horror of stiff-jointed old age, which are charged and often disembowelled by the bull, provide the element of grotesque which is required by tragedy to set it off. And we cannot deny that the human animal instinctively makes vindictive comedy of old age. The instinct may be depraved, but who has not at times felt it and quickly covered it? We live in a society in which others do our dirty work for us. In these matters the fact that blood and agony and death are realistically represented in Spanish art, religious or irreligious, is not a sign of cruelty or indifference but is part of the astonishing undimmed sense of realism in the Spanish nature of which Goya was perhaps the greatest exponent. One cannot say this is depravity; it is the characteristic of a tragic temperament, and it may be noted that the public becomes excited not by the bloodshed, but by the goodness or the badness of the art displayed.

But Mr. Hemingway is really unhappy about the horses, and in time the reason comes out. Briefly, the root of the horse problem is the economic difficulty. The picador is ill-paid; but if he were well paid and owned his own horse, he would ride a fine one and it would never be touched. The fight would also, of course, change in character, and would in fact return to its original condition, a fact which Mr. Hemingway ignores, together with the whole history of the art. Originally the bull-fight was a pursuit of the bull by noblemen mounted on thoroughbred horses, and so continued until, at the beginning of the national decadence, the nobles employed professional bull-fighters. In Portugal something like this original state continues, and the fight becomes a sort of fiery comedy—Prospero and Ariel, art and intelligence, dominate brute force. The horses are lovely creatures, the horsemanship is superb, and the bull is not killed. Æsthetically this may be a defect in the Portuguese fight.

Mr. Hemingway would probably fidget a great deal before he admitted that the disembowelling of the horse is an item in the historical decadence; the decadence for him lies in the commercialisation of the art, and the rearing of younger and lighter and less dangerous bulls in the interests of the technique of the modern bull-fighter. With the breaking up of the big estates in the south by the Republican Government, and the fact that the Government consists of a Europeanised intellectual aristocracy who hate the bull-fight because of its 'Africanism' and its association with tradition, as well as upon moral grounds, the bull-fight is hardly likely to increase in popularity.

Certain French writers have, characteristically, tried to graft much dubious Mithraic mystical verbiage upon the Spanish bull-fight; but undoubtedly the Provençal bull-fight as described by Roy Campbell (his own drawings are excellent) has associations with the altars of Mithras still existing in Provençal churches, where Christianity has remained a thin veil over the native paganism. The bull's magical significance in religious conceptions of fertility and virility is traditional and living in Provence, as Mr. Roy Campbell shows, and mothers still hold out their babes to the tethered bull as it charges down the barricaded streets of an excited town. But, even if this is barbarism, we must leave the problem of bull-fighting to be solved by the Provençals and the Spaniards themselves. As the Spaniards proudly retort to foreign criticism, 'We have no need of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Spain'.

The Dictator Talks

Talks with Mussolini. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THIS BOOK IS THE RECORD of conversations which the popular biographer, Herr Ludwig, had with Mussolini almost every day for an hour between March 23 and April 4, 1932. A reviewer ought to be aware of and to confess his prejudices, and I admit to a prejudice both against Herr Ludwig and Signor Mussolini. Herr Ludwig is a clever man, but he is too often content to take the easy path to popularity through sentimentality, journalism, and pretentiousness. As for Mussolini, while I admire many of his achievements, I have a personal dislike for the strong man, the closed fist, the squared jaw, and the big drum. I mention these prejudices only because they are relevant to the fact that, despite them, I found the book extremely interesting and that, when I had finished it, I had a much higher opinion of and sympathy with the Dictator than when I began it.

The book is skilfully written and the interviewer plied the great man with skilful questions and, having hooked the great fish, played him with considerable tact. Mussolini speaks here with directness and simplicity and usually with apparent frankness. How far he revealed his mind and policy to Herr Ludwig is a question which each reader must be left to decide for himself. He certainly emerges from the conversations as an attractive and interesting personality. He has not forgotten nor does he want to forget his origins. He begins as 'the strong man' should with the remark: 'Hunger is a good teacher. Almost as good as prison and a man's enemies'. He comes from the working class and was born a revolutionary and these two facts have left, I imagine, an indelible effect upon his mind. His father was a blacksmith and was sent to prison for Socialist agitation. Mussolini was a mason and a revolutionary Socialist and has been eleven times in jail. Prison, he told his interviewer, 'always gave me a rest, which otherwise I should not have been able to get. That is why I do not bear my jailers a grudge. During one of my terms of imprisonment I read *Don Quixote*, and found it extraordinarily amusing'. And when Herr Ludwig suggested that that was perhaps why he now clapped his political opponents in jail, and asked whether the memory of his own prison experiences did not sometimes give him pause, Mussolini replied characteristically: 'By no means! It seems to me that I am perfectly consistent. They began by locking me up. Now I pay them back in their own coin'.

Naturally, the Dictator must be a superman, a Nietzschean, a believer in force and victory, efficiency in the modern style, and the drums and trumpets of nationalism. Yet these conversations show him to be by no means the mere blood-and-thunder man of action which his admirers and would-be imitators outside Italy would have us believe him to be. He seems to be a great reader and his taste is classical, for he is always quoting or referring to great writers from Plato to Shakespeare, and from Dante and Cervantes to Leopardi and Byron, while it is curious to note that he confesses to have learnt more from Balzac than from any other French writer. And his mind is remarkably speculative, for there is no theoretic hare which he will not chase with interest in these conversations.

The main importance of them, I suppose, is really the direction in which these hares of Mussolini's chasing went, for in that way we may be able to discover in which direction his mind is moving on such great questions as those of war and peace and the future of the Fascist State. Herr Ludwig's purpose in the conversations was more often than not to lure the Dictator on to such ground, and he was often successful. Mussolini states that he considers that Fascism was necessary for Italy, but that it is purely an Italian growth and cannot be exported. Some of its ideas, of course, could be adapted to other countries, for instance the organisation of occupations in groups and the organisation of these groups in relation to the State, but unlike the Communists, he seems to have no desire to proselytize. He admits that his system has considerable resemblances both to Communism and Socialism, and he has obviously still no love for the capitalist system. 'We have bitted and bridled capitalism, but the Russians have abolished it', he remarked. And again: 'If anything fails to work properly, the State intervenes. . . . Everywhere it is on the increase. The capitalists will go on doing what they are told down to the very end. They have no option and cannot put up any fight. Capital is not God; it is only a means to an end'.

Mussolini admits that his own views and feelings have tended in recent years towards greater moderation, and on most subjects he certainly talks reasonably and moderately. It is only on such questions as Malthusianism and the political freedom and equality of women that he talks with the heat and violence which in lesser men is so often an indication of an uneasy feeling that they are talking nonsense.

LEONARD WOOLF

Beckford Magnifico

The Life of William Beckford. By J. W. Oliver. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

THE AUTHOR OF *Vathek*, the Caliph of Fonthill, suffered from a surfeit of talents, and a plethora of silver spoons. He knew it. In 1781, when still but twenty, he was writing to Emma Hamilton confessing, half-ruefully, half-smiling, that he would 'never be good for anything in this world, but composing airs, building towers, forming gardens, collecting old Japan, and writing a journey to China or the moon'. Now all such things, the cultivation of a fastidious prose style, or the erection of a notorious and very Gothick folly, are—to put it mildly—greatly helped by the possession of a vast and automatic income. And this the gods granted to young William Beckford, through the instrument of industrious forbears and the prolific sugar canes of Jamaica. In his heyday he could count on an easy £120,000 a year: though after the crash in his fortunes in the early years of the nineteenth century the unfortunate man had to do as best he could on a quarter of that sum as his income. His education, and his corresponding adjustment to life, were both carried out on this magnificent scale. True, the Rev. Mr. Lettice, his private tutor, was a dullish fellow; but Mozart (he said) taught him music, Cozens and Chambers instructed him in drawing and architecture, Saussure in geography, d'Espinasse in experimental science; Pitt was his godfather, Emma Hamilton was maternally protective to him. With such a galaxy of auspicious stars above him, is it surprising that so early as 1782 the word 'Beckfordism' had been coined or that the Devil began to tamper with the fairy godmothers?

It is not. And in Mr. J. W. Oliver's excellent new biography we may trace exactly the forces which shaped Beckford's eccentric genius, for good and for ill, see his place in the development of the aesthetic and romantic ideas of his period, and learn as much as we are ever likely to learn of that clash between his personality and the society of his day which made him, for a time, a Byronic exile from England. A few years ago, in an admirable essay prefacing Beckford's *Travel Diaries*, Mr. Guy Chapman told us much that previous biographers had ignored, or slurred over, or misrepresented. But Mr. Oliver, in his thorough and very readable volume, has been able to give us a full-length and definitive portrait, with a well-drawn background of Beckford's social setting. It was worth doing. The book will interest even those readers to whom *Vathek* itself is no more than an outmoded curio of literature: for Mr. Oliver has had access to the rich collection of the Hamilton Papers in the Edinburgh Register House, and from these he prints numerous letters and memoranda of great interest. If the journals of Beckford's early travels in Italy, Spain and Portugal revealed him to many as an unduly neglected master of this genre, these letters, many of them hitherto unpublished, show him as an equally admirable practitioner of the art of letter writing—vivid, personal, mischievous, affectionate, highly individual, highly Beckfordian. The brilliant young aesthete, quivering with all the appropriate enthusiastic sensibility, leaps into life in that letter to Cozens from Florence:

I thought I should have gone wild upon first setting my feet in the Gallery and when I beheld such ranks of Statues, such treasures of gems and bronzes—I fell into a delightful delirium—which none but Souls like ours experience, and, unable to check my rapture, flew madly from Bust to Bust and Cabinet to Cabinet like a Butterfly bewildered in an Universe of Flowers.

(Antiphotonally, we catch the bluff counsel of Sir William Hamilton: 'Take up your gun and force yourself to be a Sportsman. . . . If you sit at home writing and playing, both of which agitate your nerves—My Dear Beckford you will destroy yourself'.) Again, how well the social connoisseur is seen in that luscious account of his musical festivities at Queensbury House, with the miniature personalities embedded in it:

H.R.H. of Cumberland rattling away like a dice-box—the Archbishop of York sitting next to Dicky Cosway, the Chancellor listening superciliously to Dog Jennings, Dr. Burney worshipping Lord North, who laughed incessantly, Sir Joshua holding out his trumpet to Parson Este, and Parson Este his hand to a stupid loon, whose name I took no pains to discover. . . .

The story-teller too is here—as, for instance, in his account of an adventure with a caged lioness at Versailles, or better still, in the fantastic episode of his visit to Paris in 1784, recounted under the title (his own) 'Mysterious Visit: the Grim Visaged Old Man, etc'. And there is plenty to hold one's interest, of course, in the full story of Fonthill Abbey and its impossible Tower—that huge, self-indulgent project wherein, as in other aspects of his life, he sought to realise dreams which it were safer to project only on to paper.

Mr. Oliver deserves our gratitude. He has shown more fully than has been done before that William Beckford, for all his failings and failures, was a great deal more than the author of *Vathek*.

HAMISH MILES

A Super-Schoolboy

The Inequality of Man. By J. B. S. Haldane
Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

PROFESSOR HALDANE is an eminent scientist, but although in reading this new collection of his articles and addresses we have constant evidence of his scientific learning and experience, the impression which he makes upon us quite as often is that of a bright and breezy schoolboy, breaking in with news of his very latest experiment or discovery upon the abstract or conventional conversation of his elders. A super-schoolboy, no doubt—but still mentally and emotionally a schoolboy, engagingly pleased to advertise his natural pugnacity in the remark, 'I should derive considerable satisfaction from bashing in other people's faces with a spanner', or to compose a hearty epitaph for himself in the words, 'I am glad that I lived when and where I did. It was a good show'.

Nor presumably would he object to being so described, as he believes that his intellect has not improved appreciably since he was twelve, and considers that 'a fairly bright boy is far more intelligent and far better company than the average adult', which, alas! is only too true. Nevertheless, to preserve the virtues of boyhood, its eager curiosity, its sense of life as a great game, its inventiveness and its pleasure in using the hands, is only wholly admirable if it is combined with and completed in a real maturity of being. And such maturity cannot be achieved without a considerable degree of introspection. The boy, of course, is too excited by the outward spectacle of life and with concrete experiment to turn his vision inwards. But unless the man develops this faculty, he lacks the integral perception of value to which all his multiplying discoveries on the outer plane of experience must be referred, if they are to have more than a transitory or merely speculative interest. And it is in this that Professor Haldane is deficient. He confesses that he has been far too busy with his main occupations of research and teaching to evolve a complete philosophy of life. And if by such a philosophy he means 'a wholly coherent logical system', his failure might be a positive asset, since such systems are usually unreal, because too intellectual, abstractions from life. But a true philosophy of life is an inner realisation of its meaning which is born of creative and often painful experience and also of profound self-criticism. And neither in his article entitled 'My Philosophy of Life', nor in such kindred articles as 'What I-Think', does Professor Haldane strike us as having either experienced or pondered life at any depth. Admittedly some of these articles were written for popular consumption, but even his more serious essays betray frequently an attitude to life which is as surprisingly ingenuous and superficial as it is attractively buoyant. Certainly no scientist writing today exploits his professional knowledge with a livelier or more fertile fancy. His pages are strewn with 'sporting chances' and 'fairly possible events' which provide the reader with a succession of mental and sensational thrills. But even if they are as well based in scientific fact as he suggests, many of them are not only morally speculative, but from the essential standpoint of the good life insignificant. The real problem of life will not be more easily solved, for example, even if synthetic food is produced before long on a commercial scale. And the same is true of the majority of the fascinating possibilities in which Professor Haldane delights. Only, indeed, from a very superficial standpoint is 'the situation of today something entirely new'. Inwardly the conditions governing the human situation are the same as ever, and if science has in many ways improved the outer circumstances and widened the field of possibilities, it has in other ways distracted men's attention from their essential needs.

But Professor Haldane exaggerates not only the beneficence of possible scientific discoveries, but also the disinterestedness of the scientist. He admits in one place with an endearing modesty that 'we scientists are not supermen', but elsewhere he describes the scientific point of view as 'the God's-eye view'. And in an address entitled 'Is History a Fraud?' he applies this divine perspective to a reinterpretation of history. It is an interesting and valuable reinterpretation in so far as it concentrates upon the important and overlooked part played by scientific discoverers and skilled manual workers, 'who thought about their jobs'. But if intellectual or 'conventional' historians have attributed the development of civilisation too exclusively to great men, great movements, and imaginative idealists, he himself very obviously underestimates their influence. And if history in the past has 'taken on the character of propaganda,' because it has been written 'by people impressed with the importance of their own political and religious views', his own conviction of the importance of scientific views is quite as forcibly and one-sidedly evident in this book as the Whig in Macaulay. Disinterestedness, in fact, is not necessarily the reward of a man who thinks 'a great deal with his hands'. There is just as much danger of manual as of mental prejudice, and a true

appraisal of 'man's attempt to solve the practical problem of living' requires as sensitive an understanding of the spiritual as of the material factors involved. Professor Haldane's 'attempt to make ordinary people think about their own bodies in a scientific way' is warmly to be welcomed, even if his own 'Story of My Health' strikes us as a little elementary. Much, too, that he has to say on the way in which science affects and may affect human life, is both suggestive and provocative, as is his insistent plea for the application of a scientific attitude and method to the more external problems of human activity and conduct. But wherever he himself touches, or the problems he is discussing involve at all deeply, the inward life of man, he betrays the spiritual inexperience of the schoolboy, although he can often wittily and sometimes rather crudely expose the superstitions which have overgrown the spiritual truths of religion.

HUGH P. A. FAUSSET

Language and Life

The Spirit of Language in Civilisation
By Karl Vossler. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

THIS IS NOT AN EASY BOOK, though it is written in an easy style and sparkles with vivid sayings; its outlook is essentially philosophical and metaphysical. To the present reviewer, the book would have gained greatly in clarity if the means by which human thought is translated into language had been examined at the outset. Actually, the author avoids this question, and despairs of probing the origin of language—considering that all research as to its mechanical cause is aimless (p. 114). Recent research has tended to confirm Plato's theory (in the *Cratylus*) that speech is a matter of making (unconscious) pantomimic signs with our mouths, such as deaf-mutes make with their hands. The sounds then appear as the consequences of man's unconscious, distinctive, symbolic mouth gestures, which actually accompany his hand gestures; much of the mystery and magic of speech then disappears, and the gap between activities of mind and body is bridged. The author recognises, indeed, that language is symbolic, but does not recognise the principles on which the symbolism is founded; Chapter V, which deals with the relation of thought to sound, would especially gain by an understanding of the symbolism involved. Another source of obscurity is the failure to distinguish between the emotional language—which man produces by the varying attitudes of his laryngeal apparatus, and which tally with those of his facial expression—and the language of ideas, which he makes by symbolic gestures of his tongue, lips, etc. The emotional language explains, for instance, why in the case of religion, man can 'dispense with the mediation of language' and be satisfied with a ritual in a language which he does not understand (pp. 25 and 46).

As to the adequacy of language—the author recognises that its development needs to be guided by some better authority than 'bureaucratic pedants or the general public' (p. 16). England, according to the author's views, should have a real advantage over Germany by virtue of its simpler word order and absence of inflection. Referring to the evolution of different languages, he doubts any relation between climate or race and language forms—believing that the use of the language is the only determining factor (pp. 80-82). He gives a convincing analysis of the value of national language as a symbol of nationality, but is less convincing in the treatment of language as an urge towards particular ways of thinking; he is no friend of artificial languages (pp. 167-8) but believes that borrowed language forms promote international thought (p. 169).

The author especially distinguishes the inner language form—*viz.*, thought and meaning expressing itself in language—from the outer language form, in which meaning is actually expressed (p. 194). The spiritual educative value of mathematics and scientific studies lies, he thinks, in the liberation from words (p. 202), but science has not yet given training and discipline to language, though it has caused language to demand such discipline. Language should, he thinks, 'stop following its own euphemies,' and get backbone from logic (pp. 214-15); with this the present reviewer agrees. The last chapter on language and poetry is especially good. To the author, prose is directed to syntactical order and not to logical thinking—poetry is the true expression of the inner language; rhyme and rhythm are not essentials of poetry, but are added graces.

The translation, by Oscar Oeser, is, on the whole, excellent, but the occasional attempted substitution of an English for a German atmosphere is not successful. The principal quotations in foreign languages are translated in the appendix; it would be an advantage if the shorter foreign passages were all translated as footnotes. The book is commendably free from misprints, and the index is adequate.

R. A. S. PAGET

The Platonic Socrates

Socrates. By A. E. Taylor. Davies. 5s.

Before and After Socrates. By F. M. Cornford
Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.

THE ALMOST SIMULTANEOUS APPEARANCE of these two books enables the general reader to form a conception of the life and teaching of one of the greatest personalities of history, as it impresses modern scholars. And the striking and enigmatic figure has perhaps a fresh fascination for the present age due to the new work on the problem of his philosophic position, so much of which we owe to Professor Taylor. For the question whether the 'Platonic Socrates' is the real Socrates, is not one of mere academic interest, but of vital moment in regard to the inspiration of the Socratic life. Now in these two portraits we have closely similar interpretations of the moral and spiritual genius of the man, with very distinct views of the philosophic background of his thought.

Socrates is the central theme of both, though Professor Cornford's book refers to the whole course of Greek philosophy in relation to him. This survey illuminates his position and significance, for the earlier Greek speculation is described 'so as to show why it failed to satisfy Socrates' (since it left out the soul), and the later systems as 'attempts to carry into the interpretation of the world the consequences of Socrates' discovery'. Professor Taylor's book, since it is devoted to Socrates alone, gives us a full account of the life of the man who illustrated better, perhaps, than any other the truth that philosophy is 'a way of life'. What then is this philosophy which led the way to death rather than renunciation of this kind of life? In Professor Taylor's view the philosophy of Socrates includes all that is expressed by the Socrates of those dialogues of Plato in which he is the chief speaker. The grounds for accepting Plato's Socrates as the true Socrates are re-stated briefly but with great force. It is impossible to discuss them here, but it must be said that never has the argument for understanding the *Phædo* as giving a faithful reproduction of the conversation which took place during Socrates' last hours, appeared to the present reviewer more persuasive. If this were agreed, the 'Platonic' theory of Ideas, the doctrine of eternal values, which Dean Inge regards as the great contribution of Greek thought to Christianity, must be attributed to Socrates.

Professor Cornford agrees that the Socrates of Plato is the real Socrates as a figure 'that inspired every noble character of Greek and Roman antiquity to the last hour of its decline', and also that Plato's 'characteristic theory of the necessity of the rule of the wise grew naturally out of the practice of Socrates'. But the theory of the Forms or Ideas as having an absolute reality, in his view goes beyond Socrates, and resulted in Plato's mind from the combination of Pythagorean with Socratic influence. 'Platonism then is a system which extends to the interpretation of all existence the principle of aspiration announced in the morality of Socrates'. This view has much to commend it, and especially that it avoids the loss of something precious in each of these great spirits. If the Platonic Socrates at his greatest philosophic stature is the one Socrates, Socrates as the undying spirit of unending search, the 'pilgrim of eternity' who is always a pilgrim, is gone. And no Plato remains to us except the logician and mathematician of the later dialogues, and the hard though noble Inquisitor of the Laws; also, of course, the man who understood Socrates.

In view of this important divergence, it is all the more impressive that these two authorities are at one (and in agreement with Burnet) in their view of the supreme contribution of Socrates. It is the 'discovery of the soul' (Professor Cornford) which is the chief claim of Socrates to rank amongst the greatest philosophers, as it is the intensity of his vision or intuition of the soul in every individual which made him so powerful a force for the awakening of this inner self. 'It was Socrates', says Professor Taylor, 'who, so far as can be seen, created the conception of the soul which has since dominated European thought'. This conception is not that of psychology in the modern sense, it is a doctrine of the divine—because immortal—something in man whose function is to know things as they really are; in particular to know good and evil with that knowledge which makes impossible any desire to do wrong. Hence the paradox that 'virtue is knowledge'. Professor Cornford's view is the same in its practical aspect. The 'knowledge which is goodness, is a direct insight into the value of the various things we desire'. The philosophical problem whether this value exists eternally in an absolute sense may seem to make slight difference to ethics. Yet there can be little doubt that it does make a subtle difference to the spirit of the moral life, and, as that mysterious being, rationalist, mystic, seer and martyr—the Platonic Socrates—felt, only a firm conviction of the absoluteness of value may avail to save the individual and the State in critical times from the abyss of relativity.

HILDA D. OAKELEY

Johnson's Boswell

James Boswell. By C. E. Vulliamy. Bles. 10s. 6d.

IT IS A STRANGE THING that a character so obviously fascinating from a literary point of view as James Boswell should have been subjected to so many and so different misunderstandings. It is true that Macaulay set the fashion of despising him by describing him as 'servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman while stooping to be a tale-bearer and eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London'. Yet it is perhaps a sign of the sheep-like quality of so many literary historians that there has been such an easy and unenquiring acceptance of this view of the greatest biographer in our language. It is the same kind of misunderstanding which foolishly accepts the view that Samuel Johnson himself would not be heard of nowadays had not Boswell existed to immortalise him. Johnson's influence on England, on the artists, critics and writers of his time is far too great to have been lost had Boswell not existed, and it is inconceivable that the great legend of Johnson could have been transmitted to us only through the inquisitive notetakings of a drunken fool.

Mr. Vulliamy, in his admirable and extremely well-written biography of Boswell, makes these points abundantly clear. So anxious is he to establish Boswell as a figure worthy of serious study that he perhaps goes too far in an attempt to be judicial, and perhaps stresses or rather repeats too often the sad statements of Boswell's decline and fall—a decline which set in at the age of eighteen and lasted till his death at the age of fifty-five. Everyone knows that Boswell was a weak sensualist at the mercy of every passing whim for wine or women, but it is not necessary to repeat that fact quite so frequently as Mr. Vulliamy does. Nevertheless, this repetition to those who know their Boswell and for those who are interested in character succeeds in presenting an extraordinary picture. The reader watches with a fascinated interest the process of decay of this strange 'Scotch' madman and genius. For madman he was in the sense that he lost all power of restraint and reason. Genius he was equally undoubtedly. For without genius the task of selecting Johnson's speeches and the presentation of them in the *Life* is inexplicable. He was something more, however, than a madman and a genius. For Johnson might have taken a passing interest in a wild, egotistical Scotsman, but he would never otherwise have displayed that continual affection and regard for Boswell—an affection which he showed upon his second meeting with him, and which ripened in the most remarkable way within the first few weeks of his acquaintance and continued to the end.

Johnson was aware of all Boswell's faults, and it is significant of his true reading of Boswell's character, as Mr. Vulliamy points out, that he noticed Boswell's greatest failing and not his most spectacular failing. The rebukes in Johnson's letters do not concern themselves so much with Boswell's deplorable lapses as with the source of those lapses, the incurable and unbalanced egotism which drove him continually to pose and posture before all mankind: 'which made him strut on the parade ground at Potsdam with the blue Scots bonnet on his head hoping people will say, "Who is that extraordinary fellow and what on earth is he wearing?" and that someone will answer, "He is James Boswell, Esquire, of Auchinleck, a young Scots gentleman of noble blood now on his travels".'

Mr. Vulliamy writes very well and follows the affectations of no particular school of biography. He is content through clear, but imaginative, prose to describe for us this strange Scottish figure, and incidentally, though he has not striven to do so, has succeeded in reviving the eighteenth century scene of which Boswell was the centre. Boswell, like so many of his race, displayed an extraordinary paradox of character. How well Mr. Vulliamy shows this up! The egotist was at one and the same time a humble man who could receive with a really astonishing lack of false pride the severest blows from those whom he truly admired. Admiration of the better kind is a quality that springs from humility. Of this Boswell had plenty. He was a man who grossly deceived himself; and his posings were largely for his own benefit.

His writings on Johnson, both the *Tour* and the *Life*, are the most self-revealing published confessions that anyone could look for. To quote Mr. Vulliamy: 'No intelligent man is more to be envied than one who reads for the first time Boswell's *Tour of the Hebrides*. As a book of travel and biography it has little value, as a study of character and situation it is perhaps the finest entertainment in English literature'. There will be many who agree with Mr. Vulliamy in this judgment. Not only to them, but also to those who in this hurried age still have the taste to enjoy subtle and careful delineation of character, I would most heartily recommend this book. And though he has perhaps not set out to do so, the author in his analysis of Boswell's mind has also shown a fine perception of the Scottish character—a perception without which it is quite impossible to understand James Boswell.

M. M.

Wren's Original Drawings

The Parochial Churches of Sir Christopher Wren The Ninth Volume of the Wren Society*

DURING A THOUSAND YEARS of her island story this country has produced many great architects, but none to compare with the genius of Sir Christopher Wren. The fame of this English master is comparable to that of Michael Angelo. True, he was primarily an architect, and not a sculptor, but was he not also a mathematician, an astronomer and a great gentleman? He even found time to serve as a member of Parliament. The story of his life has engaged many pens. There are accounts of his sayings in school books; and the Irish, with their inimitable wit, have connected Sir Christopher with the discovery of America. At any rate his great example did inspire the sequence of colonial building in the days before the War of Secession.

Wren endowed London with a magnificent silhouette, namely, the outline of St. Paul's Cathedral and the spires and towers of the City churches. His influence, however, extended further than that, for he provided the foundation of the style which in England is known as the matured Renaissance. From the period of the Restoration to the Regency, it can be said that his influence continued almost unbroken. In this age of fevered activity, when architects vie with one another to invent something new in buildings, it is a little disconcerting to find that no real advance has been made in the creation of beauty. That Wren had the secret of imparting grace to his buildings is indisputable. Some attribute his success to the age in which he lived and worked. Others opine that his choice of materials, brick and Portland stone, provides the reason for the beauty of his structures. The true secret is to be found not in such theories, but in Wren's consummate sense of proportion. He was a structural architect, but he knew how to qualify structure with proportion and style. For this reason, if no other, Wren must be regarded as the first of the 'moderns'. And it is significant that even in such an up-to-date country as Sweden his principles are followed today almost to the letter.

For some years the Wren Society has been engaged on the difficult task of correlating the master's drawings, and publishing them for the benefit of architects and the public. It was long felt that some such index to the work of the national architect should be available. I can say without exaggeration that the present volume is not the least important of the series issued by the Society. It deals principally with a reprint of John Clayton's drawings of Wren's churches and original drawings from various collections.

It is a tribute to the early Victorians that attention was directed to the work of Sir Christopher Wren as far back as the year 1848. At that date Professor C. R. Cockerell gave his approval to the scheme, put forward by John Clayton, to measure forty-six of the City churches as then existing. The Wren Society, in reprinting the Clayton drawings as an index to Wren's original drawings, has followed a wise course; and when volume X is issued in 1933 half of the society's programme will have been completed.

This ninth volume is well presented. It opens with the famous Wren letter upon the building of National churches, extracted from the *Parentalia*, as well as a list of the churches. There are some telling views of the destroyed churches from *Architectura Ecclesiastica, Londini*, and extracts from a paper read by John Clayton before the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1852. It must not be imagined for a moment that the book is highly technical, and therefore above the ken of ordinary mortals. On the contrary, the descriptions are entertaining and should be referred to by every student of London. The reproduction of Clayton's drawings places valuable information in concise form for the benefit of all interested in Wren's work, and these drawings should be of use to the London Diocesan Advisory Committee in all that pertains to the care of the churches. The chief interest of this volume centres in Wren's original drawings, which epitomise the practice of the seventeenth-century architect. These drawings are marvels of economy of line. There is just sufficient to show the geometrical arrangement of the plans, the sections and the elevations, and no more.

That Wren understood the pictorial value of his designs is evidenced by the fact that certain salient features are shaded. Many of these original designs were afterwards altered when the churches came to be built. There is one illustration on plate 37, a study for Dr. Busby's church, presumably at Willen in Buckinghamshire, that proves Wren's connection with the design of the delightful country church near Newport Pagnell. The plates conclude with designs for organ cases and studies for altar pieces. Wren's claim to greatness is no wise diminished by the loud trumpeted achievements of our own time. His work is never out of fashion; it cannot be said to date, but remains constant and forceful. The Wren Society does not aim at a 'Wren revival', neither does it advocate a return to the methods in vogue when Wren was rebuilding London after the Great Fire. The object of the Society is to show the vast labours

of an architect who for sixty years worked for an ideal. And for its untiring zeal the Wren Society merits the esteem of the public. At this juncture, when the tercentenary of Wren's birth has been widely celebrated, it is perhaps anomalous that a huge modern building in Victoria Street should have been allowed to destroy the southern aspect of St. Paul's. Neither is it fitting that the Hall of the Pewterers Company in Lime Street should have been pickaxed to the dust. If the works of Sir Christopher Wren belonged to any other country we should pay pilgrimage to them time and again, but because of their familiarity we are prone to be contemptuous. What more fitting monument to the great architect exists than the skyline of his cathedral and the attendant churches? We are grateful not only to Wren, but to the poet who wrote:

'It is here around the doméd fane of Wren,
Upon the strand of Thames—most stately stream!—
That city lies of which the world doth dream'.

A. E. RICHARDSON

What the League Is

The Society of Nations. By Felix Morley. Faber. 18s.

The Framework of International Society

By S. H. Bailey. Longmans. 1s. and 2s.

DURING THE LAST YEAR the Manchurian dispute—as severe a test as any—has centred public interest upon the League of Nations. Much of the criticism has revealed an inadequate understanding both of the fundamental difficulties and of the essential character of the League. Too often is it spoken of as though it were a super-State with dictatorial powers, whereas, as Mr. Morley reminds us, 'It is merely an association of independent and sovereign States, and therefore cannot become a truly vital force in international relations until the nations of the world, members and non-members of the League alike, wish it to fill that role'. It is imperative, if not an actual duty, that people should know not so much what the League *does*, but understand more clearly what the League *is*. It is the elucidation of this more vital issue that is the object of Mr. Morley's book.

For the accomplishment of his task the author combines two essential qualifications, those of the journalist and of the research worker. (He was the correspondent of an important American newspaper and also Director of the Office of the American League of Nations Association in Geneva.) His book, in consequence, is not only very readable and of interest to the general reader, but is also such as to gain the respect of the expert. The book is divided into two parts. The first rapidly surveys the original plans for a League, and the drafting and final adoption of the Covenant, and is rounded off by an interesting sixth chapter, which summarises the national contributions and political principles to be found in the Covenant. As an American, the author is particularly interested in American participation in the establishment of the League and the difficulties of American co-operation or lack of co-operation since then. The second part deals first with the scope and organisation of the technical committees and the Secretariat. There follow three chapters—perhaps the most interesting in the book—on the composition and evolution of the Council and its procedure, with a special chapter on its handling of the Sino-Japanese dispute. These chapters are well done and contain good studies of the creation of the 'inner-circle' tendency of the great Powers, with permanent seats on the Council, and of the gradual whittling-down, in consequence, of its independent powers by the Assembly. The functions of the Assembly are discussed in the same way, first as a sovereign power, with important constitutional checks upon the Council, the Secretariat, the committees and the budget, secondly as an international parliament, and thirdly as an international authority armed with special moral powers in an emergency, such as the Manchurian dispute, which again receives special attention. A final chapter is devoted to an examination of the theory of the League, in which the reader is reminded of that important aspect of the League's work which is too often lost sight of—of that 'patient, tireless and unspectacular machinery working away to secure peace by development of co-operative agencies for the mutual benefit of all, with no infringement of the legitimate rights of any'. Briefly, the League is what the member States choose to make it.

Mr. Bailey has produced, under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association, a thoughtful and carefully-written outline. He analyses the forces—intellectual, material and emotional—which are responsible for the growth of international relations, the methods, national and international, by which they are conducted, and the machinery evolved for their preservation by the elimination of war. He has packed a great deal into ninety pages. There is a useful short bibliography of selected books.

S. A. HEALD

* Issued to subscribers to the Society. Annual subscription 21s.; or composite subscription of 16 guineas for 20 volumes

America's Funny Man

Mark Twain. By Stephen Leacock. Davies. 5s.

ONE OF THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC of Mark Twain's humorous repartees might have provided an inscription for his tombstone—'Mark Twain dead? No, the report is exaggerated'. *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are as deathless as anything in print, because generation after generation of children read them with eagerness and remember them with gusto as grown men. The writers of the age in which we live have tried hard to destroy the reputation of the writers of the age that has passed, but they have not been able to do it. Many bright spirits of the nineteenth century live on, and among them Mark Twain.

Set a humorist to write about a humorist, and the humour cancels out and you get something serious. Stephen Leacock's book is far from funny. It is as mirthless as a *post mortem* examination of a body which has to be exhumed. It is not Hamlet with the skull of Yorick in his hands, but another jester who is in haste to put the bones back where they belong. He is not stirred like Hamlet, but frightened and furtive as if he scented danger to himself and his own laughter.

One would like to have written down in due order all the amusing things a funny man like Mark Twain said and did, in his droll manner, with his slow, winning, drawling voice. That he amassed great wealth and then lost everything in business speculations is not so important as the remark he made when he found himself insolvent. His marrying a 'sweet wife' is not so important as how he took it when she insisted on his neither writing nor saying the word 'damn'. And his going to dinner with the Kaiser is less important than what he said when he got back to his hotel. He was born in one of the funny States of the Union, sardonic Missouri, the 'show me' State. It is characteristic of the people of Missouri that they do not accept what most people take for granted; it has to be proved to them. To say 'I'm from Missouri' will generally raise a laugh in America. And this became Mark Twain's line. He wandered with humorous mocking incredulity through space and time, even turning up at the court of King Arthur to say to Merlin, 'I'm from Missouri, you'll have to show me'. His elder brother was magnificently named Orion, but Mark Twain was christened Samuel. Orion and Sam made a funny combination of names and it may have been as small a detail as that that caused Sam in later years to become a professional humorist.

But the greatness of Mark Twain is due to the fact that he was national. He spoke like a state, like a river, like a nation. He had his lapses when he was a mechanical practitioner of humour and even worse lapses when he was mechanically prosy. But there is nothing mechanical about *Huckleberry Finn*. It is one of those 'I hear America speak' books. But it is more than that. For a book which is transcendently national is universal. The English boy gloats over it before he can spell Mississippi, and the Russian boy before he knows where America is. Of course, the Americans as a nation are a sardonic, fun-making people. 'In God We Trust' is their motto, but 'All others pay cash', and 'Is that so?' drawled humorously, are the commonest of utterances. Even the sentimental globe-trotter is quietly collecting a few laughs, and at the shrines of Europe is nothing like so reverend as he sometimes seems. Boston apes England, and New York is dominated by European conventions. The two cities have produced Henry James and Dreiser, but these have never expressed America as does the humorous Missourian drawl of Mark Twain.

There is one humorous page in Stephen Leacock's biography and that is where he describes the failure of an after-dinner speech given by Mark Twain in Boston. There were present Whittier—it was his seventieth birthday—Longfellow, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other lesser lights of Beacon Hill. His failure was due to the use of the word 'bum', which in America means tramp, but in England and Boston means something else. Mark Twain roguishly referred to Longfellow, Holmes and Emerson as three 'bums' and, picturing them arriving at some western-mining camp, made them give their impressions, parodying each in turn. There was a frozen silence. The great old men of Boston letters shuffled into their coats dismayed by the indelicacy of the rest of America which is not Boston. 'The market is full of noisy clowns. They are for the people, the gentlemen of an hour', and possibly Boston of those days thought Mark Twain was the funny man of the hour, but that Emerson at least belonged to all time. And Mark Twain himself felt that he was a rough vulgar fellow from the West. He was modest and did not believe that *Huckleberry Finn* was a great work. He always wanted to write something dull and worthy of the admiration of Boston. Well, great men are like that. Even Shakespeare, it is believed, did not think highly of his plays, but would have preferred to confine himself to sonnets.

STEPHEN GRAHAM

The Rebel Victorian

Samuel Butler. By Clara G. Stillman. Secker. 16s.

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN of Butler since his discovery in Edwardian times. Before the War it was advisable to admire him and so escape the stigma of elderly philistinism, and it was an almost sacramental occurrence to meet Mr. Jones. Shaw received homage as an exponent of the Life Force; of Bergson one said—for one was young—'how Butlerian!' Had the authoress of the book under review published it then, it would have been rightly hailed as the final vindication of a 'modern' all but martyred by the tyranny of Victorianism. But are we unanimous today about Butler's modernity? Shavian vitalism is wearing slightly thin; the reactions of a Benda and a Massis have modified the former enthusiasm for Bergson; and there are even those who, confronted with the alternatives of vitalism and mechanism, might retort, 'What is this antique strife to us? We have St. Thomas Aquinas'. One would have thought that the most acceptable kind of Butler book for this disillusioned age would be a dispassionate revaluation, now that at length Butler may be placed in perspective, and his assessor stand aloof from controversy. Moreover, the sentiment of today is not so violently opposed to Victorian (and so anti-Butlerian) attitudes as was that of yesterday. The satire in *The Way of all Flesh* and *Eminent Victorians* no longer evokes entire agreement on the shortcomings of our grandparents. Mrs. Stillman's special pleading is eloquent; almost, but not quite, she persuades us that whereas Darwin was no philosopher, Butler was. She returns with frequent cleverness to the charge against Victorian parents—that they damaged permanently their children's 'psyches'. Mill, Butler, and Ruskin are dangled alluringly before us as specimens of wreckage caused by unwise parenthood; but we (tormented perhaps by the insufferable manners of Montessori pupils) are not deeply impressed. One might ask whether, after all, her case is proven; whether our unwhipped generation is really producing wealth and culture superior to that of the birch-assisted Victorians? Allowing that for Butler such punishments were noxious, it seems scarcely true for the generality, judging by results alone.

To have claimed Butler for psycho-analysis is well; his pre-occupation with the unconsciousness is clearly demonstrated; though further evidence would have been welcome in support of the statement that his is 'essentially the position of the most advanced psychological doctrine of today, the Gestaltist or Configurationist approach, which opposes the mechanical sterility of Behaviourism'; here, indeed, is a text for a whole homily. Mrs. Stillman touches on the subject more than once and, had she gone further in this direction, and economised more strictly in her use of matter which is already available in Festing Jones, she might have proved even more conclusively the necessity for a book on Butler at the present time. But at least we learn from her of 'the complex ambivalence of his affectional nature', and that 'a profound spiritual narcissism determined the manifestations of his inner life'—which is learning much. The newer technical terms inspire confidence. The chapter on Butler and *The Authoress of the Odyssey* inspires, perhaps, a little less; Mrs. Stillman is here so anxious to have it all her, and Butler's, own way. Since his day Homer, and the Epic generally, was so considered by equally 'liberal' scholars of the type of Gilbert Murray and W. P. Ker as to make it at least possible to dispense with the labours alike of ancient le Bossu and modern Butler. One may not be wholly ungallant in suspecting that feminist zeal has in this chapter dictated so uncompromising an emphasis of Butler's merits as a theorist of Homer.

There and elsewhere she illustrates her happy gift for organising material so as to achieve unity, in which respect she has the advantage of Jones, who, closer to his subject in time and association, sometimes permitted himself to be submerged in detail. But she generally keeps in full vision the pattern of that complex assemblage called 'Butler', finding in the unconscious a common basis for his likes and dislikes for people, and his scientific theories. This manifests itself, both in people and in art, as a serene, natural, and effortless kind of beauty, for which he admired alike Italian peasants and Handel. Yet the theory, pushed further, might be taken to imply a similar admiration for women; but this book suggests, at any rate, that his relations with them were bafflingly incomplete, although they did exist. Jones' version of the liaison with 'Madame' just leaves room for the supposition that there was affection between them; but Mrs. Stillman is positive that 'there was never the slightest affection . . . and the position would thus have been—none for her, some for Miss Savage, more for Alfred (his valet) and plenty for Pauli. The writer's sense of pattern here is not so apparent; but in general she traces the intricacies with undoubted knowledge and insight.

SHERARD VINES

Modern Criticism

Poetry: Its Music and Meaning. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Oxford University Press. 2s.

Form in Modern Poetry. By Herbert Read Sheed and Ward. 2s. 6d.

IF WE ARE TO TALK to one another satisfactorily, we must use words which affect speaker and listener alike. The chemist and the physicist have found such words: *sodium, chlorine, centimetre, inductance*, these words are objective and definite enough for practical purposes. But the literary critic has not enough objective words, and the ordinary amateur of poetry has still less. Most of his favourite words are subjective: they mean one thing to one man and something different to another. *Delight, imagination, tragedy, romantic, classic*, are words so difficult to use precisely that often we give up the struggle and say: 'It's all a matter of taste'. If by chance we do hear poets or expert critics talking, often it seems that they are cold-blooded, indifferent to beauty, for they do not use words like beauty, charm, or fragrance at all: they talk of the caesura and sesters and assonance. For them, those words are exact, and they convey not only the precise technical idea but also a notion of the feeling to which that technical device gives rise. Good critics are not stony-hearted monsters; they are amateurs who have learned to speak an objective language. If we, as readers, wish to deepen our own enjoyment of poetry or to enable others to undergo our own experiences, we, too, must learn that language. Only in that way can we learn to recognise that the world of criticism is not chaotic, that some critics are more sensitive and exact than others, and that some, whose names appear in giant capitals, are humbugs whose fame depends on their capacity for flattering the reader, not persuading him.

All writing about the arts may be divided into æsthetic criticism, which discusses what happens when a work of art is produced or appreciated, and practical criticism, which aims at technical elucidation of a work and judgment of its value. Professor Abercrombie is a very careful practitioner of one branch of technical elucidation—prosody, the study of rhythm and metre. Prosody has a vocabulary far more objective than that of any other branch of criticism, and Professor Abercrombie's little book is one of the best expositions of English prosody which I have seen, for there is hardly a statement in it with which anyone can disagree: it is short enough not to be boring (for prosody does tend to be boring) and it fulfils the prime function of all criticism: it deepens the reader's appreciation of poems he already knew and enables him to appreciate others which had puzzled him.

But the title *Poetry: Its Music and Meaning* promises far more than the book performs. There is a short discourse of rhyme and assonance or half-rhyme, but there is no general discussion of the music of consonant and vowel, no reference to the fact that certain consonant sequences are more pleasing than others and that each vowel seems to possess something analogous to 'pitch' in music, so that there are rules governing the melody of vowels. Again, Professor Abercrombie does not remind his readers that English poetry is, after all, quantitative as well as accentual, and that much of its music comes from the interplay of quantitative and accentual patterns; nor does he refer to the experiments of modern poets who, to help readers who are not used to reading aloud, space their work in a way which shows how it should be read.

Finally, Professor Abercrombie does not discuss the relation of sound and meaning. Words have a symbolic or emotional value as well as a significance or intellectual meaning. The symbolic value depends very much on the sound, but the interesting point is that the significance may also depend on the sound. The monosyllables in *b—beer, blood, beef, bones, brawn*—have something in common. Many words beginning with *str* denote something thin or narrow, and so on, and this common meaning cannot always be traced to a common etymology. It is as though the sound *str* had a primitive meaning which civilised man differentiates into many separate meanings. If that is so, it is possible that the pleasing sound sequences—the *p v f b* which Stevenson noticed as a recurrent motif in English poetry—are themselves primitive statements. It is certainly curious that those passages of English poetry in which the meaning is most complex are those in which the pure music is, so far as one can judge, the most effective, so that we recognise the passage as great poetry long before we grasp all its possible meanings.

I have used the antithesis of thought and feeling, but the more you think about it the harder it is to say where feeling ends and thinking starts, and in recent years many critics, notably Mr. I. A. Richards, have been concerned with the problem of finding better, more definite, fundamental terms. The problem, which must be tackled before we can build any useful system of æsthetics, is very difficult. We can never say that a word is being used purely as a sign or purely as a symbol; we can never say that a writer is purely romantic or purely

classical; but it may be possible to make quite a new division and to find words which involve less border-line cases.

This is what Professor Read has attempted to do in his new book. Instead of using, like most critics, obsolete psychological terms, or, like Mr. Richards, inventing his own psychology, he uses the psycho-analytic terms which in their own field have been found to be reasonably objective, to define precisely personality, which roughly is 'the general-common-denominator of our sentiments and emotions'; and character, which is 'an impersonal ideal which the individual selects and to which he sacrifices all other claims, especially those of the sentiments or emotions'. He then argues that all poetry is the product of the personality, and therefore inhibited in a character, and he explains the quarrel between classic and romantic as an opposition between two kinds of art, springing respectively from character and personality. Then, for a moment, he oversteps the bounds of commonsense and proposes to deny the title of poetry to the wit-writing of Dryden and Dr. Johnson. It is too late to attack the accepted meaning so brutally, but the implied distinction is useful, and Professor Read is able to correlate his 'poetry' with the use of 'organic form' deriving from its content its own inherent laws, and 'wit-writing' with the use of 'abstract form' in which content is adapted to a predetermined structure.

It is the function of æsthetics to provide a background for intelligent judgment, and all æsthetic criticism tends to become a plea for the kind of poetry which the writer would like to produce. But because the careful critic has organised his thought and feeling, it is not 'all a matter of taste'. Professor Read does something toward deepening our appreciation of poetry, but he does more toward directing our attention to that poetry which is most valuable for us, that which helps us to become our most effective selves. In defending the claims of the personality against those of the character, he expresses the need of the modern poet and of all of us, for that which Keats once called the *Negative Capability*, the capacity of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason. It is because Professor Read himself has relied upon a certain inward perspective, a 'coherence of the personality based on the widest evidence of the senses', that his own poetry has seemed to some readers a more promising sign for the future than the richer and more varied writing of Mr. T. S. Eliot. That same integrity and independence is shown in certain other poets, notably W. H. Auden and Cecil Day Lewis, and it is perhaps significant that their work shows very definitely the influence of Piers Plowman which Professor Read places at the beginning of that romantic tradition which he has newly defined and newly justified.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

Orpen

Sir William Orpen. By Sidney Dark and P. G. Konody. Seeley, Service. 25s.

THE TEXT OF THIS BOOK is divided into two unequal parts, the first, by Mr. Dark, taking the form of an elaborate tribute or character sketch, as an introduction to the detailed discussion of the paintings, by Mr. Konody. It cannot be pretended that this arrangement is a very happy one. Mr. Dark's contribution is too long for an introduction and, as a life, it is unsatisfactory because it is impossible to separate Orpen the artist from Orpen the man. After all, Orpen's life, apart from his painting, was extremely uneventful. Even his War experiences were those of a painter, so that there is really very little for Mr. Dark to record, except his friendships, which were many, but too various to be illuminating, and his opinions, which, to be frank, were not of very much importance. Few artists have the capacity for reasoning about their art; it is usually a dangerous sign if they have such a capacity, for that implies a certain self-consciousness, a habit of moving on the plane of the intelligence rather than on the instinctive plane where the creative synthesis takes place. Orpen was an instinctive artist. What other men have to learn by slow experiment he seemed to know by nature, and his technical powers, which were great, were almost fully developed as soon as he began to paint at all. So early a painting as 'Hamlet', a canvas produced in 1899, shows a control of light and shade, and a power of welding separate groups of figures into an harmonious design which many an older artist might have envied.

Mr. Dark compares Orpen with Hogarth, but in reality Orpen's capacity for satire was small, and he completely lacked the rich pictorial invention of the eighteenth century master. Only the blindest admirers of Orpen would claim that his much discussed picture 'To the Unknown British Soldier in France' is entirely satisfactory either as satire or as allegory. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of Orpen's reaction to the horrors of war; and he saw enough of the Peace Conference to be completely disillusioned about the world being made safe for democracy. He had a decent man's dislike of cruelty and stupidity and lies. But to write, as Mr. Dark permits himself to do, that—

Life is the Quest of the Holy Grail. For most of us the Quest is very intermittent and unenthusiastic, for most of us do not live enthusiastically, and some of us do not live at all. But Orpen lived fiercely, and searched persistently. And the Quest broke him while he was still young —

—is to do no real service to the memory of a man whose most striking characteristic was his hatred of humbug.

Mr. Konody reviews the paintings in orderly succession, and his knowledge of Orpen's methods and of the circumstances under which each picture was produced, make this part of the book of great interest to student and collector alike. At his best, Orpen had a tremendous dash and verve in portraiture, a sense of decorative composition which the torrent of portrait-commissions unhappily prevented him from developing to its full extent, and a most delicate feeling for the nude. It is a pity that more of the exquisite early drawings are not reproduced, although in a book which contains sixty-four pictures it is perhaps ungrateful to ask for more.

JAMES LAVER

Romping Round the Argentine

Argentine Tango. By Philip Guedalla
Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.

IF, AS I SUPPOSE, Mr. Guedalla's intention was to write a travel book which could be quickly read and quickly forgotten, he has fulfilled it very well indeed. *Argentine Tango* reads like a collection of newspaper articles, often enlivened by the wit that newspaper articles too rarely possess. On an unspecified academic mission, Mr. Guedalla and some nebulous companions went to Buenos Aires, putting in at the Brazilian ports on the way and going as far as Mendoza on the Transandean railway. Fitted into chapters arbitrarily named after the steps of the tango, his impressions and opinions are rapidly sketched in—and if Mr. Guedalla's intention was what I suppose, there is no need to say anything further about quite a lively eight-and-sixpence worth.

But, at the opening page, Mr. Guedalla gives himself a lecture on the danger of adjectives, and a little later in the book he repeats this lecture. Since Mr. Guedalla's reputation rests almost entirely on a style not less opulent than vivid—in fact, an excellent newspaper style—this may mean that he intended, in *Argentine Tango*, to compose a work of art. If so, he has not been very successful. Infected, perhaps, by the undergraduate brightness of his companions, Mr. Guedalla mottles his pages, if not with adjectives, with metaphor and simile; and, what is more unfortunate, he is unable to reserve his climaxes for important points. The result is rompish, but incoherent; and the incoherence is made greater by an arrangement of chapters whereby, some pages after the party has arrived in the Argentine, they are still at sea and off Brazil.

If it is to be taken seriously, *Argentine Tango* appears to have been far too hastily written. The arguments are repetitious—every point is made several times—and not always clear. For example, over many pages it is uncertain whether, among his opalescent phrases, Mr. Guedalla is complaining of the French intellectual influence in South America or denying it. In either case, he surely cannot deny that an influence is not wholly vain when it evokes, from the single city of Montevideo, three of the major French poets; of whom two have directed strong currents in modern literature: Laforgue, Lautréamont, and Supervielle. And it is unwise, to say the least, to devote so much space to the breathless excitement of wondering what South America will be like. This is unfairly to presume on the ignorance of the common reader, who might also be offended by some historical vignettes which are put forward as though they were the fruit of obscure research.

It would be unnecessary to express these criticisms were it not for the suspicions aroused by Mr. Guedalla's foreword. However badly he has failed to produce a masterpiece, his book will be enjoyed, not least by his own travelling companions, who will, no doubt, have many a good laugh over such of Mr. Guedalla's brilliance as remains dim to the general public.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

Poet of Memory

Halfway House. By Edmund Blunden
Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.

THE PRESENT VOLUME represents all Mr. Blunden's various verses since the publication of *Poems*, 1914-1930: it is therefore more or less a statement of his position as a poet today. In *The Waggoner*, *The Shepherd* and *English Poems* he wrote some of the finest nature-poems of our (or any) time. Their mainspring was an impassioned familiarity with country life in all its aspects:

country-born, Mr. Blunden knew his rural scene with a rare exactness, and though his appreciation was primarily sensuous, this unusually close-up view was an added attraction in his poetry. Unlike most of the Georgians he was not guilty of using nature as a convenient background for the display of his emotions, nor even of using it as an escape. Like Clare, whom he edited and to whom he was considerably indebted, he could write of lambs and clock-a-clays and country characters with an objective joy: they were important to him by virtue of their own intrinsic values. But circumstances have led Mr. Blunden into ways of life wherein it is now no longer possible to see with Clare's simple eye or to respond with Clare's passionate country heart. The result is that, his war-poems apart, Mr. Blunden now tends to write more from the dictates of memory than from present experience.

The impression left by *Halfway House* is one of a weakening sensuousness and an increasing remoteness from any immediate and contemporary experience. There is an aridity in the book which, to admirers of Mr. Blunden's work, is disconcerting. The longest poem here, 'A Summer's Fancy', was, the author tells us, written ten years ago and since revised. It is a country romance; it takes us back to the poet's youthful days; it therefore contains a good deal—if the stanzas be taken out of their context—to remind us of some of the poems in *The Shepherd* or *English Poems*:

See, there's a hawthorn whose gray hornéd boughs
Make a rude dome, whereunder sheltering ewes
Have beaten a bare floor; there we would house
Our wealth of blackhearts cold with orchard dews
And diamond plums in turn; we told our news,
Which she would sometimes answer with her rhymes,
Till all the buttercups were gold that purchased fairy-times.

But the effect of the poem, as a whole, is of barrenness—the barrenness of a useless *Sehnsucht* for 'the days that are no more'. Half of the book is occupied with a group of poems called 'Occasions and Moods', and on these, since they are of more recent origin, Mr. Blunden's present position might more fitly be assessed. But here we find the same fondness for looking back:

Your sister Memory is more welcome now—

and there is nothing to compare, in the new vein, with those vivid, melodious, rural poems of the older volumes. It is as if Mr. Blunden were not yet able to cast off, with vigour and finality of purpose, the memory of the scene which once inspired him; and until he can do that, until he can put behind him the siren-music of Memory, he will not be able to give himself up to the present with that sensuousness and abandon which lie at the roots of all lasting poetry. *Halfway House*, then, is a transitional volume: it has yet to be proved whether its author will write as excellent poetry in the future as he has done in the past.

C. HENRY WARREN

More about Epstein

Jacob Epstein. By L. B. Powell
Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.

THE AUTHOR HAS MADE a pleasant and uncontroversial book on Epstein and his work, and he has illustrated it with wholly admirable pictures, amongst which that of 'Genesis', 'Lydia', and 'Rabindranath Tagore' are to be particularly admired. The book was prepared, as the author says, 'without the sculptor's active co-operation or supervision', a fact which enables the reader to get a very concise view of the sculptor and his aims without the issue being confused by controversy and dispute. Needless to say, the author can see no flaw in the work of his hero, and flaws must be in the work of every artist, however great. I should have liked to hear a proper discussion of the merits of patina in bronzes, with Mr. Epstein's contributions on that topic. But all we are told is that 'today the processes of chemistry enable the sculptor to obtain in a few hours effects that formerly took months and perhaps years'. Why cannot Mr. Epstein or his admirers tell us why his bronzes could not have been left exactly as they were cast, simply cleaned and the colour of native bronze? A week in the open air would give them a patina infinitely preferable to the viscous boot-polish surface which most of them have acquired by these much-favoured chemical means. I can think of no bronze of Epstein which would not be improved by the chemical removal of its chemical patina! Again, the author is indiscriminate in his admiration. The famous 'Christ' of 1918 is hardly above the standard of an Academy 'problem picture' if its meaning and purpose is as he describes. Nor has it any sculptural qualities at all. Compared with the bulk of Epstein's work it is just simply bad. A little more impartial criticism would have made this book more valuable. But it is pleasant reading and should be bought by all lovers of sculpture.

STANLEY CASSON

Indian Problems. Speeches by Lord Irwin Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

It is good to have together the speeches of the most famous Viceroyalty since Lord Curzon's. The English 'left-wing' politician can now judge for himself how much conservatism there was in the man who brought Mr. Gandhi to the Round Table Conference, and the Conservative politician can study the way that problems actually encountered modified the thought of a former member of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet. When we compare the text with that of Lord Curzon's speeches, we find that the arrogance of thirty years ago, the certainty that one side was right, has given place to a more modest resting upon a merely personal conviction that this is at any rate the way that conscience and examination have pointed out to one man. There is an absence of the galling frankness with which on occasion the Viceroy of an almost equally stormy time addressed those in front of him (as in Curzon's speeches to the Calcutta Corporation and the Eurasian community). Everything is courteous, is persuasively argued; the references to subordinate colleagues are frequent and generous. We understand that Lord Irwin's very great and lasting success was personal, due to the recognition by all India, British as well as Indian, of conscience and of consideration for others. There is no want of firmness under the courtesy.

For the rest, they are official speeches, with the inevitable limitations of such. It was not possible for the Viceroy, when opening great deliberative assemblies, to prejudice decisions which those assemblies had come together to make. Still less, when addressing the Chamber of Princes, could he touch upon any part of the problem that is presented by the existence of these rulers, with their vast diversity in personal character and sense of responsibility, and with their great and indeed anomalous powers. Always he had to remember that his words would be jealously and sometimes unscrupulously weighed, and sinister or at least unfortunate suggestions read into them. And the speeches were made during a period of exacerbation, to a number of extremely touchy and sensitive audiences, British and Indian. Their political value, then, is not great; but their personal and historical qualities are undeniable.

Letters and Second Diary of Samuel Pepys Edited by R. G. Howarth. Dent. 7s. 6d.

One of the illusions left in the mind of the general reader who has enjoyed Pepys' *Diary* is that it is a chronicle of an extensive and mellow life. In fact, of course, it covers only a fragment of Pepys' life, and concludes when he is still only thirty-seven years old, with another thirty-three years to live. Mr. Howarth's selection of supplementary matter, mostly from such decipherers as Braybrooke and the late J. R. Tanner, amplifies and corrects the perspective of the *Diary*—and for this very reason may not please the purely literary-minded. The familiar idiom and the inimitable notation now and again recur—"Merry at supper with wine in saltpetre. Spanish onions mighty good"—but, as Mr. Howarth is the first to admit, the old zest has diminished. Nor do the *Letters* radiate much of that personality which in the *Diary* appears so vivid and attractive. The selection distils little of the Pepysian flavour, but it presents an abundance of facts about Pepys; interesting, relevant and illuminating facts; and for this information all to whom Pepys is more than a sort of unusual cocktail will be grateful.

I Remember. By J. J. Bell. Porpoise Press. 7s. 6d.

It is usually pretty safe to guess that in a book of late Victorian memoirs the names of Gladstone and Disraeli will appear in the index with several entries each. But Mr. Bell never mentions Disraeli, and Gladstone but once—and then only because Aunt Bella admired him almost as much as she did the minister. And this is because when Mr. Bell looks back at Glasgow in the 'eighties he remembers only the really important things, which are precisely what most memoirists leave out. He remembers Victorian Sundays that were far from dull even though sermons were never under half-an-hour, no music was allowed that was not sacred (or towards the 'nineties, semi-sacred, as they curiously called it), and small boys were set to learn the metrical version of the 119th Psalm for sixpence. He remembers papas who dined down town at four, discussed the chances of the income-tax coming down to 5d. next April, came home to Hillhead on the two-horse-tram (with a third for the hill) to a tea with fish and eggs, and lighted their cigars with vesuvians—a complicated species of overgrown matches that guaranteed a light in any wind. He remembers a grandmother who greeted her friends with offers of spirits (the younger ladies sipped sherry and madeira on their forenoon calls) and an aunt who, resigned at twenty-five to spinsterhood, made a brave best of it with crewel-work, fretwork, crystoleums, macramé, and the painting of tambourines with humming-birds and drainpipes with gladioli. He remembers how the Angular style of writing gave way to the Back-hand, and how the receipt of a Mock Valentine (a crude picture of an ugly woman above lines enumerating her

less pleasing qualities) sent the cook to her bed. He remembers how at evening parties young ladies sang 'Love's Request', 'The River of Years' and 'The Sands o' Dee'; how young gentlemen puffed out their chests and sang 'The Midshipmite', and 'Tomorrow Will Be Friday', 'Thy Sentinel Am I', and 'I Fear No Foe'; how in the early 'eighties there arose a curious madness for descriptive pieces like 'The Relief of Lucknow' and 'The Bombardment of Alexandria' (with the firing of guns down in the bass by the left hand); and how all guests were put through the ordeal of the Family Album.

Mr. Bell looks happily backward, but is never nostalgic, and if he thinks that today our traffic is a hundred times noisier, and we seem to have to pay for all our pleasures, this is simply a statement of fact and not the usual regret for the Good Old Days that is too often the only stock in trade of those who reminisce in print. No—we suspect that Mr. Bell, the successful and justly acclaimed author, brings the same noticing gusto to life in Scotland today as did the small boy to life in Glasgow fifty years ago.

Frontiers. By Sir George Dunbar Nicholson and Watson. 16s.

Here is as readable and companionable a book as any far traveller could wish to put on his shelves. Of the three frontiers which he describes we know only the North-West. The tang in the air and the zest of his description remind us of active days spent in that terribly relentless, but ultimately satisfying, country; and it is with real regret that we find him moving on to the North-East border, a land unknown to us as the acres of the moon. It is not long, however, before he has established us comfortably there, showing us matter of interest quite beyond our expectation. We are divided in mind as to which is the more interesting, the more important frontier from the point of view of Indian defence. It is with a pang of sorrow that we begin to wonder whether the beloved Khyber is, after all, the master-key to Hindustan. Sir George's third frontier is the North Front at Gibraltar, the shortest and most intimate of all. Compelled to retire from service in 1925 Sir George continued to serve India in connection with the Round Table Conference. We have no doubt that his sympathy with and complete understanding of Indian problems encouraged those who came in contact with him to exercise patience and to take a long view of the future.

A Book of Scottish Verse. Chosen by George Burnett Methuen. 5s.

As this collection is intended for children, Mr. Burnett has based it on the poems he liked himself as a child. He feels that it is much more important for children to like poetry than to think it good poetry; and so among poems which anyone would think good anywhere, like the 'Floors o' the Forest' and 'Otterburn', are mixed verses which, delightful and friendly as they can be, like 'Im-Hm' and 'The next stop's Kirkcaddy', are not exactly immortal. The grouping of the poems under the ten headings may sometimes seem a little odd to the grown-up eye. Under the section 'Nae sae happy' come 'Wae's Me for Prince Charlie' and 'O Wert Thou in the Cold Blast'; together with 'The Lum wantin' the Croon' and 'Address to the Toothache'; while 'Nae Playin' Fair' includes both the merry 'Clypie clypie Clash-pie' and the tragic 'Lord Randal' and 'Binnorie'. But perhaps this simply reflects the eager and indiscriminating attitude of the child. Mr. Burnett has gone to many regions, dialects and ages for his book, and while he has not avoided the familiar, he has introduced a good many poems not usually known outside their own part of the country. And the anthology as a whole has a fresh look about it, as if he had thoroughly enjoyed the making of it.

Homes and Gardens of England. By Harry Batsford and Charles Fry. Batsford. 12s. 6d.

The motor, the pylon, the aeroplane, the by-pass, and the bungalow have between them caused a great part of the beauty of our countryside, cherished and embellished through centuries, to fade almost overnight. Let us therefore at least have that beauty preserved by the book and the camera, before it is too late. *Homes and Gardens of England* is the third in a series of volumes in which Messrs. Batsford are attempting this worthy task. The cottages and the villages have already been dealt with; and now comes the turn of the 'stately homes' which perhaps stand in greatest peril of decay and desolation today. *Homes and Gardens of England* contains 175 plates of country houses from the middle ages to Victorian times, showing the plans and styles of building, the lay-out of the grounds, and the disposition of the rooms. Most interesting are those pictures showing, as in the case of Eaton Hall, a succession of houses in different style, built on the same site; or, as in the case of Wilton House, a succession of gardens. Besides the general outline of domestic architecture in this country the book contains an appendix giving descriptive notes on each of the houses illustrated, and a map showing their position. The quality of the plates is excellent.



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